

Entertainment WEEKLY

#654

May 17, 2002

Hayden Christensen And
Natalie Portman Join Forces

ONE OF TWO 'STAR WARS' COVERS THIS WEEK

THE
MAKING
OF

STAR
WARS

PLUS!
The Last
Secrets Of
THE X-FILES

SURVIVOR:
Who Will Win
And Why

www.ew.com (AOL Keyword: EW)

When's the last time anyone

"There is no doubt in my mind this is the best (and best-looking), fastest, most capable iMac of all time, as well as the best iMac value ever. This computer is so fine that even Windows users lust for it."

-Bob Levitus, in The Houston Chronicle

"Apple has yet again provided a Macintosh polish and elegance at prices the Windows world can't match."

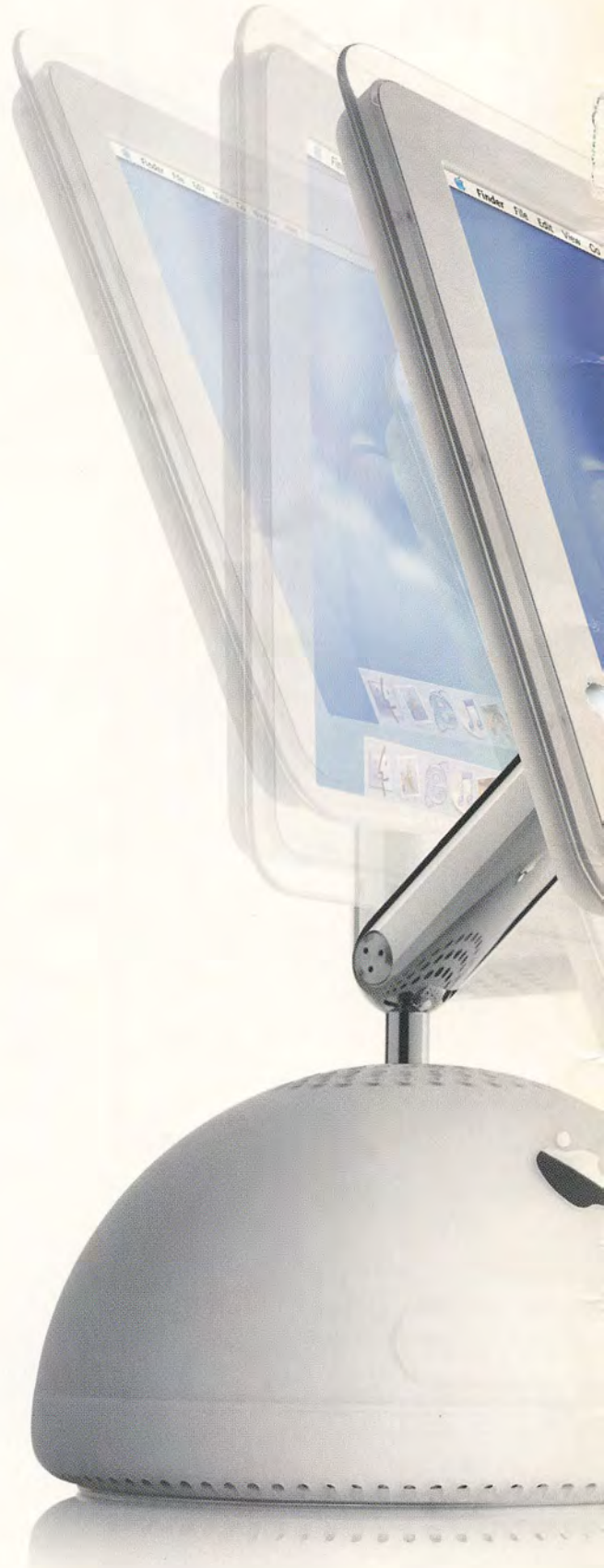
-David Pogue, The New York Times

"... the new iMac proves a sequel can be better than the original."

-Matthew Fordahl, The Associated Press

"I've been seduced by a computer. Not just any computer, but the new iMac from Apple, the sleekest computer I've ever seen."

-Mike Wendland, The Detroit Free Press



felt this way about a PC?



"When you're actually working on the new iMac, with the screen lowered so it sits between your face and the base, it's a thing of pure beauty. You feel as if you're typing onto a gorgeous palette that's floating in the air."

-Walter Mossberg, *The Wall Street Journal*

"It's the kind of thing you'd expect to see in an *Architectural Digest* photo shoot of Captain Kirk's bed table."

-Steven Levy, *Newsweek*

"Computer users of the world unite: You have nothing to lose but your eyestrain and stiff necks."

-Stephen Wildstrom, *Business Week*

"Yes, I love it, it's just too wonderful..."

-David Gelernter, *The New York Times*



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36 Case Closed As *The X-Files* approaches its series finale, creators and stars reminisce about the cult fave's formative years, and even reveal a secret or two. **BY MIKE FLAHERTY**

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ON THE COVER

Christensen and Portman photographed by Michael Thompson; Jackson and McGregor; Sue Adler/© & ™ Lucasfilm Ltd.



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Great and Powerful Oz

EVERYONE—FROM DIE-HARD fans to 60-year-olds to people who have previously hated Ozzy's guts—loves *The Osbournes*. Thanks so much for the article. Ozzy and family have not only succeeded in putting on an entertaining show but have successfully bridged the generation gap. Thanks, Osbournes!

CARESSA ELLSWORTH

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Elizabeth, N.J.

THE OSBOURNES ARE TRUE "American Goth." I have always hated reality TV, but MTV's *The Osbournes* is the greatest reality show ever! It's hard to believe that Ozzy, known as the Prince of Darkness since his Black Sabbath days, is now heralded as a great parent!

PAUL DALE ROBERTS

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THANKS FOR MAKING ME laugh. Nancy Miller's hilarious portrait of the Osbournes was so great, I just might tune in. Domesticity à la Osbournes sounds like a riot. It made this grandmother take notice.

NANCY PADBERG

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Zigzag, Ore.

He may no longer snack on bats, but the wildly enthusiastic responses to our Osbournes cover (#649, April 19) prove Ozzy is still pretty f---ing cool to many. "As one of Ozzy's most devoted fans, I am happy to see him receive all this publicity," writes John Olszewski from Salem, Mass. "Keep rocking, Ozzy! Ride that 'crazy trend' to the top!" Of course, the Prince of Darkness has his detractors. Says Derek Forbes of Springfield, Mo.: "With all the upcoming summer blockbusters, my wife and I were disappointed [with] your cover story. Glorifying shallow, empty lives is what we need less of." Barbra Black from Porterville, Calif., believes what the magazine needs more of is...George Strait. "He may not smash guitars or have choreographed pyrotechnics, but he has lasted 20-plus years and still packs them in at every concert. Yes, George, you are a legend!"

POOR OLD OZZY! IT'S PATHETIC when the admission of being "wasted" and on "antipsychotic medication" is damage control for being "fried" and physical wear from years of abuse. The man needs to retire, but "savvy businesswoman" Sharon has a few more *Jerry Springer*-style humiliations in store for him first. The only person in this family who has any sense is Aimee, who wisely decided to fly the cussing coop.

LAURA BROOKS

Bath, Mich.

THE ONLY BENEFIT I GET from *The Osbournes* is the assurance that no matter how bad my life seems sometimes, it is always better than any member of this clan. These people are the largest single waste of oxygen on the planet. Can we please move on to the next craze and allow these foul-mouthed clods to fade into oblivion?

S.W. BRYANT

Chesapeake, Va.

Give It to Me Strait

JUST WANTED TO DROP YOU A word of thanks for the interview with George Strait ("Strait Talks"). Along with the stunning picture of country music's finest

singer, it was sheer delight to see him and read his words in your magazine.

VAL SAGI

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Lancaster, Calif.

WOW, FIRST AN ARTICLE ON Alan Jackson and then an interview with George Strait in about a month's time! Based on EW's past record, caution is advised—you may fool readers into thinking that you recognize country as a legitimate musical genre.

GERARD A. FORTIER

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ALAN JACKSON. O BROTHER, Where Art Thou? George Strait. When did ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY turn into *Country Weekly*? Please, for the love of God, stop!

TIMOTHY J. REZA

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Moby Shtick

THANK YOU FOR SHOWING the many faces featured in Moby's video "We Are All Made of Stars" (News & Notes). I saw the last half of the video the day before your issue arrived and wondered

who some of the people were. Now I don't have to keep guessing.

JENNIE NORDEN

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Garrett, Ind.

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END GAME

It's May sweeps, so TV's biggest finales are here. Get everything

you need to know at ew.com/sweeps, including:

- Our countdown of the top 10 *X-Files* episodes of all time
- Our guide to the cliff-hanger endings of *Friends*, *The West Wing*, *ER*, and more of your favorite shows
- Our odds for the *Survivor* finalists and our complete set of Q&A's and episode guides

BUNNY TALES

What are those frisky Playboy people up to now? They've joined the reality TV game, that's what. See our photo gallery of the 12 nubile lovelies vying for a centerfold spread on their Fox special, and read tips from an old pro (no, not Hef) about what they can do to go all the way.

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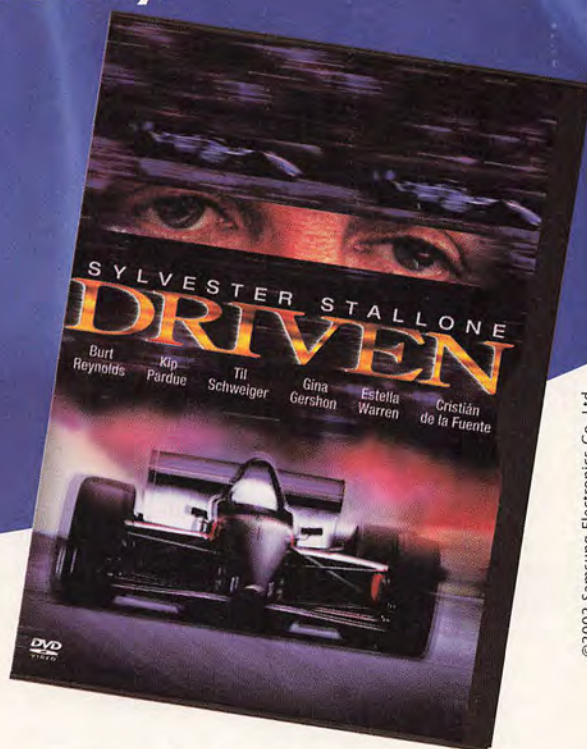
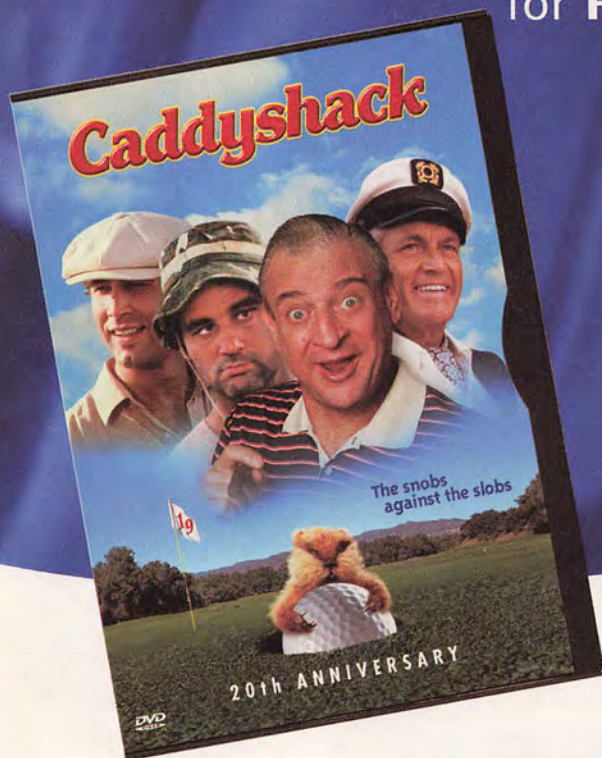
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President's Letter

Lend Us Your Ears

For our musically inclined subscribers, EW powers up Listen2This, a new mini-mag that tunes in the cutting edge

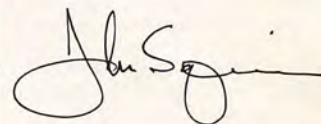
FOLLOWING PAGE 42, YOU MAY notice something different in this issue—namely, our spanking-new monthly music supplement, Listen2This. (If you don't find it, not to fret; L2T is a bonus magazine-within-a-magazine available to those ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY subscribers who have demonstrated an interest in increased music coverage, and you can order it by logging on to ew.com/register2listen.) Frankly, we think the inaugural edition of L2T, with its cover story on white-hot upstarts the White Stripes and an array of attitude-laden reviews, charts, and concert and album-release listings, is a humdinger. Focusing primarily on the plethora of great music that's constantly bubbling up from the underground to the mainstream, L2T provides answers to questions you won't find anywhere else in EW. Want

to know whose music Andy Dick described as "whales stepping on broken glass—if whales had feet," at the recent Coachella festival? You'll find the answer on page 12. Curious about the biggest hit on the current U.K. music scene? Check out page 22 for an exclusive look by our London correspondent, James Oldham, deputy editor of Britain's revered *New Musical Express*. Ever wondered what happened to Sir Mix-A-Lot butt (hey, it's Sir Mix-A-Lot!) were afraid to ask? We did too, and tracked him down. "Readers who come to EW for our music coverage are just as passionate about what they listen to as others are about, say, *Star Wars* or

Friends," says managing editor James W. Seymore Jr. "We want to keep them on the cutting edge." Adds general editor John McAlley, who oversees L2T: "We've always found room for Madonna and the latest multi-platinum pop act, but traditionally it's been tougher to carve out space for worthy yet more indie-minded artists like Dashboard Confessional, the Vines,

Cee-Lo. It's incredibly exciting to be able to really turn up the volume on our music coverage."

With upwards of 30,000 new CDs released every year, music consumers face a staggering number of choices every time they enter a record store. It's our hope that Listen2This will give ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY readers a competitive advantage when deciding just what albums to buy and concerts to attend. And do let us know what you think of the first issue—we promise we'll listen 2 you.



JOHN SQUIRES
PRESIDENT



It's called an Ellie (left), a shiny copper symbol of the National Magazine Awards. In our world, it's the Oscar, Emmy, Grammy, and Tony all rolled into one, and on May 1, ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY took home the award for General Excellence among magazines with 1 million to 2 million in circulation. It's the second Ellie we've earned in that category (we first won in 1995; we also picked up awards for design and for special interest for our *Seinfeld* coverage in 1998). We're proud to share the good news with you, our readers, and thank you for your continued support and loyalty. Is winning the big one sweeter the second time around? You betcha!

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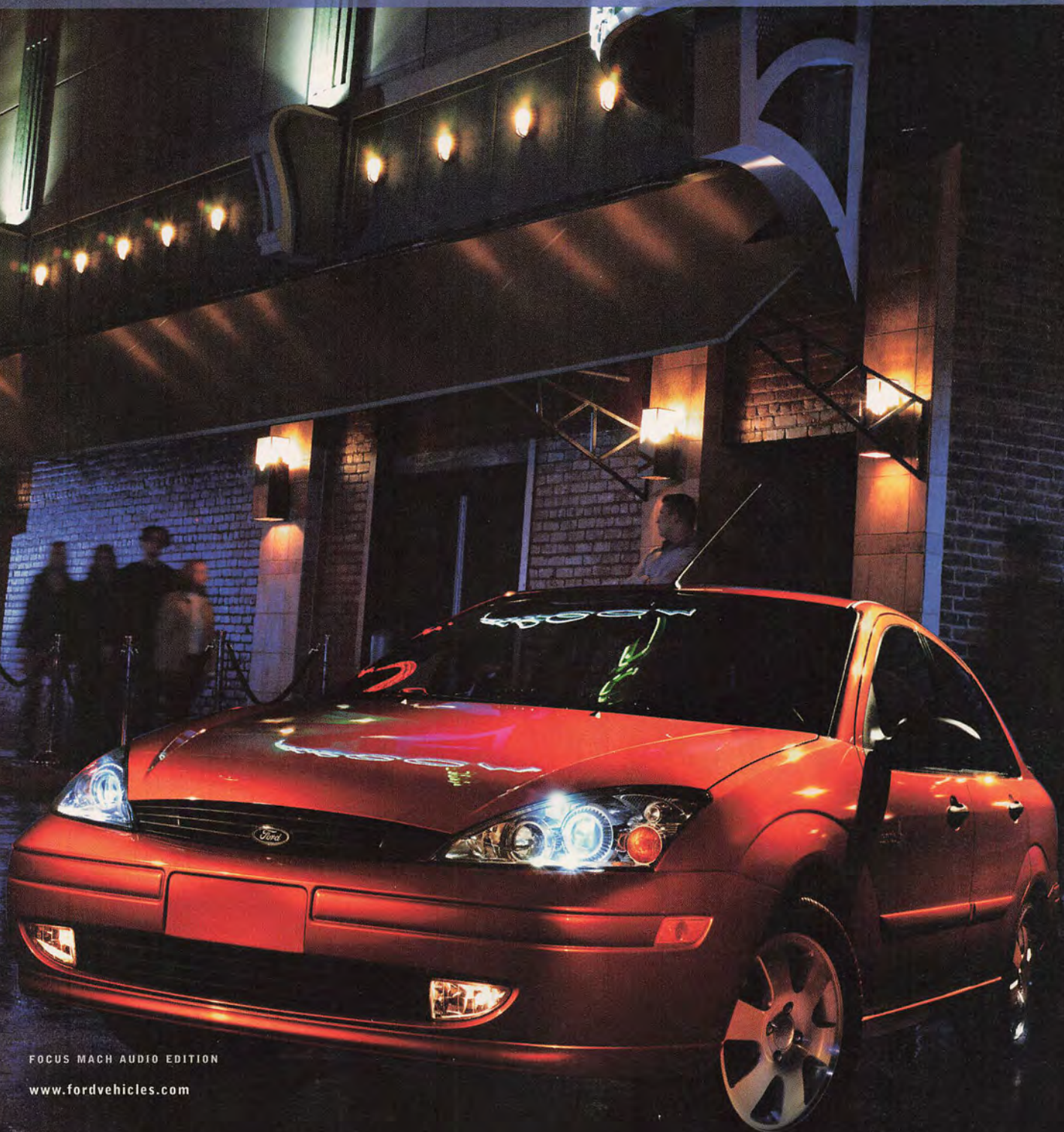
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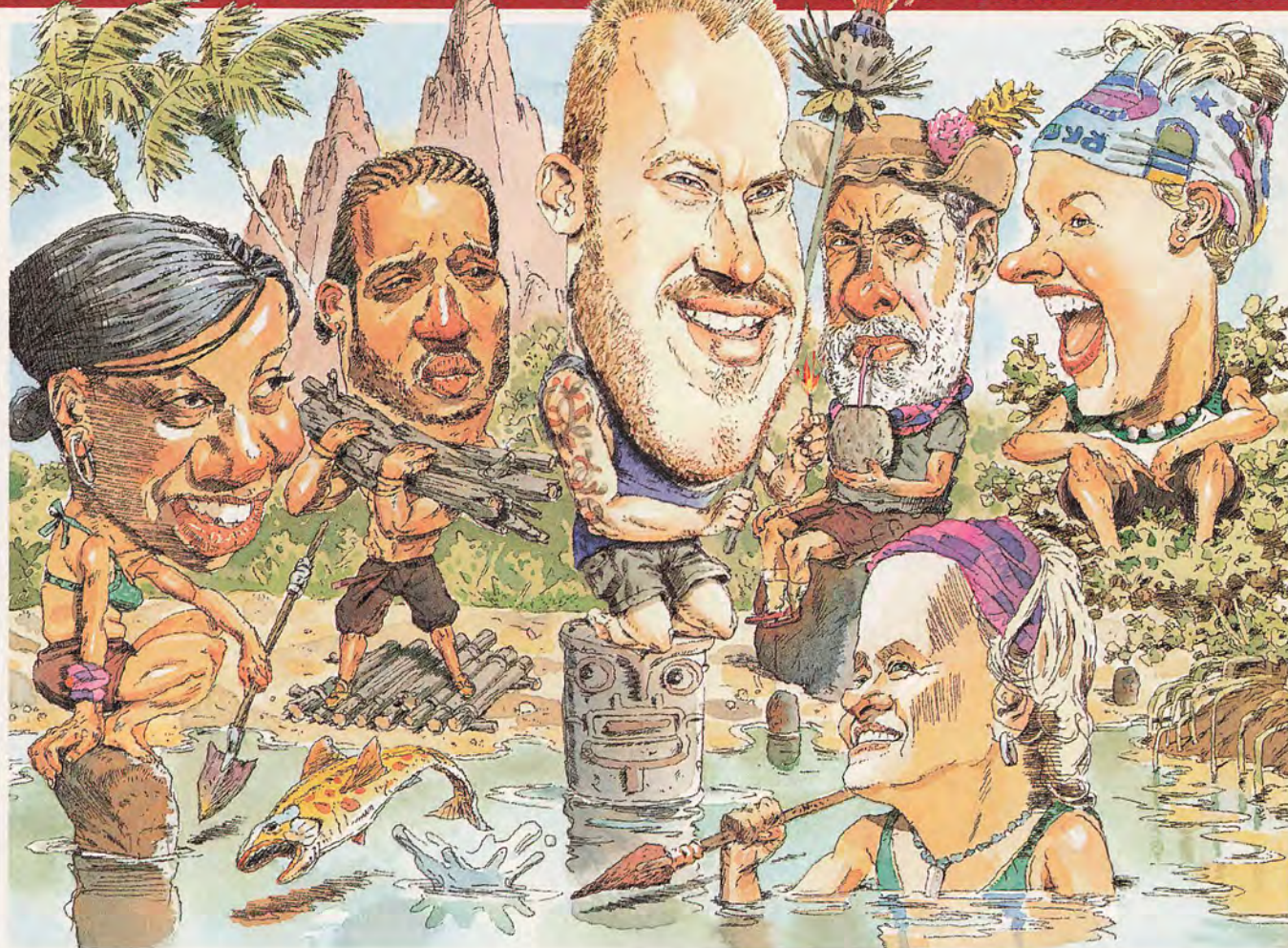


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SURVIVOR COMPLEX

And then there were six.... Charting the chances of the remaining sextet of *Survivor: Marquesas*' millionaire wannabes.

JUST WHEN WE THOUGHT we were out—they pulled us back in. Thanks to a delightfully whacked-out cast (including a type A male nurse, a middle-aged Vermont gal with some serious mood swings, and a dude with a God-

father complex), the *Survivor* franchise once again has us wrapped around its dirt-caked little finger. Herewith, our guide to which of the last six contestants has the best shot at being the big fish of *Survivor: Marquesas* on May 19.



KATHY

Sure, she's high-strung, abrasive, and—when given unlimited amounts of Coors Light—a bit of a lush, but to those who contend Kathy Vavrick-O'Brien has no chance

of claiming the \$1 million prize, may I remind you: *She peed on a guy's hand!* Anyone who can urinate on a tribemate on command (in order to neutralize the blinding pain brought about by a killer sea urchin) with some 20 million people watching has what it takes to be the sole Survivor. And let's not even get into the whole marking-her-turf symbolism. Plus, Kathy deserves to win simply because it would be the perfect caper to the most topsy-turvy edition of *Survivor* ever. Who would have thought the 47-year-old Ver-

mont real estate agent stood a chance of making it this far? She started off bossy (a definite no-no), progressed to loner (the easiest way to get sent packing outside of hoarding beef jerky), and then graduated to just plain vindictive (leading with your heart instead of your head—like when she confronted backstabbing former friend Zoe right after the merge—is no way to “outwit”). Throw that all together and you think, Boy, I feel like using my Visa card to buy a Snickers and a case of Sierra Mist (sorry, I don’t know where that came from); actually, you think: This chick’s torch is getting snuffed out faster than *Wolf Lake*. But with Sean and Vecepia’s black power alliance, and Neleh and Paschal’s May–December pact, Kathy could very well act as the swing vote, giving this former hothead the most clout down the stretch. So pack your umbrella, because come May 19, Kathy’s financial forecast calls for nothing but golden showers. —Dalton Ross

Odds to win 2–1



VECEPIA

I think we all know who God wants to win *Survivor* 4. His faithful servant Vecepia “Vee” Towery, 36, has let neither pestilence, starvation, nor a tribemate’s demonic Boston accent distract her from her most holy alliance. Even at the bleakest of hours—during Maraamu’s third straight trip to Tribal Council—Vee took time to give props to the Supreme Being, telling the great apostle Jeff Probst, “My inner strength comes from the Lord Jesus Christ.” And when those devilish *Survivor* producers tried to shake her faith by suddenly shuffling her off to the rival Rotu tribe, all Vee had to say was “God is still good, regardless” (translation: Fie on

thee, ye agents of Satan!). Of course, her devoutness hasn’t exactly stopped Vee from flip-flopping between intratribal congregations: After starting off aligned with fellow Bible-thumper Sean and Rob “the Godfather” Mariano, she quickly distanced herself once Rob’s sinful ways began vexing the flock (“There’s just too much drama in this place,” the purposely low-profile Vee is fond of saying). But luckily for Sean, just when it appeared that he was next in line for the great hereafter, Vee brought him back into the fold, joined him in pre-Tribal Council prayer (“Father God in the name of Jesus,” she intoned while laying her hands on him), and, lo, he was saved from perdition. Aside from her seemingly eternal damnation at the challenges (a truly merciful God, would have lifted her hand-made kite to the heavens so she could have enjoyed that swell scuba diving reward!), thou cannot argue with the fact that Vee has played this game with a flawless fervor: So, Father God, in the name of Jesus, please give her the million smackers! —Jamie

Bufalino **Odds to win 5–2**



NELEH

Three words that underscore why 21-year-old college student Neleh Dennis will take home the *Survivor* 4 bank? *Oh. My. Heck.* After her sugar pappy, Paschal, invited her aboard his cruise-ship reward, the flaxen-haired, button-nosed Mormon lass uttered this insta-catchphrase about 15 times—further solidifying her rep as this *Survivor*’s island ingenue. Oh-so-adorably named for her grandmother Helen, Neleh (yes, that’s *Helen* backward) still lives with her mom and dad in Layton, Utah. She brought Scriptures to Marquesas as her luxury item (take

SCALING NEW HEIGHTS



SPIDER MATES
Maguire and Dunst at the premiere

THINK CLIMBING WALLS IS IMPRESSIVE? *Spider-Man*’s record \$114.8 million opening weekend (see page 53) has transformed critical darlings Tobey Maguire (*Wonder Boys*) and Kirsten Dunst (*crazy/beautiful*) into box office behemoths. After earning about \$4 million as *Spider-Man*, the 26-year-old will pocket at least \$10 million for each of two sequels he agreed in July 2000 to shoot—far less than the \$20 million pal Leo DiCaprio got for his first post-*Titanic* turn, *The Beach*. So will Maguire swing back to the bargaining table? Quips his agent at Gersh, “What do you think?”



Watch

Maguire, set to start *Spider-Man 2* in early 2003 (for May 2004 release), has time for at least one other pic. He’s weighing “a slew of offers,” notes his agent. “He’ll pick a project with the best filmmakers and surround himself with the best actors.” The actor also just finished coproducing *The 25th Hour*, a Spike Lee drama in which he’d once planned to appear.

Meanwhile, Dunst, 20, should get her own lift from Spidey. She’s expected to earn about \$5 million for *Spider-Man 2*—placing her take between Julia Stiles

(\$4 million) and Reese Witherspoon (\$8 million). According to her agent, Theresa Peters at William Morris, Dunst’s sequel deal will likely be reworked too. An eight-figure salary is a lofty goal but not completely out of the question. “Soon enough,” Peters says. “She may be the first young female star to break that barrier.” Dunst is also undecided about her next film, though she has already wrapped the animated sci-fi feature *Axi* and the Morgan Freeman–Billy Bob Thornton prison drama *Levity* (neither has a release date).

For now, though, Maguire and Dunst must live up to skyscraper-high expectations. “It’s the same situation Pierce Brosnan’s agents have when they’re considering what *else* he should do besides James Bond,” notes onetime agent Gavin Polone, who produced Dunst’s 1999 comedy *Drop Dead Gorgeous*. “It’s when you overthink and say, ‘This will broaden how I’m seen’ or ‘This is a big payday’ that you run into trouble.” In other words, muster your superpowers to avoid a follow-up flop. (Did we mention *The Beach*?) —Nicholas Fonseca

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that, Vecepia!). She's even volunteered for the Special Olympics, for crying out loud. "Every single person in this tribe calls me Sweet Pea. I don't know why," she said early on. Some contestants have caught on to her charming-but-laced-with-cyanide people skills ("She's playing mad game," Sean said), but expect her to do unto them as she did unto former best buddy Gina. "I love Gina to death," she gushed minutes before scrawling her pal's name down on the Tribal Council scroll. Clearly, Neleh found time between her Weber State University classes to study past *Survivors*, because her strategy has, thus far, earned straight A's. Like *Survivor* 2's Elisabeth Filarski (the cutie to whom she's often compared), Neleh has sailed along by hitching her nubile young wagon to an aw-shucks old guy. But unlike loser

Elisabeth's coattail courtship with "Kentucky Joe," the Neleh-Paschal axis is strong and savvy enough to avert Tribal Council disaster. Though she offered her starving tribemates nothing more than a half-eaten mint from her cuss-free mouth after her cruise-ship chow-down tarnished her golden-girl image, even that candy-coated faux pas won't derail Neleh's inevitable trip to the winner's circle. Heck, it's awfully hard to deliver a "The tribe has spoken" takedown to a girl who won't even use the word *hell*.

—Jessica Shaw **Odds to win** 4–1



PASCHAL

Never mind the cascading waterfalls and postcard-perfect wildlife:

Survivor has yielded no more beautiful sight than that of a scrawny-chested 57-year-old man heaving a heavy yellow

stone underwater and then carrying it to victory over his younger competitors. Paschal English may have been dubbed Pappy by his teammates, but to me he'll always be Scrappy, tough, implacable, calm in the face of adversity (or, even more unsettlingly, in the scary face of Robert the limo driver, a.k.a. the General). As befits a Georgia Superior Court judge who's been married for 35 years and served in the Air Force in Southeast Asia, Paschal is probably the most emotionally mature contestant ever to play *Survivor*, the most evenhanded in his pronounced estimations of his game-playing colleagues, and the most likely to keep his own counsel. Internet postings are atwitter over the grandfatherly-affectionate relationship the old buzzard has formed with the willowy Neleh, but the nice thing is, exec producer Mark Burnett

has included just enough interview footage of the Papster to let us know that he's also out for himself, and in this to win. Like a forgotten character from the old *Andy Griffith Show*, Paschal doles out Mayberry-misted observations like "We want the people that play this game fairly...to have a good chance to get to the top," even as he keeps an eye and ear on the latest alliance plots and island meltdowns. Close your eyes when Paschal talks and listen to his soft Southern cadences—who does he sound like? Yep: Jimmy Carter, our Georgia peanut-farmer President, who's also aged gracefully into a hardworking man at peace with himself. The big difference? Paschal, unlike the former president, is taking part in a project that could be called Habitat for Inhumanity.

—Ken Tucker **Odds to win** 4–1

(Continued on page 14)

THAT'S A WRAP-UP

MOST ANTICLIMACTIC CONTEST The food challenge was...stinky fish? Now that *Fear Factor* is having people down pig rectums and beef brains, whiffy sushi just doesn't cut it.

WORST PR FOR THE USA Sarah, who managed to personify laziness, whininess, and vanity all while draped in the American flag.

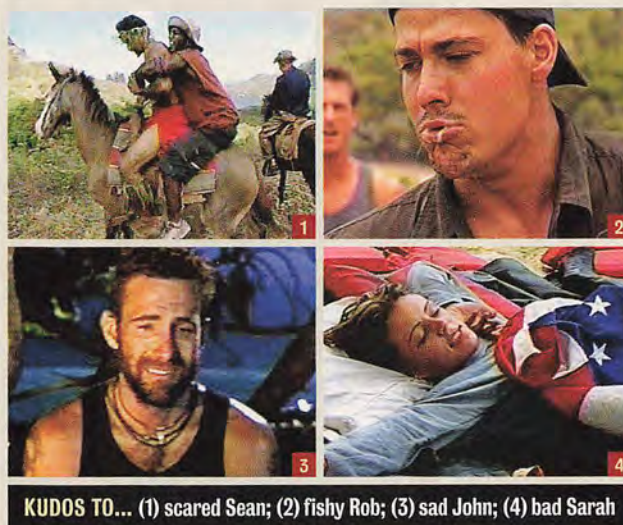
THE TAMMY FAYE BAKKER TROPHY To demagogic alliance leader John, who after being booted wept for his mommy.

LEAST LIKELY TO WIN *SURVIVOR*: OK CORRAL Sean, who looked like he'd rather get kicked in the coconuts than spend another second on a horse.

CAMPER MOST LIKELY TO ADD SALT TO THE S'MORES Sarah, who offered this reason for voting off Hunter, the hardest worker in her tribe: "Just to kind of do something different."

BEST EVIDENCE THAT NOBODY GETS OUT OF REALITY TV WITH THEIR DIGNITY INTACT On the *Howard Stern* show, sweet-as-pie Gina accepted \$3,000 to get in a bikini and be tickled by Stuttering John. Please, oh please, don't let Paschal take the same deal.

MOST IN NEED OF REVIEWING THE *SURVIVOR* MISSION STATE-



KUDOS TO... (1) scared Sean; (2) fishy Rob; (3) sad John; (4) bad Sarah

MENT Gabe, who said his goal was to build a peaceful society...on a game show whose *raison d'être* is kicking people out.

AWAHD FAH EXCELLENCE IN THE BAWSTON ACCENT AHTS Rob and Peter, whose dueling Bean-tones made you want to pakh yah cah in Maraamu.

MOST ANGUISHED LOOK John, as he screamed for somebody to pee on his sea-urchin-stung hand.

SECOND MOST ANGUISHED LOOK Rob, after tentmate Kathy asked if she could sleep without pants.

JIM MULLEN'S HotSheet

What the country is talking about this week...

1 The Rolling Stones Mick and Keith have announced plans for the band's new road show. The Botox Tour.

2 The X-Files finale David Duchovny returns to solve the show's biggest mystery. Which is: Why did they bother filming the last two seasons?

3 ER Anthony Edwards' two-year-long death scene is finally over. Breaking the record held by *NYPD Blue*'s Jimmy Smits.

4 Spider-Man spin-offs Toys, dolls, and cereal should make the producers a fortune. Not like those *In the Bedroom* action figures.

5 Urinetown: The Musical Its 10 Tony nominations are sure to boost ticket sales. They're working on the sequel right now—*Stool Sample: The Operetta*.



6 Friends Rachel finally has the baby. It's already negotiating to get a million dollars an episode.

7 Bill Clinton The former President met with NBC about hosting a talk show. But he turned it down when they said he couldn't tell Jay Leno jokes in his monologue.

8 Unfaithful Oh, honey, did I forget to tell you I slept with a guy and it will wreck our marriage and shatter our lives? Whoops, my bad.

9 CSI finale It's going to be completely different. This time someone dies naturally in their sleep.

10 M*A*S*H reunion A bunch of old guys sitting around telling war stories about making a TV show. If the Army were really like this, everyone would join.

11 Cannes For the next two weeks the south of France will be celeb central. But the rest of the year it's supposed to be wonderful.

12 Ratbots Using electronic controls, scientists were able to make rodents move anywhere they wanted. How long before they can do this with children?

13 Kid Rock & Hank Williams Jr. They'll duet on a song called "The 'F' Word" at the Academy of Country Music Awards. Who wrote it, George Carlin?

14 The Daytime Emmy awards When we find out who wins Best Evil Twin, Best Secret Past, Best Revenge by Jilted Lover, and Best Lousy, No Good, Two-Timing Husband.

15 The Mary Tyler Moore Reunion The groundbreaking show featured a single woman living alone in her own apartment. Still the fantasy of many married women today.



SEAN

Here's all you need to know about Sean Rector: He graduated

from college with a degree in theater and psychology. What better preparation could you possibly have for becoming the ultimate Survivor? Sean's theatrical skills have served him well on Marquesas, as he's kept his tribemates entertained with songs ("A Brand New Day," from *The Wiz*), freestyle raps, and a steady stream of one-liners ("The only horses I've been on are the merry-go-round in Central Park"). Even Ray Romano admires his shtick, recently telling EW: "When Sean said, 'When you go to Vegas, always bet on black!' that was the best moment of the year." Unlike Raymond, however, everybody doesn't love Sean. The 30-year-old Harlem native consistently ticks off the castaways with his stubborn (not to mention flatulent) nature. "I ain't kissing nobody's butt," he once declared, wisely kicking back while alpha males Hunter, Boston Rob, and John devoured one another. Ever the Renaissance man, Sean is a teacher and head basketball coach at a junior high school in South Central L.A.; a political activist (Veecepia calls him "a Malcolm X militant-type brother"); and an amateur food critic (on raw fish: "I'd rather eat a bowl of my own doo-doo"). But best of all, he's not afraid to wear his emotions on his sleeve—that is, if he ever wears sleeves (he often sports muscle shirts to show off his rippling physique). "It's been really difficult for me not talking to my mom," he once confessed, breaking down in tears. Or was that just...acting? Either way, I'm betting on Sean. —Bruce Fretts **Odds to win 12–1**



ROBERT

They call him the General. Perhaps it's because of his multiple tattoos,

his manly aversion to the color pink, and his authoritarian jaw. Or perhaps it's the way he bravely lay still as John sliced the giant piece of rock-torn flesh from his toe. Or maybe it's because he's been known to say "I'm the General, and that's that!" But there are plenty of reasons why the name doesn't hold. Robert DeCano, age 38, showed few leadership skills by forming his ill-fated alliance with future sitting ducks John, Zoe, and Tammy. As for strength in battle: At press time, he has won only one challenge, and that involved making popcorn, which is not exactly storming Normandy. And need we mention his inability to paddle a canoe straight while being barked at by his gay crewmate? Methinks Patton would not have sat still for that. Then again, maybe the stoic, calm competitor got tagged the General not due to some military significance but for being so nondescript he started blending in with the sand. Perhaps it's a camouflage strategy that he's trying to ride to V-day. But, alas, as soon as his once-powerhouse alliance started to unravel, the General, a limo driver from Queens, developed the beach equivalent of road rage. He sulked, moped, and snapped: "People don't like that I'm a little grumpy. Hey, I don't give a fat ass what you like." I fear the General will likely be gone by the time you read this... unless, of course, he can keep winning immunity. Then again, as any enraged New York driver will tell you, it ain't over till the middle finger droops. —Josh Wolk **Odds to win 20–1**

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Flashes

'HOUSE' CALL The words *PBS* and *hit* don't often turn up in the same sentence. But the net staked its claim with the April 29–May 1 miniseries *Frontier House*, which plunked three families in Montana with 1883 technology for five months. How are the homesteaders readjusting to 2002? —*Karen Valby*

LOVE LINE “If I knew they were going to show my dirty laundry instead of me *doing* dirty laundry, I’d have been a bit more careful,” says **Karen Glenn** of her strained relationship with hubby **Mark**. “We didn’t get

along as bad as they made it look,” says Karen, “but we both made major decisions.” Mark has moved out of the Tennessee home they shared with her two kids from her first marriage; he plans to return to pioneer life in Montana. Says Karen: “Oh, grow up!” Meanwhile, **Nate** and **Kristen Brooks**, who wed on the frontier, live in Berkeley, Calif.

OUTLAWS **Gordon** and **Adrienne Clune** were busted for several anachronistic offenses, including sleeping on a box spring found in a deserted cabin. “If there was a waterbed, I proba-



ERINN & MOM KAREN



GORDON & DAUGHTER AINE



NATE & KRISTEN

bly would have taken that,” says an unrepentant Gordon, who owns an L.A. engineering firm. He also defends the two teenage Clunes’ smoking. “The girls rode bareback, they hauled logs...so I gave them the freedom to order a pipe and tobacco.” And Papa’s moonshine still? “PBS got us a license for that.”

SNOWBALL “Poor little **Erinn** wanted to take [horse] Snowball home more than anything,” says exec producer **Beth Hobbe** of Karen Glenn’s 13-year-old daughter. “But it wouldn’t have been fair to give her away. And it cost over \$4,000 just to transport her.” Erinn did get to keep their frontier dog, **Jasper**.

SEINING OFF

His ABC sitcom *Bob Patterson* may have gone the way of erstwhile *Kramer* **Michael Richards**’ eponymous flop, but **Jason Alexander** dismisses talk of *Seinfeld* alums suffering from the dreaded C-word. “The curse was such a media hype that it became a self-fulfilling prophecy,” says Alexander, noting that Richards took his brutal reviews hard. “Had we not had the curse story, we might have had a little more equitable judgment.” The actor says he hopes **Julia Louis-Dreyfus**’ *Watching Ellie* (which is now on the bubble for renewal) will be watched: “Genuinely, I laughed my ass off. I called Julia and said, ‘Good for you.’” But if all the players are free in the near future, what about a *Seinfeld* reunion? “I really doubt it,” says Alexander. “Besides, we all know George is somebody’s bitch down in solitary confinement.” —*William Keck*



ALEXANDER



LOUIS-DREYFUS

◀▶ RANDOM QUOTE

“That all depends. Are we talking Will’s Ali or the real Ali?”

—**TOBEY MAGUIRE**, answering *Ali* star Will Smith’s claim that the champ could take Spider-Man in the ring



Q Did we hear “It’s a Sunshine Day” on an orange juice commercial, or were we having a very Brady moment?
A Yep, that groovy tune is part of Tropicana’s campaign for Pure Premium. Barry “Greg” Williams understands the appeal: “*The Brady Bunch* has been likened to a hearty bowl of chicken soup. It has a nostalgic, feel-good quality.” Tropicana rep Meghan Stout says this is the first time “Day” has been licensed for a national campaign (it appeared in a 2000 California Milk Advisory Board spot). “We were looking for a song that fit Florida,” she says. But weren’t the Bradys from California? “Well, it’s kinda the same deal.” —*Evan Serpick (Send queries to BurningQuestions@ew.com)*

ALEXANDER: HENRY MCGEE/GLOBE PHOTOS; LOUIS-DREYFUS: STEVE GRANITZ/WIREIMAGE.COM

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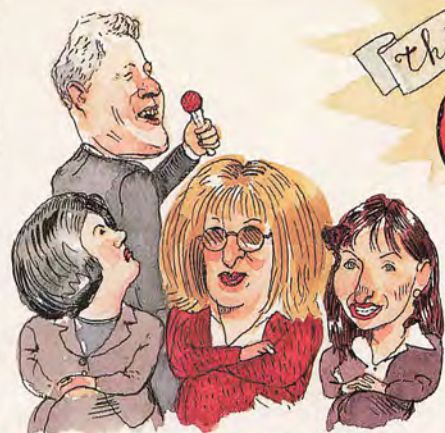
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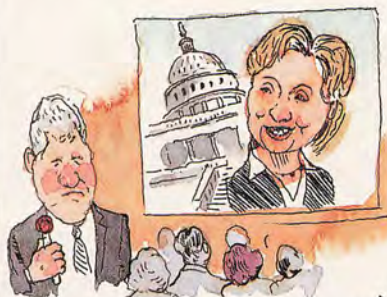
"CAUGHT CHASIN' TAIL"



"DUDE LOOKS LIKE A LADY"



"HE AIN'T HEAVY, HE'S MY BROTHER"



"WIFE LAYS DOWN THE LAW"



"MUD WRESTLING ARKANSAS-STYLE"

Monitor



BERGMAN AND BOREANAZ



BJÖRK

LAUER



BIRTHS Touched by an Angel.

On May 1, actor **David Boreanaz**, 31, and actress wife **Jaime Bergman** (*Son of the Beach*), 24, greeted their first child, 8-pound 6-ounce son Jaden Rayne.... Erst-while action hero **Lucy Lawless**, 34, and producer hubby **Rob Tapert** (*Xena: Warrior Princess*), 46, welcomed their second child, 8-pound 8-ounce Judah Miro, May 7, in New Zealand. Lawless also has a daughter, 13, from a previous marriage.



EXPECTING A visit from the stjórk: Icelandic actor-singer

Björk, 36, and her filmmaker beau, **Matthew Barney** (*Cremaster*), 35, will welcome their first child in August. Björk has a son, 16, from her previous marriage to ex-**Sugarcubes** bandmate **Thor Eldon**, 38.



SPLITS On April 30, after a

seven-year separation, **Sir Anthony Hopkins**, 64, and second wife **Jenni** filed for divorce in London, seeking to end their 29-year marriage. A spokesman for the Oscar winner wouldn't comment.



AILING On May 7, actor **Richard Dreyfuss** (*The Edu-*

cation of Max Bickford), 54, was released from a New York City hospital where doctors removed a fluid buildup, caused by an infection, from his right lung. Dreyfuss' rep says the actor is "feeling good" after eight days of inpatient care.



LAWSUITS On May 2, cleavage-happy crusader

Erin Brockovich-Ellis, 41, settled the libel suit her stockbroker ex-hubby, Steven Brockovich, 44, filed against her last year. He took issue with comments attributed to her that suggested he sometimes failed to make child-support payments. Terms weren't disclosed. Says her lawyer, "The parties decided to put it behind them."... Grumpy old estate. On May 3, **Walter Matthau's** heirs sued Columbia Pictures for \$1 million, claiming the studio owes them a larger cut of profits from video sales and licensing deals for 1969's *Cactus Flower* and 1978's *California Suite*. Columbia had no comment.



DEALS Today cohost

Matt Lauer, 44, will be waking up early for three more years, reportedly at double his \$4 million

annual salary. NBC would not discuss the affable anchor's new contract. Coanchor **Katie Couric**, 44, recently signed a new 4-year contract for a reported \$60 million.... On May 6, former super-agent **Mike Ovitz**, 56, unloaded his failing three-year-old talent agency, Artists Management Group, to music-heavy agency the Firm for an undisclosed sum. The Firm says it will assume AMG's estimated \$10 million debt—and such clients as **Natalie Portman** and **Cameron Diaz**. Ovitz will work as a consultant "in and out of the industry," says his rep.



DEATHS Songwriter

Otis Blackwell, 70, who penned hits like Jerry Lee Lewis' "Great Balls of Fire" and Elvis Presley's "Don't Be Cruel," of undisclosed causes, May 6, in Nashville.... Film producer **John Roberdeau** (*The Thin Red Line*), 48, of a heart attack, May 6, in Manhattan.... Director **George Sidney**, 85, who helmed such Hollywood musicals as 1951's *Show Boat* and 1953's *Kiss Me Kate*, of complications of lymphoma, May 5, in Las Vegas.

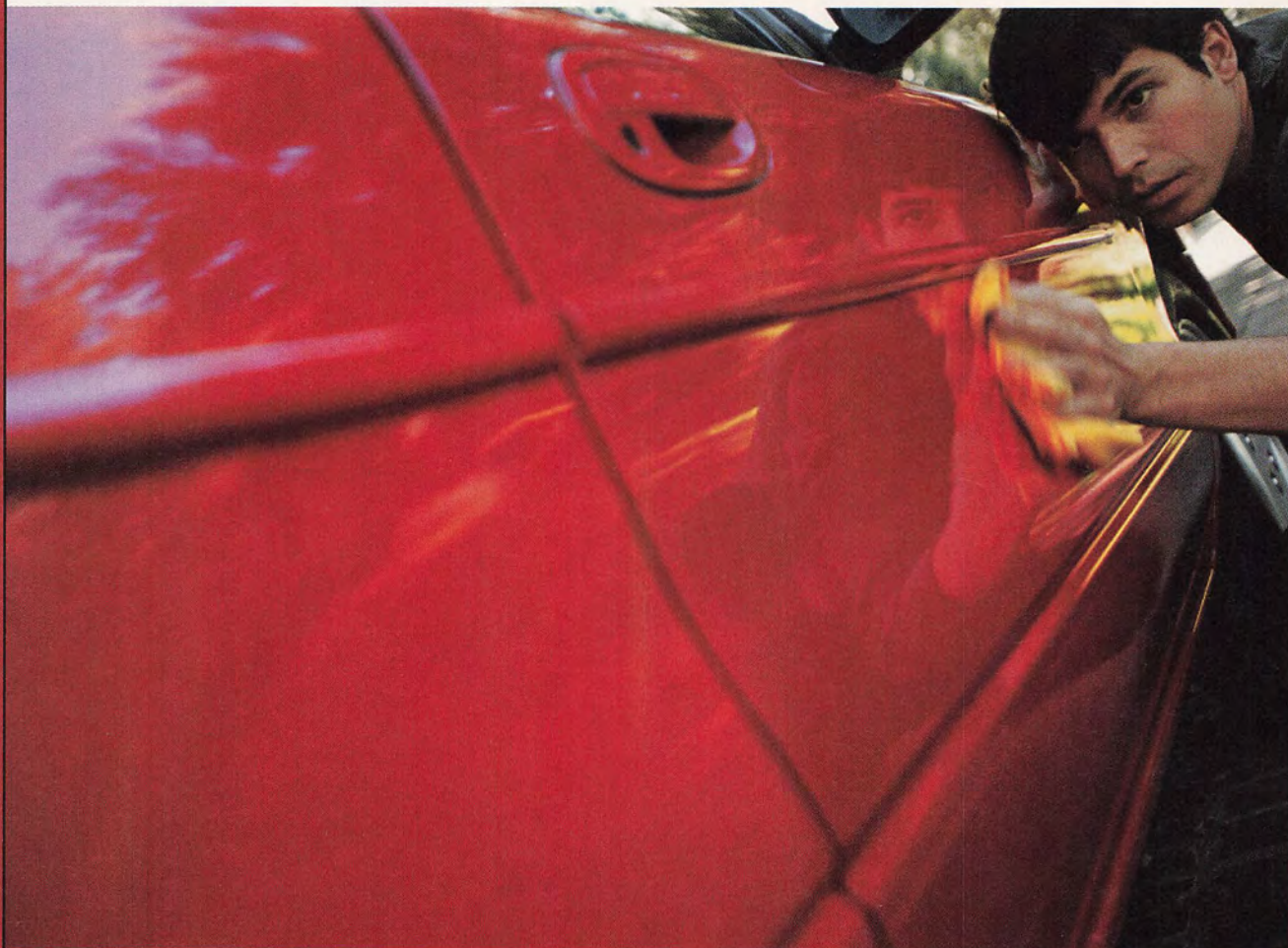
—Caroline Kepnes and Karen Valby

A full-page advertisement featuring actress Zhang Ziyi. She is wearing a vibrant blue silk robe with a traditional Chinese dragon pattern on the sleeves. Her long black hair is blowing in the wind. She is holding a glass of milk, which is splashing dramatically, creating a large, white, starburst-like splash that covers her lower torso and the surface of the table in front of her. The background is a soft, textured brown. The overall mood is dynamic and elegant.

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ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY'S FIELD GUIDE TO THE NEXT NEW THINGS

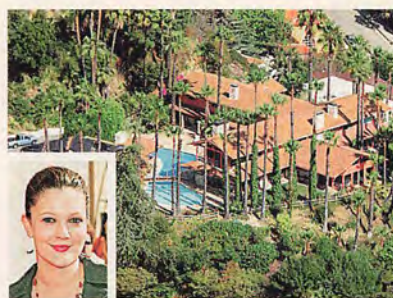


It's a Gamble

Ladies, ante up. Instead of the brunch table, women are now convening at the card table—whether for mah jongg, a game that's been passed from *bubbe* to granddaughter; notes Ruth Unger, president of the National Mah Jongg League, or for distaff versions of boys' poker night. Christian Dior offers card-print ready-to-wear for gaming girls. Also in the game is British lingerie company Agent Provocateur, which sells a limited-edition Strip Poker Set (\$125), complete with chips, saucy rules, and cards with hotties in flimsy underthings. The sexy set has been a hit with women, according to a saleswoman at Boston's Louis Boston, as a risqué bridal-shower gift. Why all the poker faces? "You play cards, and you catch up on people's lives," says Jill A. Davis, author of *Girls' Poker Night* (Random House). "It's a win-win situation." Just not for those who lose, lose. —Nina Willdorf

SPY GEAR

S&M on ABC? Yes, master. On the May 12 season finale of *Alias*, Sydney (Jennifer Garner) and Vaughn (Michael Vartan) are on a mission in a fetish club (pictured). And, thanks to costume designer Laura Goldsmith—who dresses everyone from SD-6-ers to extras—they'll totally fit in. As the style guide for this globe-trotting show, Goldsmith has to be hip to "grad-school girl" standards (Juicy Couture), "Robo-Cop-ish" fight gear (Theory, Wilsons Leather), and she has to "make sure that the costumes reflect the culture, like fur-lined collars in Russia." *Alias*' sexy escapism appeals to Goldsmith—who's also outfitted the casts of gritty films like *Clay Pigeons* and *Leaving Las Vegas*—because the rules that apply to dressing a chic spy who spars like James Bond while wearing Bond-babe dresses are as flexible as the catsuits: "Jennifer parachuted in with a Nike quilted track suit, which we made into tear-away pants with this sexy dress underneath. She was wearing stilettos. And she lands, you know, in stilettos. Ha!" —Caroline Kepnes



GIMME SHELTER



Cloud Nine! 4 BR, 6 BTH
2-story abode in the Hollywood Hills **PRICE** A reported \$4.5 million. Charlie's Angel Drew Barrymore has a new home. The 1957 ranch-style, nearly 1.5-acre compound sits at the end of a long driveway and reportedly has a guard-house that is staffed full-time. The 7,750-square-foot main house has five fireplaces, a billiards room, a gourmet kitchen, and a gym. The grounds include a guest house and a pool. Barrymore's former home in Beverly Hills caught fire while she and her ex-husband Tom Green were asleep. The couple made it out safely, but the house was destroyed. Ben Affleck recently bought that property from Barrymore for \$2.2 million. —Tricia Johnson



OSBOURNE

Ozzy Olay

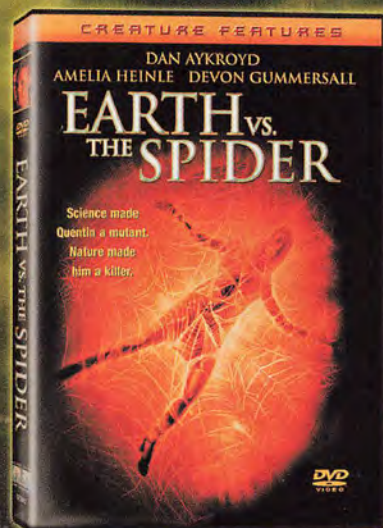
Hard to imagine the shambling patriarch of the Osbourne clan having a beauty regimen, but ol'

Ozzy does care

about keeping his skin so soft. The rocker was introduced to Osea's Ocean Cleansing Mudd at this year's ESPN Action Sports & Music Awards and "has not stopped raving about it," says Osea founder Jenefer Palmer. (Ozzy had no comment.) Fans of the potion, which uses algae to remove impurities and control oil, include **Calista Flockhart** and **Britney Spears**. "It's an industrial-strength product that does wonders for clearing up acne, especially for teenage boys," says Palmer. Maybe **Jack** should swipe some. —Clarissa Cruz



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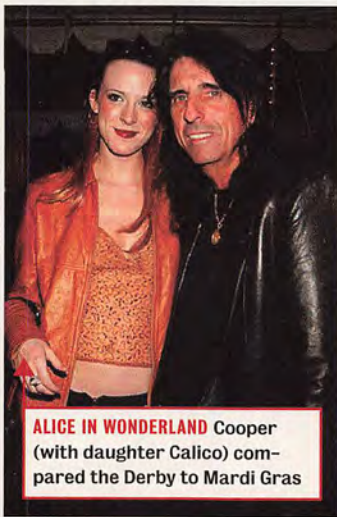
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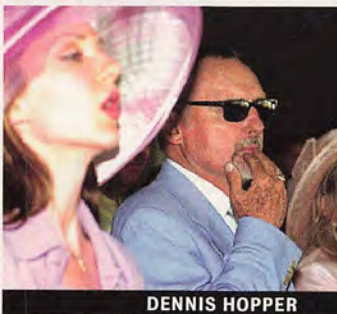
The Scout



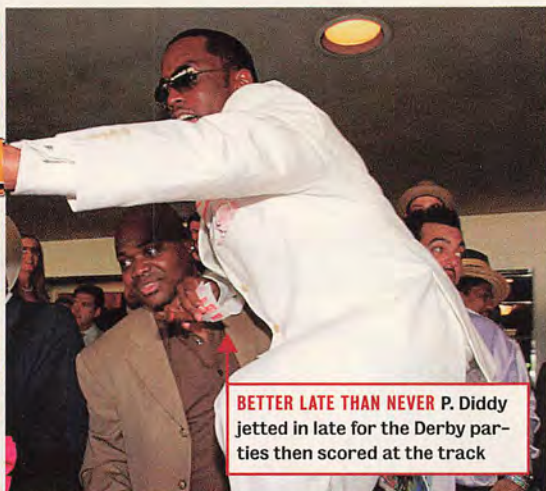
LACHEY & SIMPSON



ALICE IN WONDERLAND Cooper
(with daughter Calico) com-
pared the Derby to Mardi Gras



DENNIS HOPPER



BETTER LATE THAN NEVER P. Diddy
jetted in late for the Derby par-
ties then scored at the track

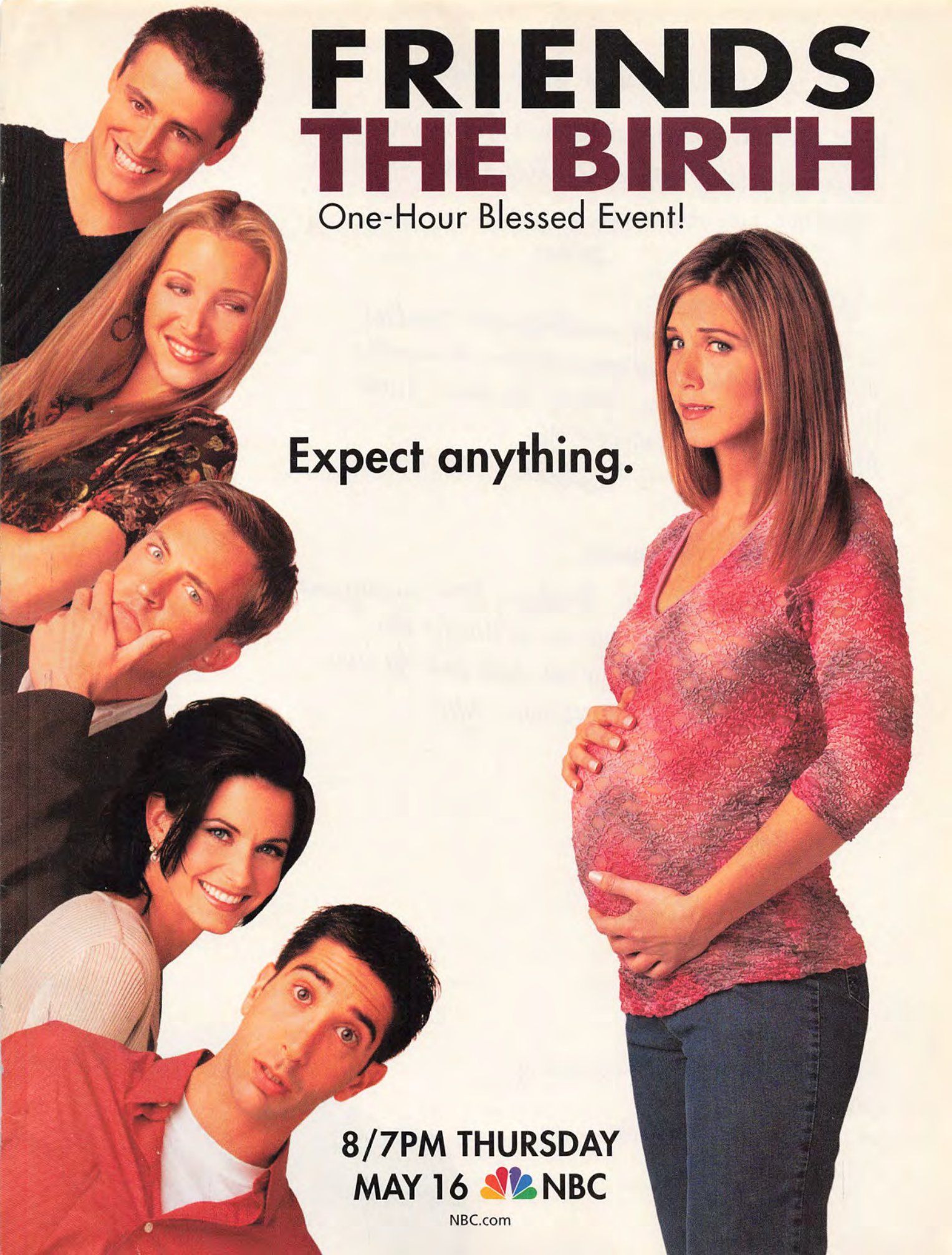
Horsing Around Maybe it was the mint ju-
leps, but *something* at-
tracted the stars to the bashes leading up to the Ken-
tucky Derby May 4 in Louisville. "I'd read about the
bluegrass," **Anjelica Huston** told a local newspaper.
"And my father [the late **John Huston**] loved the hors-
es." For others, it was party central. "Definitely the
place to be," gushed 98's **Nick Lachey**, whose fiancée,
Jessica Simpson, flashed her rock at a gala at ex-Dou-
blemint Twin **Patricia Barnstable Brown's** mansion.
Three 'N Sync-ers, **Meat Loaf**, **George Strait**, and **Toby**
Keith (clearly smitten with fellow reveler **Bo Derek**)
gave impromptu performances. The celeb cross sec-
tion also included jocks (Super Bowl MVP **Tom Brady's**
female admirers caused traffic jams at one bash);
politicians ("I still haven't learned how to do my make-
up," admitted chad queen **Katherine Harris**); and roy-
als (**Prince Albert** snogged a uniformed policewoman).
No word on how the stars fared at the track—at least
one had trouble picking a pony. Moaned **Ashton**
Kutcher, "Dude, where's my horse?" —*Alanna Nash*



MELISSA JOAN HART & JERRY O'CONNELL

THE SHAW REPORT BY JESSICA SHAW

IN	FIVE MINUTES AGO	OUT
Lapsang souchong	Chai lattes	Espresso
Grover	Elmo	Snuffleupagus
Grass skirts	Macadamia nuts	Hawaiian honeymoons
Sen. John Edwards	Sen. Joe Lieberman	Al Gore

A promotional poster for the TV event 'Friends: The Birth'. On the left, five of the main cast members are shown in a vertical stack, looking towards the right with various expressions of anticipation and concern. From top to bottom: David Schwimmer (Joey), Lisa Kudrow (Rachel), Matt LeBlanc (Joey), Courteney Cox (Monica), and David Duchovny (Joey). On the right, a full-length image of Jennifer Aniston (Rachel) is shown, standing and holding her pregnant belly. She is wearing a red and pink patterned long-sleeved top and blue jeans. The background is a plain, light color.

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To my Children - David, Drana, Michael,
We're running out of tomorrow. I'm so proud of you!
I always loved you and always will.
Good bye my darlings.
Mom

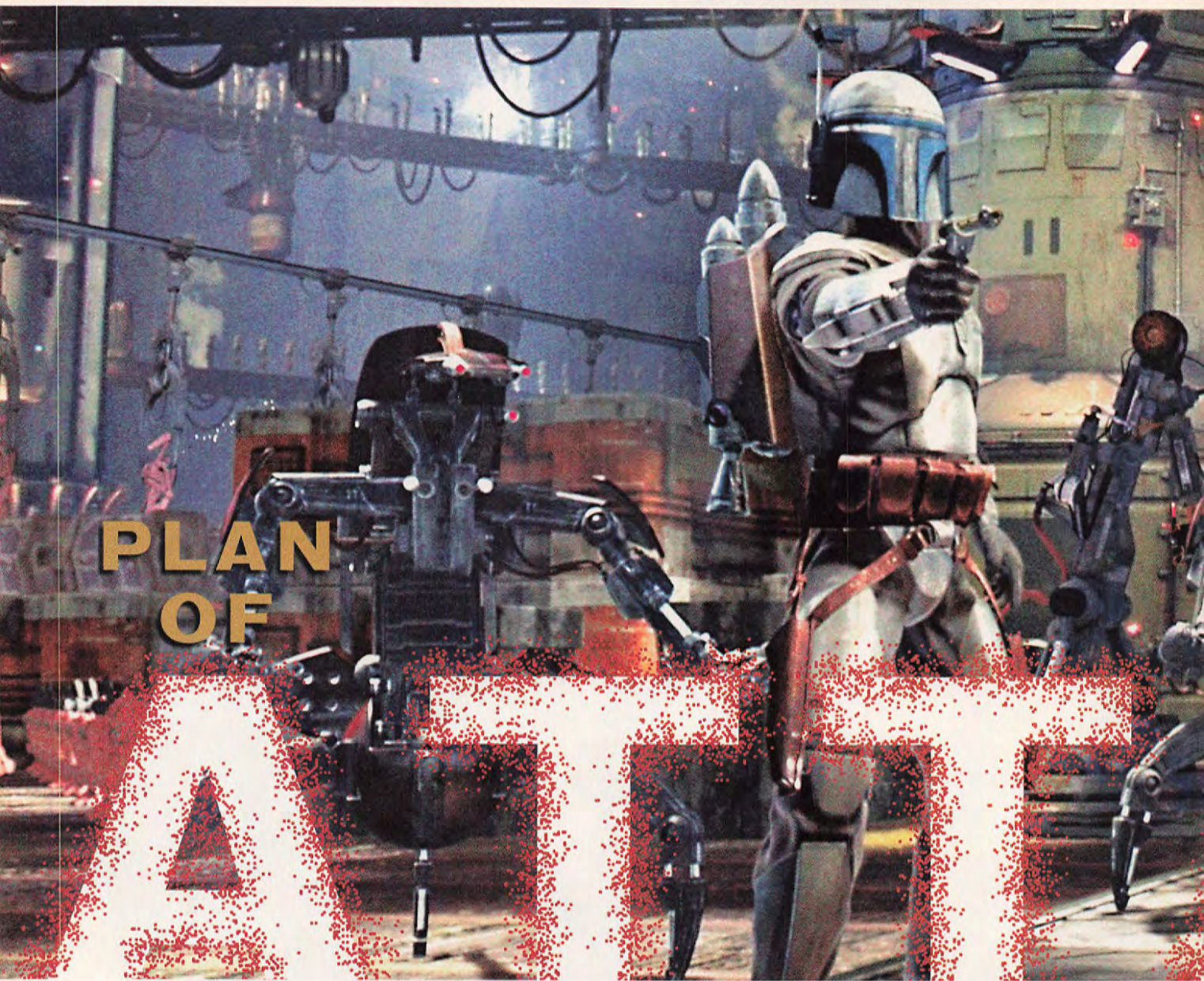
Dearest Jon,
I am so sorry my smoking will cheat us
out of 20 or 30 more years together. Remember
the fun we had every year at the lake. I will
ALWAYS love and treasure you.
Linda

TO the TOBACCO Companies,
My name is Linda. I'm dying from emphysema
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of our loved ones. AND WE WILL WIN!

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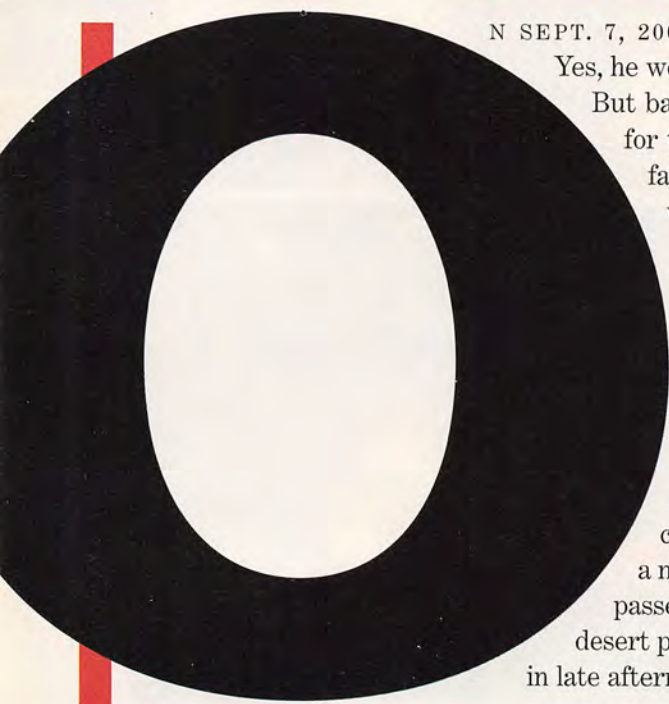
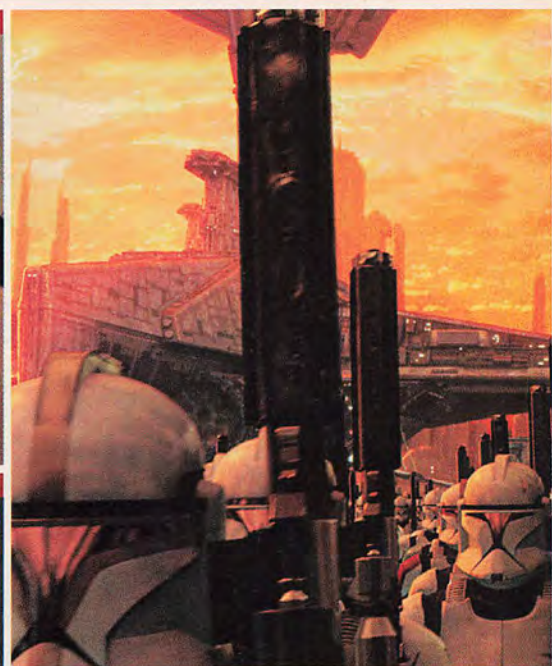


George Lucas
gets back into the
space race with
Star Wars:
Episode II—Attack
of the Clones.
But the fifth time
around, is the Force
still with him?

By Jeff Jensen

AN





ON SEPT. 7, 2000, GEORGE LUCAS FINALLY BROUGHT *STAR WARS* HOME.

Yes, he went to Tunisia in 1997, to shoot *Episode I—The Phantom Menace*.

But back then, he did not come to Chott Le Jerid, the earthly stand-in for the Tatooine stamping grounds of Luke Skywalker, the moisture farm of doomed Uncle Owen and Aunt Beru, where business is done with droid-dealing Jawas and sleep is troubled by fear of Tusken Raiders.

• Incredibly, the original sets Lucas built on this arid lakebed 27 years ago—including the deep crater he dug for the family's shelter—are still there, tended to year-round by locals who wear vintage *Star Wars* T-shirts. For the younger cast and crew who accompanied Lucas to Chott Le Jerid to shoot *Episode II—Attack of the Clones*, being there was like leaping back into their childhoods. "It's the iconic set of the whole series. *The home-*

stead," recalls the 58-year-old Lucas. "The kids were excited because this is what they remembered *Star Wars* to be. For me, it was a nostalgic trip to the past. Standing out there, it was like no time had passed at all."

• During the day, the mercury on this endlessly brown desert plain can dart past 120 degrees, which is why Lucas prefers filming in late afternoon—or dusk, as he did 27 years ago, when he captured the most

THIS SPREAD AND PREVIOUS SPREAD: © & TM LUCASFILM LTD.



A STAR WARS IS BORN (1) Portman, Christensen, and McGregor get transported; (2) clone troopers ready for combat; (3) battle droids strike out against the Jedi; (4) Yoda remains all ears; (5) R2-D2 helps Obi-Wan Kenobi send a hologram message; (6) young clones get schooled in the art of war; (7) Morrison as Jango Fett

poetic image in his *Star Wars* canon: Luke Skywalker, pondering his future, watching Tatooine's twin suns set. There is a moment in *Attack of the Clones* that intentionally echoes that shot, with 19-year-old Anakin Skywalker, the inevitable Darth Vader, standing on that berm bathed in amber twilight, about to make a choice that will shape his tragic destiny....

If you came of age digging through sacks of Wonder Bread searching for collectible *Star Wars* cards, you're probably thinking two things right now:

1. *I can't wait for Episode II, coming to a theater near me on May 16.*

2. *Why couldn't THIS have been Episode I?*

HAVE THIS JOKE I SOMETIMES TELL," SAYS AHMED Best, munching on pizza at a Wolfgang Puck Café in L.A. one gray afternoon in April. A lanky actor/dancer who today is clad in loose denim and purple-tinted sunglasses, Best is responsible for the voice and on-set embodiment of Jar Jar Binks, *The Phantom Menace's* much-maligned computer-generated character. For three years now, Best has endured a barrage of barbs about Jar Jar, including more than a

few from this magazine. Needless to say, we paid for lunch.

"It starts off, 'Mini-Me jacked my summer,'" says Best, referring to the diminutive Dr. Evil played by Verne Troyer in *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me*, released three weeks after *The Phantom Menace*. "Shooting *Episode I*, it was all good," he says, slapping his hands on the two words for emphasis. "Everybody was saying 'Jar Jar is going to be the sidekick character of the summer.' And I started believing that s---. And then Mini-Me drops—and Mini-Me is the favorite character of the summer! He's got the Playboy Mansion, getting sitcoms, shooting hoops with NBA players. *Mini-Me*." Best shakes his head. "I was like, 'How did this happen?'"

The punchline, of course, is, that's exactly what Jar Jar's detractors were thinking: *How* did this happen? *The Phantom Menace*—with its *yippee!*-squealing 9-year-old Anakin (Jake Lloyd), tediously byzantine Trade Federation rigma-role, and yes, Jar Jar—was *not* the second coming *Star Wars* fans had been pining for. Nor were they fond of the "*Read Me! Play Me! Eat Me!*" blitzkrieg of hype and merchandise that attended the film. But the buzz on *Attack of the Clones* suggests that everything is different—beginning with a



SABERING THE MOMENT Returning as Jedi Master Windu, Jackson takes aim

milder marketing push that even the stars of *Star Wars* appreciate. "Personally, I'm glad not to be promoting Kentucky Fried Chicken anymore," says Natalie Portman, who returns as Padmé Amidala, former queen of the peaceful planet of Naboo, now a senator. "That *really* wasn't the highlight of my moral life."

Moreover, *Attack of the Clones* is chockablock with the mythic minutiae fans have been craving to see: the genesis of the Clone Wars; the creation of the stormtroopers; the fateful, forbidden romance between Anakin and Amidala. Factor in more action, a darker tone, and a lot less Jar Jar, and you have all the ingredients for a potential *Empire Strikes Back*—the second film of the original trilogy, and the one considered by many to be the best. "The first one had a lot of setup to do and had to be the foundation for the six movies," says Ewan McGregor, whose Obi-Wan Kenobi is now a mature Jedi Knight in *Attack of the Clones*. "*Episode II* returns to the original swashbuckling fairy-tale form of the first *Star Wars* films." Samuel L. Jackson, returning as Jedi Master Mace Windu, adds up the difference: "*Menace* was a kiddie movie. This one's not. I think the fans are more excited this time around, because everyone has heard that George heard their criticisms, took them to heart, and made something special."

An encouraging analysis for jilted *Star Wars* lovers. Still, it's not completely accurate. For if you think Lucas calibrated *Attack of the Clones* to fix a suddenly sputtering franchise, well...

"That's ridiculous," says Lucas, sitting in the parlor of his expansive office nestled in a valley 40 miles north of San Francisco. The weather outside is mild, but inside the conditions are a bit blustery. Defending *Episode I* clearly gets the blood pumping in this otherwise soft-spoken, elfin

man, still bearded but grayer and leaner than he was three years ago, more Yoda now than Ewok. His rebuttal starts with a check-the-scoreboard nod toward the film's \$431 million domestic box office gross. "I made *More American Graffiti*," cracks Lucas, citing the flop 1979 sequel to his Oscar-nominated 1973 smash. "I *know* what happens when you have a big hit and you bring out a sequel and people don't like it: *They don't go!* It's just the nature of the beast." Question his assumption that quantity equals quality and Lucas cites research, conducted during *The Phantom Menace*'s release, that found 70 to 80 percent of the audience either "liked it" or "loved it." "It was basically the media and the Internet fan base—all late 20s, early 30s, 40s—who didn't like it," Lucas concludes.

Yet the filmmaker's defense doesn't stop with dollars, cents, and stats. For every specific attack, he has a rejoinder. Too much kid stuff? "I have to make the movie for the same audience base I made the first ones for: 12-year-olds." Too much verbose intrigue, not enough action? "I look at [*Star Wars*] as one 12-hour movie in six parts. There's actually a lot of stuff going on in *The Phantom Menace*, and it has to be there in order to make the story work." Flat acting? "We're working in a particular kind of style—a sort of theatrical style very prevalent in movies in the 1930s. I don't use, you know, 'reality acting.' That's not what these movies are."

Lucas can even get downright haughty defending *Episode I*, especially when he starts slamming film critics. Yet he evinces a healthy dose of self-awareness ("I talk too much," he demurs) and shows some true salt-of-the-earth credibility (dude, George Lucas watches *South Park* and *The Osbournes*!). And he may very well be correct when—whether his naysayers want to embrace it or not—he says, "*The Phantom Menace* could *never* meet the expectations." Still, wasn't there *anything* flawed about the movie? "I mean, you can always do it better after you've done it once," he says. "I wouldn't change anything about it. It did everything I meant to accomplish."

And as for the much-loathed Jar Jar, both Lucas and Best dismiss the character's critics as either Internet grouches or cynics who can't stomach the cutesy humor. Best, who is African-American, was especially bugged by the racism charge leveled against Jar Jar, whose antics had some screaming Stepin Fetchit. "There were absolutely no intentions of the character being perceived that way," says Best, adding that the inspirations were Buster Keaton and Jerry Lewis. "People ask me, 'Did you know it was going to be this way? Why didn't you stop it?' I didn't stop it because there was nothing to stop." Regardless, Jar Jar has only a few brief scenes in *Attack of the Clones*. But his diminishment, says Lucas, was not influenced by audiences. "The story dictates what I do," he insists. "This idea that 'Oh, you don't like Darth Vader? Okay, I'll take him out'—I mean, that's not the way you make movies."

His love
for America
was boundless.

His plans
for the future
were visionary.

He might have been
one of the greatest leaders
of our time.



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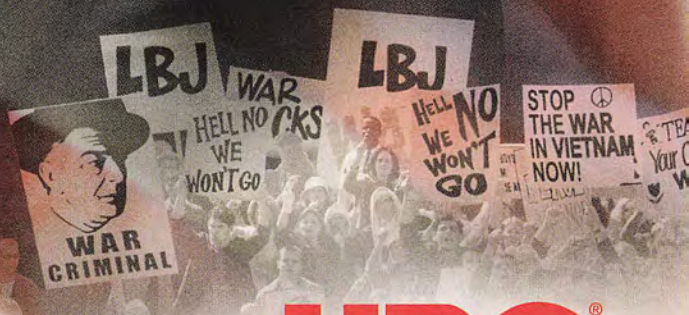
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would decide the fate of a nation.



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SUSPENDED ANIMATION (1) McGregor's Obi-Wan grabs an assassin droid; (2) Chancellor Palpatine's aide (center) listens in with Jedi Council members

LIKE *EPISODE I*, *EPISODE II* WAS EXTRAPOLATED from an outline of back story Lucas had brainstormed nearly 30 years ago before writing *Star Wars*. Working on the screenplay for *Attack of the Clones* in fall 1999, he was inspired by the musically influenced processes of Sergei Eisenstein, the Russian filmmaker perhaps best known for 1925's *Battleship Potemkin*. "I create themes," says Lucas, "and I repeat those themes, in different chords and different arrangements, like little bits of chorus." While hashing out *Attack of the Clones*, Lucas looked for ways to cite the original trilogy, from images to dialogue to plot developments. Like the one in which...well, let's just say you have to *hand* it to Lucas for thinking up this one. (Notice we emphasized *hand*. Haaaaaand.)

Alas for Lucas, constructing an intricately interconnected story is easy; putting it on paper is something else entirely. "Writing isn't my favorite thing to do," he says with a bashful smile. "It's just *hard*." Exhausted after the four-year grind of making *The Phantom Menace*, Lucas, a single father, took the summer of 1999 off, and vacationed with his three children (Amanda, 21, Katie, 14, and Jett, 9). So when he started writing *Attack of the Clones* that fall, he had only seven months before going into production; for *The Phantom Menace*, he gave himself a whole year to write. By May 2000, Lucas had gone through 15 drafts but was far from finished. "I ran out of time and I needed help," says Lucas, who asked Jonathan Hales, a staff writer on his early-'90s TV series, *The Young Indiana Jones Chronicles*, to bail him out. Lucas says he can't recall the specific problem areas, just that Hales got the job done. "Sometimes it was dialogue, sometimes it was [fixing] a scene that wasn't really working," says Lucas. "Having someone else look at it and do a critique—I needed that support, because I was about to walk into the maelstrom."

Before *Episode I*, Lucas hadn't directed a film since the original *Star Wars*, and many of *The Phantom Menace*'s critics wondered whether the years away had led to some film-

making atrophy. Lucas, not surprisingly, disagrees, but he does acknowledge there was a steep learning curve to master the technology required to produce "photo-real" films that mix live-action elements with digital animation. "It was like I'd been driving a Chevy Nova for all my life, and then, after not driving for 20 years, I get out into a Lamborghini, and it was suddenly *whoa!* Way different from what I'm used to," Lucas says. "But second time around—hey, no problem."

Attack of the Clones—whose estimated \$120 million budget was completely financed by his company, Lucasfilm (Twentieth Century Fox handles distribution for a fee)—was not only a more confident production but a better-prepared one, too. Lucas readied the actors by holding readings of the script, and giving them more detailed concept art and "animatics" (essentially cartoon blueprints) than were available on *The Phantom Menace*. Portman, 20, who had a tough time acting against a blue screen for *Episode I*, appreciated the extra reference. "The actual visual could communicate the imagery a lot better than George's description," she says. "Not that his description was bad, but there's just no accurate way to communicate a visual except for showing it."

Unlike *The Phantom Menace*, *Attack of the Clones* was shot using digital cameras. While directing, Lucas spent most of the time parked behind a bank of mammoth plasma screens, conferring with animation director Rob Coleman on the interplay between human and digitized elements. "The actual making of the film is very precise," says Hayden Christensen, 21, whom Lucas famously plucked out of relative obscurity to play the teenage Anakin. "The process of putting the film together for him is almost like Legos, adding layer after layer after layer of pieces. You really have to trust that they're going to mesh together in a way you'll be happy with."

When Lucas offers direction to his actors, "he's a man of few words," says Jackson. "If you're doing too much, he'll give you a *Star Wars* catchphrase, like 'Anger leads to the Dark Side.'"

Recalls Maori actor Temuera Morrison, who plays bounty hunter Jango Fett, father of Han Solo-freezing Boba Fett: "He has a real relaxed nature, a real friendly way of working. I remember my first day, I was a little overwhelmed, and he'd come over and gently say, 'Hey, take it easy. It's just another day making wine. Another day growing olives.'"

If Lucas felt obligated to ratchet up the action in *Attack of the Clones*, he kept it to himself. "He never said it," says Jackson, "but we knew we were doing a lot more battle things than what we had done before." Such as asteroid-dodging space chases, rain-soaked skirmishes, and a climactic donnybrook within an ominous-sounding "execution arena." There's also the much-buzzed-about scene in which a lightsaber-wielding Yoda faces off against former pupil Count Dooku (Christopher Lee), a rogue Jedi in league with Jango Fett and the evil Darth Sidious. (Rob Coleman, who toiled for an entire year on Yoda's fight moves in this scene, says the sequence was the movie's most complex animation challenge.)

For his part, Jackson relished getting some action after seeing only talky Jedi Council duty in *Episode I*. "I got to do some things I always wished I could do watching Errol Flynn as a kid and the Hong Kong and samurai films. It was an interesting mix of fencing, kendo, and Chinese street fighting," says the actor. "I think the action scenes are a bit more exciting [than those of *The Phantom Menace*]. Of course, I really can't say because I was, like, fighting a lot of stuff that wasn't there, so I'm interested in seeing how good I really am...."

ON APRIL 25, LUCAS OFFICIALLY BEGAN PREPPING *Episode III* with the first meeting of his design team. Production on the final *Star Wars* movie is slated to begin on June 26, 2003, in Australia. Finally, audiences will learn how Anakin's marriage ended and why he started breathing heavy as Darth Vader. There will also be much death. "Oh, I know I die," says Jackson. "I just asked George to make sure I don't die like some punk."

Lucas believes *Episode III* will be the harshest of the movies. "If you were a studio," he says, "I'm sure you would say, 'This is way too dark. You're really going to alienate your audience.' But what can I do? That's the story."

In pursuing these prequels, Lucas has always courted the risk of damaging, not enhancing, his *Star Wars* legacy. His faith in *Episode II* is such that he believes the matter is settled. "Who knows what people are going to think of these films 10 years or a hundred years from now? I can't worry about that," he says. "What it comes down to is, I have kids who say to me, 'Thank you for making this movie.' Older people say that too, but it's mostly kids. They've done it on every movie. And I'm pretty confident I can continue that. That I can make a movie a young person will be blown away by. That's what I do." ■ (Additional reporting by Daniel Fierman)

'EPISODE' GUIDE

WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW BEFORE WATCHING



McGREGOR



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PARK

IT HAS BEEN 10 YEARS SINCE THE EVENTS OF EPISODE I. Anakin's gotten older. Amidala has transitioned from queen to senator of Naboo. And Obi-Wan has grown into a savvy Jedi—and grown out his hair. "I don't know if anyone has ever sported a mullet and beard with as much panache as myself," jokes Ewan McGregor. George Lucas can boil *Episode II* down to three words: "The plot thickens." But for those fuzzy on the state of the Force, here's the story so far:

IS THE REPUBLIC AN EMPIRE YET? Not yet—but it *is* falling apart. Corruption and greed—embodied by the Trade Federation, whose blockade of tax-resistant Naboo drove the conflict in *Episode I*—continue unabated, despite promises of reform by Chancellor Palpatine (Ian McDiarmid). A growing separatist movement, led by mysterious Count Dooku, is threatening the republic's stability. As *Episode II* begins, Palpatine has proposed creating an army to quell the unrest, a plan resisted by pacifist Amidala.

STILL WANTED: DARTH SIDIOUS The sinister lord of the Sith remains at large after getting the Trade Federation to invade Naboo. Sith lords travel in pairs: one master, one apprentice. Sidious—who bears a suspicious resemblance to both Palpatine and the evil emperor of the original trilogy—was the former; in *Episode I*, Darth Maul (Ray Park) was the latter. It would be safe to assume Sidious has a new sidekick. But who?

ANAKIN'S BLOOD CONDITION The future Darth Vader's bloodstream is teeming with organisms called midi-chlorians, a sign that someone is strong with the Force, the energy field that binds all life. Anakin's high midi-chlorian count may have played a role in his immaculate origins: Born to a slave named Shmi, Anakin has no father. Anakin's anomalies led the late Qui-Gon Jinn to believe the boy was the fulfillment of a prophecy, foretelling one who would bring balance to the Force. With his dying breath, Qui-Gon asked Obi-Wan to train Anakin. A wary master Yoda reluctantly agreed.

JAR JAR GOES TO WASHINGTON The amphibious Gungan serves as Amidala's deputy. When she's indisposed, he casts votes in her place. Wanna bet this whole army issue comes down to him? *Weesa sosa doooooomed!* —JJ



Get the scoop on the priciest *Star Wars* memorabilia and more at ew.com/starwars (AOL Keyword: EW)

DAVID DUCHOVNY AS FOX MULDER

GILLIAN ANDERSON AS DANA SCULLY

CASECL

DEAN HAGLUND AS RICHARD "RINGO" LANGLEY

BRUCE HARWOOD AS JOHN FITZGERALD BYERS

MITCH PILEGGI AS WALTER SKINNER

USED

TOM BRAIDWOOD AS MELVIN FROHIKE

AS THEY PREPARE TO TURN OFF THE FLASHLIGHTS FOR THE last time, *The X-Files*' prime movers are typically closemouthed about its two-hour May 19 series finale, aptly titled "The Truth." "There's a sense of a perfect circle, coming back and completing the promise of what the first two episodes suggested," says the show's creator, Chris Carter. In other words, expect the return of David Duchovny's FBI agent Fox Mulder, as well as a gallery of the show's favorite conspiratorial costars (Cancer Man included—smoking out of one side of his, uh, neck) and cataclysmic subplots. • Making an almost clandestine Friday-night debut on Sept. 10, 1993, *X* immediately became the still-fledgling Fox network's premier drama. By season 4, its groundswell of success—and the burgeoning sexy-smart superstardom of Duchovny and costar Gillian Anderson (Agent Dana Scully)—prompted a move to highly competitive Sunday night. Far from faltering, the former cult oddity proceeded to crack Nielsen's top 10, earn small fortunes for its creators and network, and, perhaps most significantly, turn apocalyptic paranoia into mainstream family fun.

ON THE EVE OF ITS FINAL EPISODE,
THE X-FILES' CREATORS AND
STARS TAKE A FOND LOOK BACK AT
THE EARLY YEARS OF TV'S MESMERIZING
CULT SENSATION BY MIKE FLAHERTY

Although its gorgeous, terrifying vision never garnered the Emmy appreciation it deserved, *The X-Files* became a global phenom, spawning a slew of inferior imitators as well as an eponymous movie franchise (Carter expects to begin shooting the second *X* feature in summer 2003). In the wake of its latter-day ratings drop-off and Duchovny's exit, Carter and Co. introduced *X*'s next generation, bringing Anderson front and center and adding a pair of gadfly agents—Robert Patrick's John Doggett and Annabeth Gish's Monica Reyes—to the team, all the while keeping the chills and thrills coming. • "If I were to sit still for a couple of minutes, I might just feel the weight of the transition that's taking place. I guess I'm choosing on some level not to put myself through that," says Anderson. In that spirit of lovelorn denial, we decided to revisit *X*'s storied beginnings with a cabal of the show's former and current talents, who recall those cold, dark days in the wilds of Vancouver, the origins of TV's most intriguing crime-busting duo, and the episodes most firmly implanted in their brains. Read 'em and weep.

MAKING MULDER AND SCULLY

CARTER I saw at least a hundred people for each part. David was one of the first to come in; Gillian probably auditioned about midway. She came in like a complete ragamuffin, with [casting director] Randy Stone's high hopes. He told me she was a Juilliard graduate, which she's not. She was attractive, but also had the gravity to play an FBI agent—yet [one] who was still young enough to be idealistic. And she was a new face. I loved her.

ANDERSON TV didn't interest me at all. I mean, when I was in grade school, I watched reruns of *Gilligan's Island* and *The Brady Bunch*, and I didn't know they were reruns! (I don't know if I've ever admitted that before.) But I was living on unemployment and my agents were [ready to drop me], so I read the pilot script. I had no idea how different *The X-Files* was, but I thought it was cool, and I loved the intellectual repartee between her and Mulder. I remember borrowing a suit for the audition. Chris called a week later about auditioning for the network, and I borrowed *another* suit. There were actresses I knew from New York there, Jill Hennessy and Cynthia Nixon.

CARTER The network wasn't sure why I liked Gillian so much, and there was a lot of resistance to her. But I basically staked my career and the project on her; said this is the only person I'm going to go with. I took a page from Jodie Foster in *The Silence of the Lambs*. Gillian wasn't a cookie, and we didn't want a cookie. I didn't want her to be a woman who looked like she got up and the first thing she cared about was "What am I wearing today?"

ANDERSON I wanted to be realistic about Scully. I never paid attention to my look, and, in a way, thank God, because it added to the weird, cryptic nature of the whole thing. She seemed so different [from me] that I really got into the matronly outfits. Seeing them now, I mean, there was a red-and-green plaid jacket that I wore, and all the pleats—ugh! It wasn't until we moved down [to L.A.] that they hired a new designer and started to put Scully into hipper things. At first I was like, "No,

no, no!" Then I started to say, "Well, it *does* look better..."

CARTER I'd seen David's reel before he read for the part. His delivery was kind of slow, a little laconic, and I thought, He's got an interesting quality.

DUCHOVNY Mulder was described as being more MTV VJ than FBI agent. Shows you how old the pilot is. I thought, How do I get this MTV VJ thing without the hair? So I wore a tie with cartoon pigs on it. I tried to program a little irreverence into it. I remember Chris seeing that tie and almost freaking out.

CARTER I said, "You've got to think like an FBI agent." David looked at me, and there was this moment that said, "I know how to play this," and he did.



A LITTLE GREEN THEN "When I see an old episode," says Duchovny, with Anderson in 1994, "there's a tentativeness that's endearing"

DUCHOVNY Mulder was driven by intellect, whereas the parts that I was coming from—in *The Rapture*, and the independent films I'd done—were more sexual. And here's one of the most chaste series of all time. So, I had a good instinct on this guy being chaste, and yet all the sex was in his head. What was interesting to me was [his] outsider status with an insider look. In [writer] Darin Morgan's scripts he was always poking fun at the insider look, but to me, the pathos of the character... it's like a woman trapped in a man's body.

CARTER It was easy to give Mulder eccentricities, because he was conceived as an eccentric character.

GLEN MORGAN [writer/coexecutive producer] There were a lot of inside jokes. David's *not* an Elvis fan, so I threw that [obsession] in to annoy him. And he was a good sport to do it. I also [showed him reading *Adult Video News*] as a joke...

DUCHOVNY But those are just quirks, those aren't character. You can say "sunflower seeds" and "porn" till you're blue in the face, but in the end it's about an attitude. They could have made Mulder interested in gay porn. It all would've worked for me.

CARTER The sunflower seeds came about because I was eating [them] obsessively during the writing of the pilot. The porn came mostly from [Glen] Morgan and [his writing partner James] Wong, who—how can I put this?—had a *connoisseurship*.

MORGAN Thanks, Chris!

CARTER The funny thing is that we'd all work until the wee hours, then go back to the hotel. They had four channels of porn, and you could watch three minutes for free. Everybody would come back the next day having seen the same porn.

DUCHOVNY Everybody putting so much at stake in Mulder and Scully wasn't happening at this point. The writers hadn't built themselves that prison yet. It was a function of less being more: The more people started to want us to be together, the less it was written to, and that was good. I remember after, like, six episodes, Chris said he wanted [Gillian and I] to go into what amounted to couples' therapy for character actors. He thought we had stopped relating to one another. I thought it was a good idea for a series, and I told him to f--- off.

THE GREAT WET NORTH

ANDERSON Once we'd gotten the job, it was like, "Okay, leave tomorrow." That was a Thursday, and I left for Vancouver on Saturday.

CARTER It was two weeks that became five years, as David says. But Vancouver became a huge part of the show's success. The great thing about it is that it felt foreign—and it *was* a foreign place to me—which made it seem spooky, a little surreal.

MORGAN It has such a visual stamp. They [originally] wanted to film it in L.A., but down there you have to go 60 miles to Los Padres National Forest, and it just wasn't the right kind of dense, green woods.

DUCHOVNY If I had had more business savvy, I would've thought that we were



LAST LAUGH (1) Shooting the final episode; (2) Jerry Hardin's Deep Throat; (3) William B. Davis' Cancer Man; (4) Carter

just doing a crap syndicated show, and we're up in Canada because it's cheap. But I didn't, so it felt fantastic, like this small army going into the jungle to come out with the prize.

TOM BRAIDWOOD [assistant director/Lone Gunman Melvin Frohike] Every week there was some kind of monolithic problem...creating flying saucers, having to build huge cranes with structural steel arms mounted with 30 to 60 lights so that the effects department could paint a saucer around it. Then there was the submarine show ["End Game," episode 40], where we filled a stage with like 25 tons of ice and snow, and they built this huge conning tower that we could raise and lower. It was an amazing experience.

CARTER I would go on every [location scout] to see what the director was going to do. I was intimately involved in wardrobe, with props. I didn't want to leave anything to chance, because I knew that one screwup could sink us. I remember in "Deep Throat" [episode 1] there were signs around Area 51 that were meant to say "Authorized Personnel Only," and somebody had written it *Authized*, and I was like, "Who the f--- can't spell?!" But it's stuff like that that can make the show

look shabby. The audience watches very carefully, they expect it to be authentic.

I showed [the pilot] to Rick Carter—the production designer for both Spielberg and Robert Zemeckis. He said, "Try to do as little as possible, because you're not going to have the time or the money for effects. Hide everything in shadow." It was great budgetary advice and good storytelling advice, because the less you see, the scarier it is.

DAVID NUTTER [director] Imagination doesn't cost anything. Those limitations brought out the best in everybody. *The X-Files* was one of the first shows where the look and style got people interested before they got involved in the story.

BRAIDWOOD A lot of production happened over the winter. The show was often dependent on night shooting and exteriors. And we didn't really have any place you could go to wait between shots. If it was raining, you just adapted.

MITCH PILEGGI [FBI Assistant Director Walter Skinner] If you watch those early episodes, you can see water pouring out of the actors' mouths as they say their dialogue.

ANDERSON They would shovel snow from the grass to make it look like we were in

Indiana. They were *blowtorching* snow off of things. And me, in skirts, in heels, having to walk on ice. And the rain, and the rain, and the rain.... And when there wasn't rain, we had to force rain, because the preceding scene takes place in the rain! It was un-f---ing-believable.

OF ALIENS AND CIGARETTE-SMOKING MEN

CARTER The idea for a mythology [the arcing, aliens-will-take-over-the-world plot at the heart of the series] really comes out of the pilot and episode 1 when Deep Throat says, "Mr. Mulder, they've been here a long, long time." That opens the door. The next time you really get a good sense of it is with "The Erlenmeyer Flask" [episode 23]. Then I had an idea for a two-part episode with the alien bounty hunter, which became "Colony" [episode 39] and "End Game" [episode 40]. About that time [exec producer] Frank Spotnitz came aboard. He wrote the second half of the two-parter, and that's when the mythology became really important.

DEAN HAGLUND [Lone Gunman Richard "Ringo" Langly] It was the concept of an enemy without. In fact, one of the producers said how after 1990, after the Berlin Wall came down, we seemed to no longer have enemies, and here was a show that developed an enemy outside our regular channels. I thought it was cool how it captured that zeitgeist.

CARTER I remember the guy who was head of drama at the [network] would say, "You've got to wrap up these stories." And I said, "You can't put handcuffs on the aliens and throw them in jail at the end." "But people are not going to feel satisfied." "Trust me, they are." We ran that game for a long time. I guess it was a gamble, but I just felt if you did a good enough story, made it a thrill ride, that the audience would come with you. The amazing thing is, not only did the audience come with us, you could do a comic episode written by Darin Morgan [the circus freaks of "Humbug," episode 43, for example] and come back and do a mythology episode on the heels of it, and

the audience would love it. I realized the franchise was very elastic.

GROUNDBREAKING EPISODES

ANDERSON When “Humbug” came, it was like “Oh, my God, is this the same show? What is this?” And it was such a ball—like we were on vacation!

DUCHOVNY Chris has never been that comfortable with the humor, but Darin, his brother [Glen] Morgan, and [James] Wong were. And Vince Gilligan [“Small Potatoes,” episode 92] obviously was. It became kind of my fight to make it a certain way. I didn’t want it to be wacky, I just wanted these people to be real, and a sense of humor is as real as you can get.

MORGAN Even little jokes were kind of tough. Darin said that when Chris read “Humbug,” he said, “It’s not that it’s bad, I just don’t know what to do with it.” And to Chris’s credit, they shot it. And I think that’s another real pivotal episode. Our first monster episode, “Squeeze” [episode 2, about a human-liver-loving mutant], also allowed the show to open up. Up until then, everyone at Fox thought *The X-Files* was going to be UFO-of-the-week.

DUCHOVNY “Ice” [episode 7, in which the agents are stranded at an arctic outpost fighting a killer virus] was important, and probably my favorite from season 1. It was the first time the characters went in another direction. Morgan and Wong wrote a really fun, scary script.

HAGLUND “Beyond the Sea” [episode 12] and “Ice” really gave a sense of the show’s potential.

MORGAN People will deny it, but [during the first season] they thought Gillian was not up to David’s snuff. There was “Fire” [episode 11, about a pyromaniac], with Amanda Pays, and Chris was taking a look to see if maybe [Pays] should replace her. [But] James and I thought Gillian was terrific. She just didn’t have anything to do. So we wrote “Beyond the Sea” to show what she was capable of.

CARTER David got all the attention early on, and Gillian felt a little overwhelmed

by that. Also, Mulder got to crack wise, and it always seemed at her expense.

MORGAN One, David is funny and charismatic, but two, Mulder is the believer, so he was more interesting. Scully always seemed like a wet blanket: “Oh, Mulder, you’re crazy.”

ANDERSON I was supposed to walk a few paces behind him. That was how we were directed! It wasn’t until the crew, I think, kept on saying “You know, Mulder’s always right” that I went, “Yeah, why is Mulder always right?!” I was clueless.



X-TRA SPECIAL (1) “Ice”; (2) a “Humbug” freak; (3) “Beyond the Sea” guest star Brad Dourif; (4) “Squeeze” mutant Doug Hutchison

CARTER I always resisted “domesticating” the show. I didn’t want to know about the characters’ personal lives. Well, [in “Beyond the Sea”] Morgan and Wong robbed the store: They killed off Scully’s father, but they also beautifully switched the roles. Scully became the believer, and Mulder the skeptic.

SUCCESS

MORGAN Nobody [at Fox] thought *The X-Files* would last, that it would do 13 episodes and get canceled. They really thought [*The Adventures of*] *Brisco County, Jr.* was going to be the big hit.

CARTER But our first-year success was good, by Fox standards. We were never on the bubble [in danger of being canceled].

ANDERSON There was a time when I started reading the letters and people were saying “You saved my life,” or interviewers would say that Scully was a role model for young women. It stroked my ego for about five minutes before I thought, I don’t know if I can handle this. I always felt that they were talking about Scully, it had nothing to do with me. But the more I started to talk about her character traits—how honest she was, how passionate about doing the right thing—the more I took cues from the way she handled herself.

DUCHOVNY I liked it better when we were the butt of jokes, and not TV stars. When the show became popular, the writers lost sight of that fact, and all of a sudden Mulder walks into a room, or Scully starts barking orders, and everybody hops to. And I’d say, “Nobody listens to Scully! And everybody laughs at Mulder! Don’t listen to Mulder! Make fun of Mulder! And don’t light him so well...but don’t light him so badly, either.”

CARTER When the net came to me in [1996] and said, “We’re going to move the show to Sunday night,” I said, “Don’t do it.” My fear was that the cult of Friday-night television was going to rebel. Little did I know that you could take a cult show and make it a *mainstream* cult show.

Now that we’re doing the last episode...every time you have a production meeting, it’s the last production meeting, and there’s a little lump in your throat. Then there’s a casting session, and you get a little lump in your throat.... I don’t think I’ll actually feel anything until I’m some ways away from it. ■



We pick the top 10 *X-Files* episodes at ew.com/xfiles (AOL Keyword: EW)

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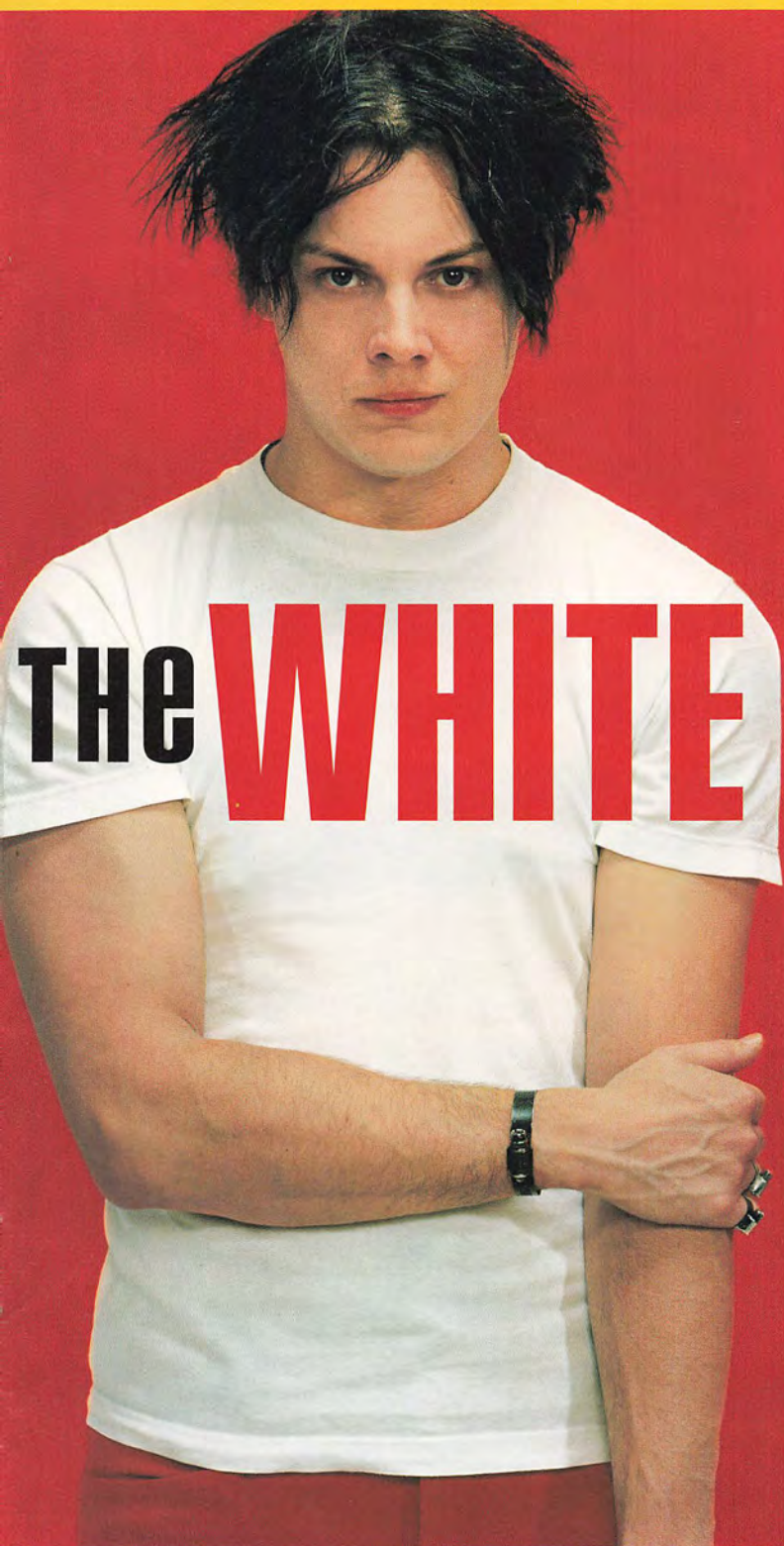


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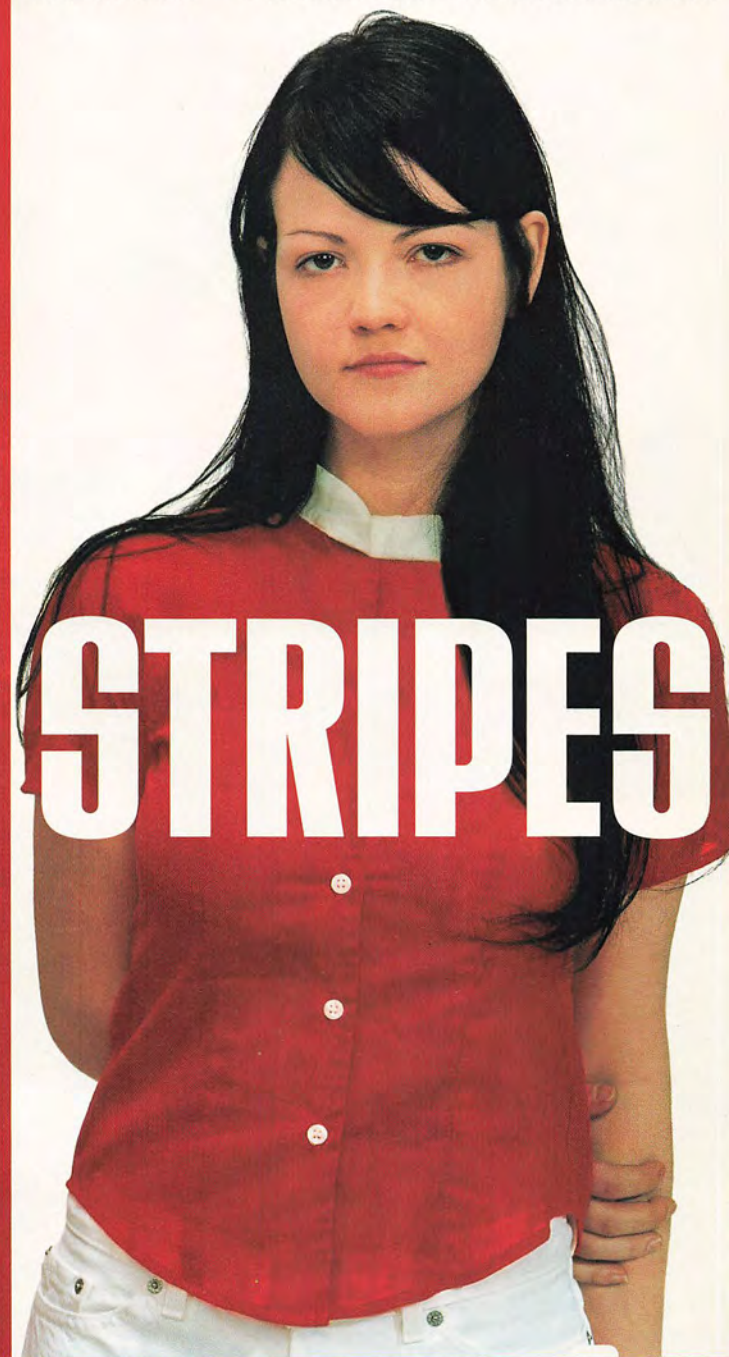
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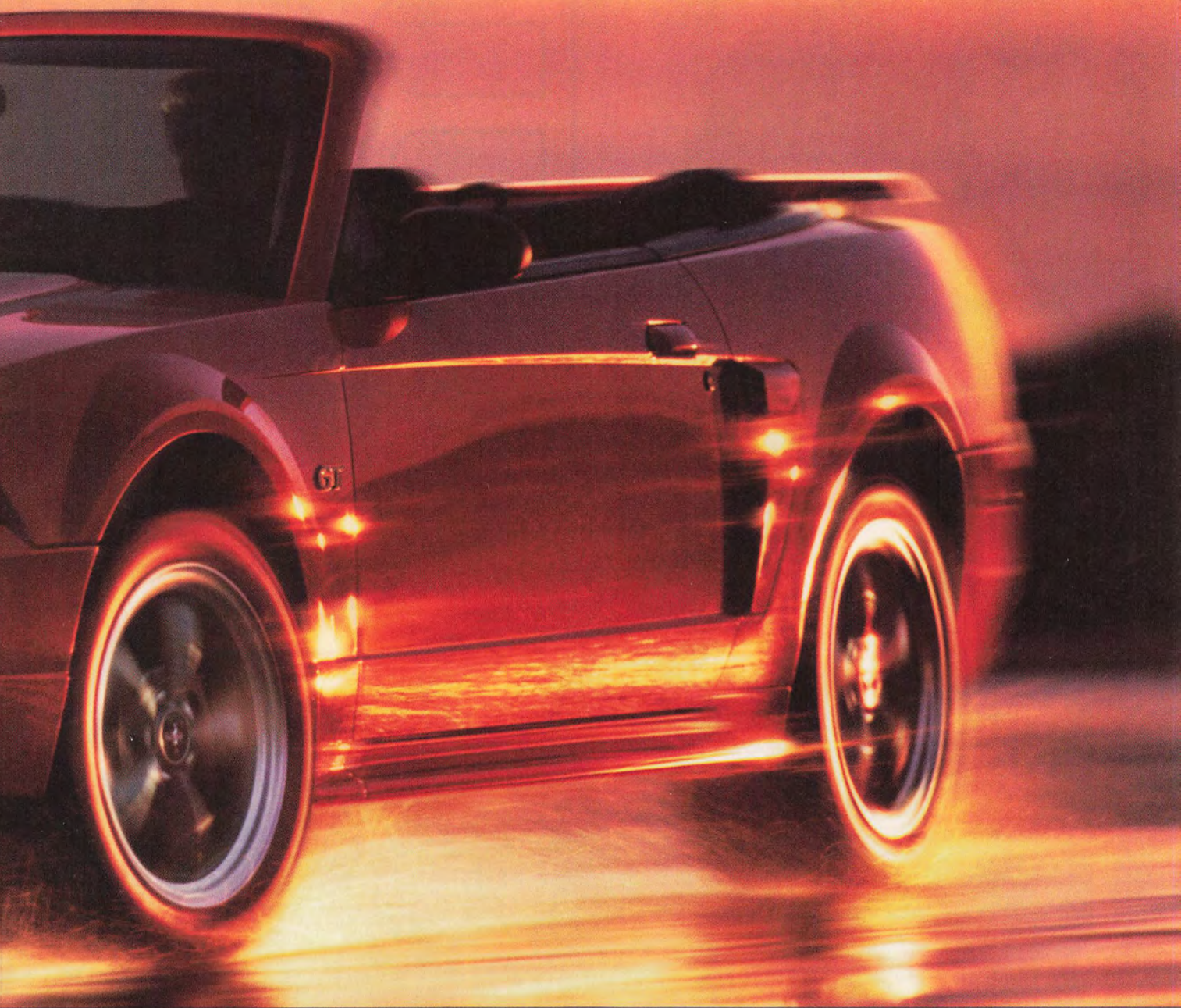




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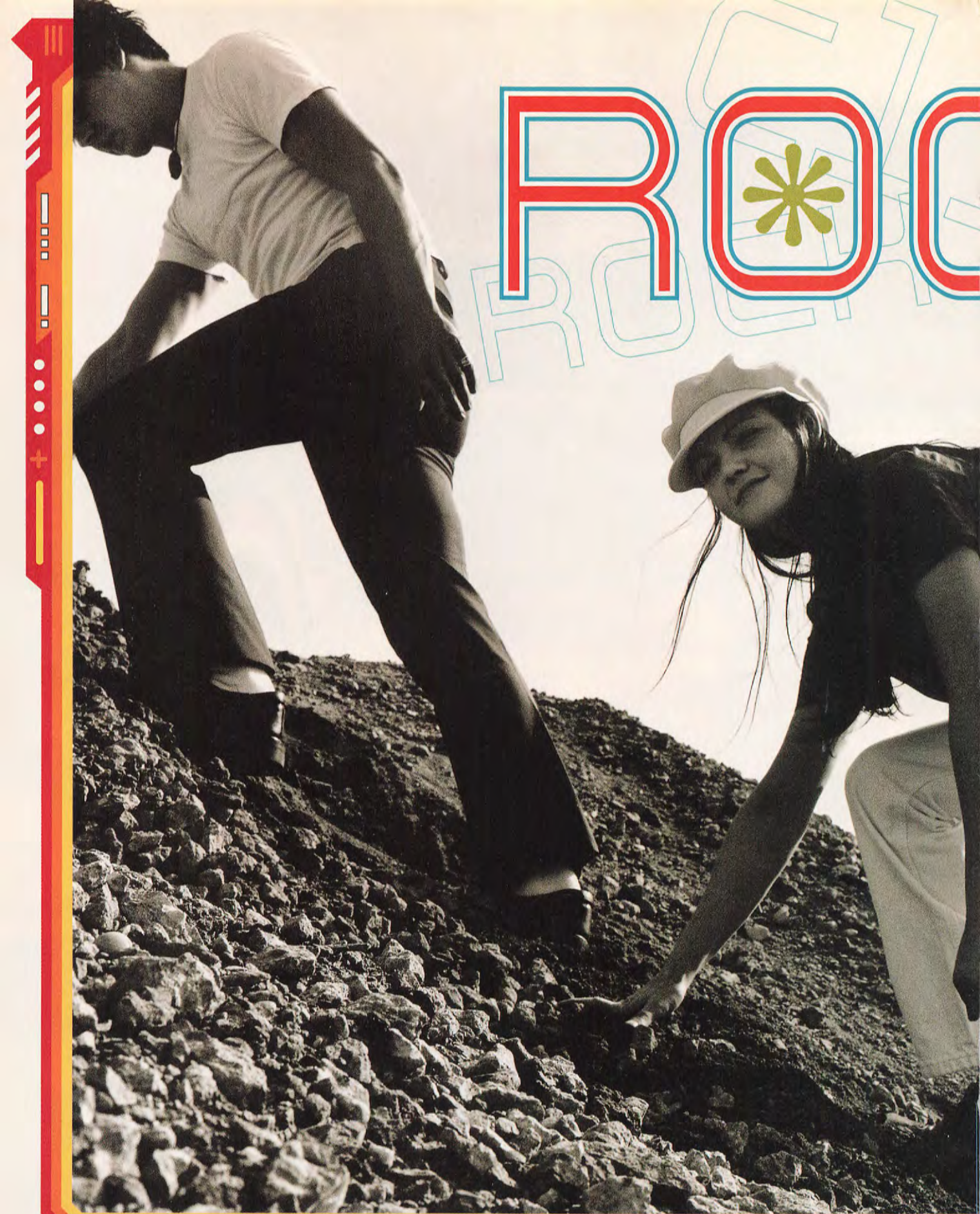


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ROCK

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*OH, HOW COULD WE NOT?

inclined to like your garage down and
dirty? the white stripes are
the top of the heap. ●●● BY TOM SINCLAIR



"WHERE ARE YOU, **Don Ho**?" ● Jack White is scanning song titles on the jukebox at the Norwalk Bar in Hamtramck, Mich., a working-man's watering hole in the grimy, downtrodden Detroit enclave. It's hot—April's first 80-plus-degree day—and Jack's in black: suit,

shirt, bowler hat. It's a getup that prompts the crusty barkeep to ask, "Did you just come from a wedding?" Although he looks out of place amid the Norwalk's Sans-abelt-pants-and-polyester-shirt crowd, Jack was a regular here in the days—only four years ago—when he ran a nearby upholstery business. ● Right now, he's miffed. "They used to have it on here," he snorts in disgust, turning from the jukebox. ● "Sorry, Meg," he says to his diminutive musical partner, "no 'Tiny Bubbles.'" ● She shrugs. "It's a new era."

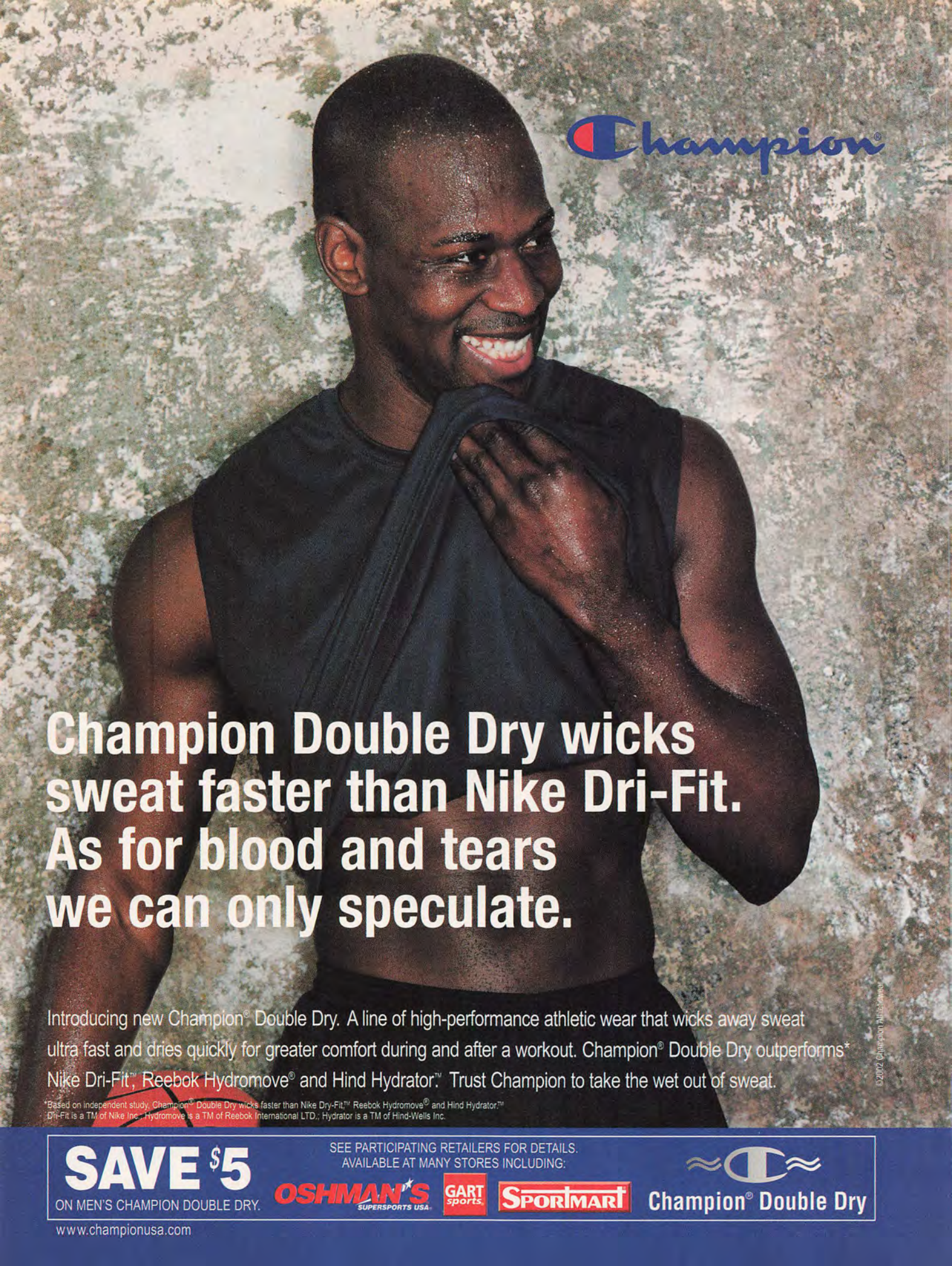
FROM THE DESK OF DON HO

TO: Listen2This
FROM: Mr. Ho
RE: The White Stripes

"Blues-punk rock! My son is 15 and he really love them. All these punk rock groups—the Foo Fighters, Green Day—that come to Honolulu always stop by and say hello. They're nice kids. Sort of like these kids, I'd imagine."

Don





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WHITE STRIPES DOSSIER

NAME Jack White (né John Gillis) **INSTRUMENTS** Guitar, vocals, keyboards **AGE** 26 **HOMETOWN** Detroit **PARENTS' OCCUPATIONS** Maintenance-man dad, secretary mom **YOUTHFUL OBSESSION** WWII. "I was a big Army freak from when I was 5 or 6. I almost joined the Marines, then I got scared 'cause the sergeant came to my house. I just changed my mind instantly."

NAME Meg White (née Megan White) **INSTRUMENT** Drums **AGE** 27 **HOMETOWN** Grosse Pointe, Mich. **PARENTS' OCCUPATIONS** Same as Jack's, she insists unconvincingly **YOUTHFUL OBSESSION** Country music

DISCOGRAPHY: *The White Stripes* (Sympathy for the Record Industry, 1999); *De Stijl* (Sympathy for the Record Industry, 2000); *White Blood Cells* (Third Man/V2, 2001)

into one of the Strokes or, incongruously, Bette "Wind Beneath My Wings" Midler. Everyone is doing the boho bop—that is, standing stock-still.

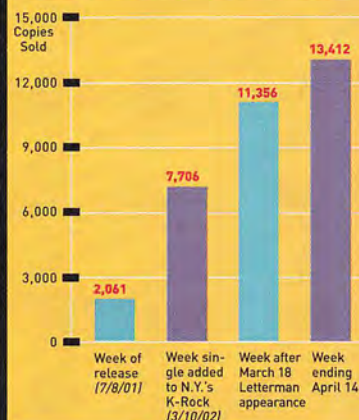
Flash forward six nights to Michigan State University's Union Ballroom, in East Lansing. A convulsive throng of Midwestern college kids are moshing, sloshing, crowd surfing—even occasionally cracking heads. Juiced by the volatility, Jack caps off the encore by whipping his guitar around his neck, stopping short of a full-fledged Townshend destructo-bash-arama, before setting the instrument on stage, where it emits ear-piercing feedback shrieks.

Pounding back a couple of beers in the Norwalk the day after the Union Ballroom ruckus, Jack is in an expansive mood, holding forth on everything from the power and primacy of the blues to Captain Beefheart. Meg, onetime bartender and **cook**, and now the Stripes' deadpan, low-energy (like, *really* low-energy) tub-thumper, seems to adhere to the dictum "**Never speak unless spoken to.**" Demurely smoking Camel Lights and downing bourbons and water, she listens attentively, content to let Jack do the jawing.

He professes—some-

what disingenuously—to be nonplussed by his band's eruptive success. "It's funny," he muses about *White Blood Cells*

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unexpected growth spurt and MTV's Buzzworthy rotation of the band's **LEGO-maniacal** "Fell in Love With a Girl" video. "Either we're doing something right at the right time, or everybody's been tricked."

For all the visceral authenticity of their music, the White Stripes know

RUBBER BARONS Forget Detroit: The world's most prodigious producer of vehicle tires is LEGO. No, they don't own Goodyear. We're talking tires for toys—311 million a year.

a thing or two about trickery. From the start, part of Jack and Meg's self-created mythology has been that they are brother and sister. Tell it to the judge. John "Jack" Anthony Gillis and Megan Martha White were married on Sept. 21, 1996, and Jack assumed his spouse's last name. They divorced in 2000. But just try getting them to admit it.

"We had the same parents," smiles Meg coyly, when asked

MEG'S GRANDMA'S CORN SOUFFLÉ

INGREDIENTS:

1 16 oz. can of creamed corn
1 16 oz. can of corn niblets
1 box of Ritz crackers, chopped
1 egg

Mix creamed corn and niblets together. Chop crackers into little bits. Mix some of the crackers into the corn with an egg. Take the rest of the crackers and spread on top. Bake like a casserole for 40 minutes at 350 degrees. Says Meg: "It's awesome; the egg makes it solid and the crackers make it crunchy. Really good comfort food."

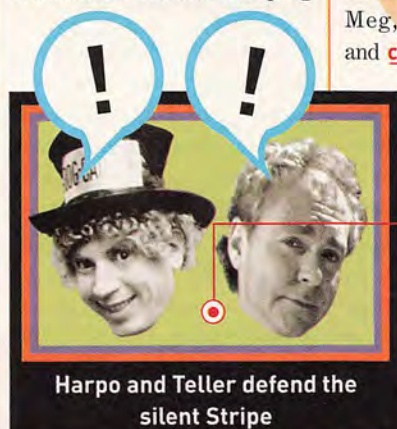
At New York's Bowery Ballroom, April 8, the Stripes—just Jack on guitar, Meg on drums—are winding up their sold-out four-night stand with a white-hot 90-minute set. The place is packed with hipsters. You can't turn around without bumping

A new era. The phrase hangs in the air like a poignant snatch of feedback, echoing many people's hope: that the White Stripes are heralds of a dawning musical era in which passion, not fashion, reigns supreme. Let's face it: Rock & roll—the real stuff, the kind that shakes your nerves and rattles your brain—is in short supply these days. Watching MTV or listening to the radio is an exercise in self-abuse: teen pop to the left, mook metal to the right, and an appalling mass of overproduced mediocrity in the middle. Here, at last, is a duo that's *doing it right*: stripping things down to the primal spuzz, kicking up a racket that's an inspired mix of electrified Delta blues, Zeppelin riffage, Velvet Underground thud, and MC5 firepower. With hooks, yet.

And, against all odds, it's catching on.

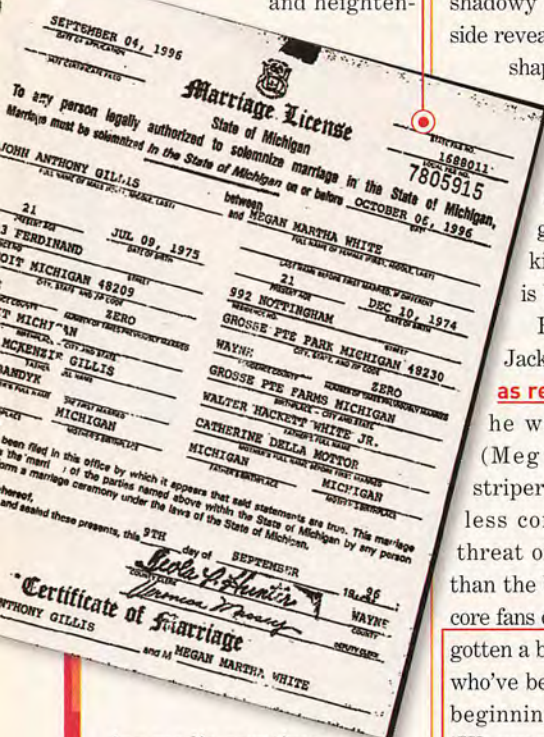
"Well you're in your little room/And you're working on something good/But if it's really good/You're gonna need a bigger room."—"Little Room," the White Stripes

Let us pause to consider two rooms. Concert halls, actually.



Harpo and Teller defend the silent Stripe

how her folks earned a living. And despite **rather persuasive evidence to the contrary** and heighten-



ing media scrutiny (the hoax was exposed in *TIME* magazine last June, then recently turned to fodder on Page Six of the *New York Post*, and even in the ultra-ungrungy *New Yorker*), they're sticking to the sibling story. "We will be brother and sister till the day we die," Jack says, bristling.

Their stubborn refusal to fess up is starting to seem as risibly misguided as a Puff Daddy remake of "Sunshine of Your Love." The stonewalling is all the more puzzling because they saw the media attention coming. The front cover of *White Blood*

Cells shows a nervous-looking Jack and Meg surrounded by menacing, shadowy figures; the flip side reveals those sinister shapes to be jockeying paparazzi.

It's all about "what kind of attention is good and what kind of attention is bad," says Jack. But even if Jack's face winds up **as red as the pants** he wears on stage (Meg is the candy striper in white), he's

less concerned about the threat of career derailment than the backlash from hardcore fans **crying sellout**. "We've gotten a bit of that from people who've been fans since the beginning," Jack admits. "We were their secret band and they're upset because they're losing us.... People look at things in a weird way. They'll look back on the Rolling Stones and the Who and say, 'Those bands were cool, they were rock & roll, they weren't pop.' But those bands sold millions of records. I mean, it's like if you're on television now, people go, 'Oh, they're selling out.' But the Rolling Stones and the Beatles were on TV all the time, on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, no less, and it was cool."

Those who fret that the Stripes are changing their colors will be heartened to hear that they're recording their fourth album, *Elephant*, right now, in typically down-and-dirty fashion. On the recommendation of their new buddy, the prolific British garage-rock cult hero

FIVE MORE WHITE AND RED THINGS WE LIKE

the white stripes

- 1 Santa Claus
- 2 The University of Maryland Terrapins
- 3 Campbell's Soup
- 4 The Canadian flag
- 5 Wine

Billy Childish, they've booked time at Toe Rag Studios, an old-fashioned analog facility in London, England.



CHILDISH, BILLY (b. 1959, Chatham, England) Since 1979, this revered garage maestro has cranked out more than 80 albums of blissfully primitive three-chord rock under such monikers as Thee Headcoats, Thee Milkshakes, and Thee Mighty Caesars. Essential listening: *Thee Headcoats*, *Elementary Headcoats: The Singles 1990-1999* (Damaged Goods)

"I don't like to go [into the studio] and have everything completely figured out," says Jack, who reckons recording probably won't take more than a week. "I like to have it really rushed and figure out everything on the spot. [Toe Rag] has got excellent equipment and a good engineer. It's not computerized or modern in any sense. Just an 8-track studio with all of the things that are good about recording and none

of the things that are bad."

The Stripes hope to have *Elephant* in stores by fall, and also plan to release a second CD that'll compile their backlog of non-album 45s. After playing some European dates, they'll be back Stateside in late May for a West Coast tour. Somewhere in there, Jack plans to produce albums by fellow Detroit garage-rockers Whirlwind Heat, and the Greenhornes, a devastatingly convincing white soul act from Cincinnati, for possible release on his own label, Third Man Records.

Dazzling audiences, winning new fans, and reveling in total artistic freedom, the White Stripes are in a position most musicians would cut off a finger to be in. Still, Jack confesses there's a corner of his soul that just can't be satisfied. "My real dream is unattainable," he sighs. "I wish I could be a blues musician back in the '20s and '30s, just playing in juke joints **in the South** by myself. But I'm white and I was born in Detroit in the '70s, so I guess I'll have to settle for this." Doesn't sound like a bad trade-off to us, er, "brother." ■



FILM FACT *White Blood Cells*' "Hotel Yorba" plays a key role in a scene in *28 Days Later*, an upcoming movie from *Trainspotting* director Danny Boyle.



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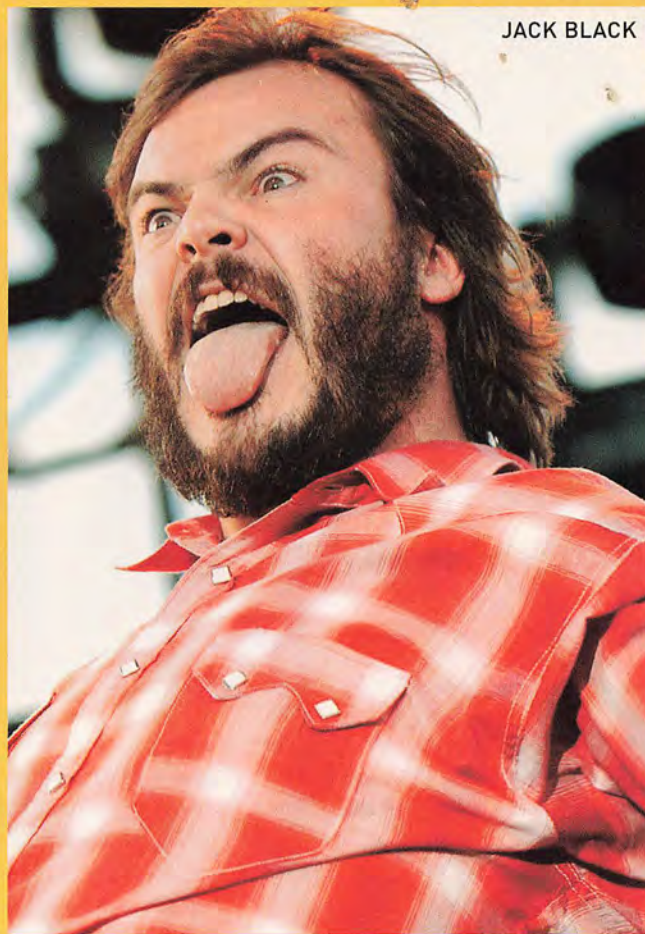
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JACK BLACK



droolworthy

FANS SAY 'AAH' FOR COACHELLA'S JAW-DROPPING ARRAY OF ACTS • by BRIAN M. RAFTERY



 THERE ARE 78 ACRES of evergreen- and palm-tree-framed land at the Empire Polo Field in Indio, Calif., and if you stand at the right spot—just left of center in front of the white tent that anchors the field—you'll start hearing things: the insistent throb of a bass beat. The call-and-response gusto of a crowd-friendly MC. And the chest-rattling fuzz of an overamped bass guitar.

It's an overwhelming aural assault, but a natural by-product of the third annual Coachella Valley Music and Arts Festival,

a two-day (April 27 and 28) lollapalooza 125 miles east of L.A. that lured 70 bands and nearly 55,000 sweat-soaked fans.

"The desert's all about freak-
ing out and playing music," says
Dave Grohl, who did double
duty over the weekend, playing
drums for Queens of the Stone
Age one night and fronting Foo
Fighters the next. "It's about
renting a generator and a five-
gallon tank of gas and telling
everybody there's a party out in
the hills." Take that sun-stoked
attitude—a far cry from the
dirt-slinging frat shenanigans of

Woodstock 99—combine it with Coachella's genre-hopping lineup of rock, hip-hop, and electronica, and you've got plenty of memorable musical moments, as Listen2This discovered.

☰ DAY ONE ☰

12:00 PM As the gates open, a parade of early arrivers staggers in. Within minutes, the front of the main stage is transformed into a Sioux nation, with about a dozen Siouxie & the Banshees pale-faces (sartorial requirement: stockings, white makeup, and a

frown) setting up camp even though the Goth goddess won't appear for another 7½ hours.

1:05 PM Before most fans can make sense of the sprawl—in addition to the main stage there's an outdoor theater and a pair of rave-friendly tents dubbed Mojave and Sahara—hip-hop's Princess Superstar kicks off the weekend with a bawdy, beat-heavy set. The crowd eases into the unofficial Coachella '02 dance: head nodding, foot stomping, and sporadic fist pumping.



1



2

ALL'S HAIR (1) Grohl wigs out; (2) Björk covers up; (3) Beck (right) and a Stroke wander to and 'fro



3

3:29pm

To stand out in this PG-rated crowd (the flesh flashing that made Woodstock 99 a boobs-and-booze free-for-all is hardly encouraged), it helps to wear an ensemble made exclusively of ivy and undies, as "Eve and Eve" (Fresno gals Teresa Hale and Meagan Makinson, both 21) find out when their getup becomes a photo-op fave. "We're just sharing the vibe," says Hale. "It's very positive, very peaceful." And hot. Seeking solace, revelers baked by the heat retreat to the Sahara, where they shimmy (or sleep) to a set by trance DJs Jimmy Van M & Lee Burridge.

6:11pm

In the VIP area, where everybody looks like the missing sixth member of the Strokes (sunglasses, perfectly mussed hair, indifferent expression), a shaggy Pete Dinklage bemoans his lack of a proper sound check, while Kelly Osbourne's pink coif invites double takes. The nearby artists' trailer area resembles a rowdy slumber party the

morning after: overturned beer bottles and candy dishes and an Operation board game that has seen better days. Outside this wasteland wanders former MTV VJ Jesse Camp, immediately calling into question the validity of *V* and *I* in *VIP*.

7:23pm

Queens of the Stone Age harshed on the mostly mellow vibe with their in-your-face stage show, highlighted by bassist Nick Oliveri's striptease to his skivvies. It's dusk, and the grounds have a distinct *A.I.-at-the-state-fair* look, with tasteful neon displays competing with the garish come-ons of the taco stand.

9:28pm

Beck (a non-performer) and Perry Farrell watch from the VIP area as Björk, clad in what looks to be a large respirating cabbage leaf, delivers a sonic crunch that fan Andy Dick describes as "whales stepping on broken glass—if whales had feet." (We think he meant that as a rave.) Across the field,

much-hyped Aussie rockers the Vines—in just their second U.S. show—deliver a bratty, brink-of-destruction set, slowing down only for a cover of OutKast's "Ms. Jackson."

11:09pm

Earlier in the day, Chemical Brother Tom Rowlands, a three-time Coachella vet, worried that "the crowd is a bit too civilized. In England, they'd be passed out by now." But the Brothers' beat blast proves a perfect night topper, with their retina-scalding light show struggling to keep the lawn dwellers from snoozing. After all, isn't that what the long car ride home is for?

DAY TWO

2:18pm

Did we mention that it's...*hot*? "My two favorite drugs are sleep deprivation and sunstroke," Elbow frontman Guy Garvey deadpans in the sauna-like Mojave tent, "and I've got a little of both right now." The crowd certainly looks overheated, clinging to shade like it's the last brewskie.

3:58pm

With only one EP under their belt, the Mars Volta—featuring former members of beloved, big-haired At the Drive-In—draw rapturous applause with a spastic hardcore freak-out. Ironic white-Afro count: six (not including the band's).

5:15pm

The Strokes plug in, drawing the likes of Cameron Diaz. "I wanted to see Pink Floyd," she jokes backstage. "Are they playing tonight?"

7:48pm

Backstage, near the artists' trailers, all eyes are on tonight's

headliners, those chemically enhanced, oft-feuding British legends...Pink Floyd! Actually, it's Oasis, soaking it all in without actually being able to get, well, soaked. "I don't understand the bit about not being able to drink in the open air," says Noel Gallagher, away from the show's fenced-in beer gardens. And how are relations between Noel and his famously ego-addled sibling? "We've got two trailers," he notes dryly. "They're both for Liam."

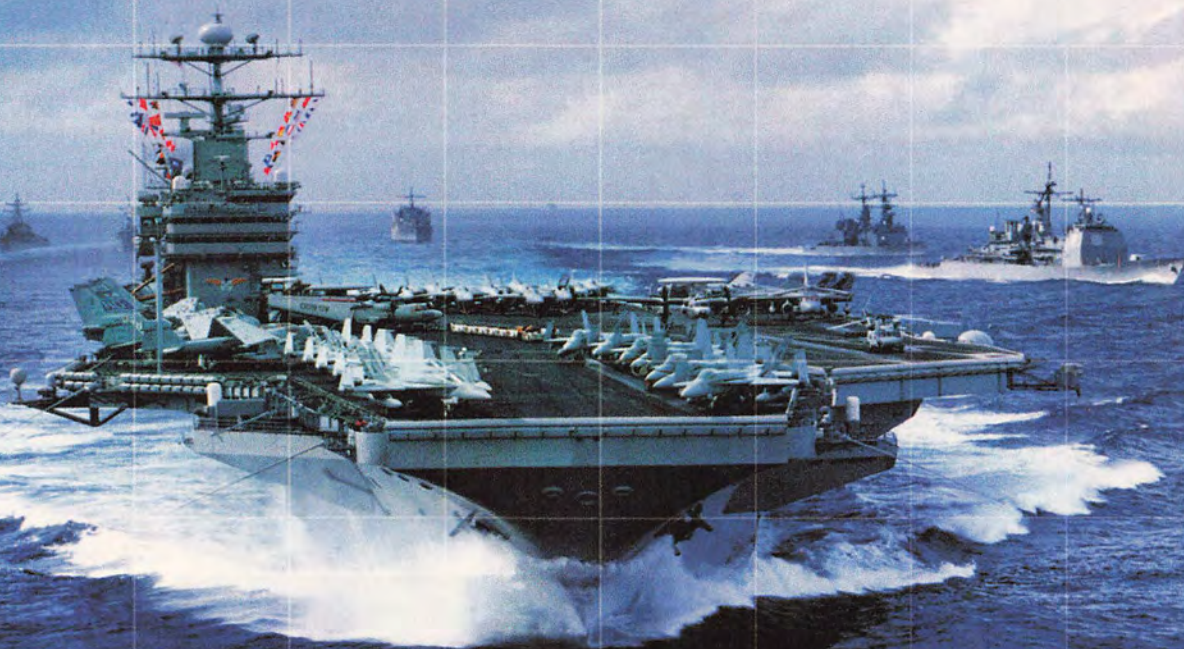
8:38pm

A grinning Grohl, his performance with Foo Fighters behind him, wields the spatula at a crowded barbecue, flipping burgers as the Prodigy rage just a few yards away on stage. "There's nothing better for winding down after a show than stoking up a grill and cooking for your friends," says Grohl, while his mother preps patties in his nearby tour bus. "It makes this more like a keg party than a rock festival."

9:55pm

It's late Sunday night when Oasis mount their hits-heavy set, and though the crowd is notably thinner—it's a workday tomorrow, after all—the view from the side of the stage is spectacular, with Diaz gyrating, Jack Black entranced (by the band, the *band*), and a smattering of stone-faced industry types attempting to look sufficiently rocked. And as pooped partyers make their way back to the parking lot, they carefully step over those still lying on the grass—the late-night holdouts whose eyes are closed but whose ears are at attention till the very end. ■ (Additional reporting by Missy Schwartz)

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Listen2This Since you're calling from the set of your next video, "Ordinary Day," maybe you can tell us what an ordinary day is like for you.

Vanessa Carlton These days, an ordinary day is a *day*, [a non-stop] 24 hours. There's no night-time—anywhere. It's nonstop. Now, I'm not complaining. When I started out four years ago, we were in a different cycle of music and it wasn't based around organic playing, so I know what it's like to be working hard, with no one noticing.

L2T Alicia Keys told me a similar thing. For years there's all this work that nobody sees, but because you're young, there's this illusion that you've just exploded onto the scene.

VC It's funny you mention Alicia Keys, because I had the same situation as she did, where people don't quite understand you [at first]. That was a huge problem getting a recording contract. There was no consideration or appreciation for what I was trying to do. It was like, they see a body, they see a face, I'm a girl, so it's like, Well, it's cookie-cutter time. And it's usually a bunch of middle-aged men who don't even know necessarily what they're doing.

L2T Which is weird, because up to that point you were assuming, These guys know what they're talking about. They're pros. Right?

VC Exactly. It takes a lot for me to listen to someone. I mean, you have to be pretty qualified. I'm not just going to sit there and take it from some bulls--- executive.



nobody's FOOL

Another brown-haired girl?! To break from the pop-star pack, piano-pounding thrush **VANESSA CARLTON** hit the road—literally. **BY NANCY MILLER**

WATCH OUT! VANESSA Carlton may have literally passed you by. While shooting the video for her well-traveled first single, "A Thousand Miles," the 21-year-old

singer-songwriter, an owl named Gizmo, and a baby grand were lashed to the flatbed of a truck and zipped through the streets of L.A. With *Be Not Nobody*, her top-10-bound debut album,

motoring along nicely too, the Mitford, Pa., native slowed down long enough to sound off on record execs, pop doppelgänger Michelle Branch, and the pitfalls of...the metric system.

FAST FORWARD UPCOMING TOURS

PINK The pop tart peddles her tunes—plus covers of "Dude [Looks Like a Lady]" and "4 Non-Blondes' "What's Up"—across America.

Orlando, FL 5/18
Fort Lauderdale, FL 5/19
Atlanta, GA 5/22
Hershey, PA 5/25

Wallingford, CT 5/26
New York, NY 5/28 & 5/29
Boston, MA 5/31
Philadelphia, PA 6/1

Washington, DC 6/4
Cleveland, OH 6/5
Pittsburgh, PA 6/7
Toronto, ON 6/9

L2T Your sound has been compared to Fiona Apple's and Tori Amos'. How do you feel about those comparisons?

VC Well, I think it's the Piano Girl Group Syndrome. It's like, Well, she plays the keys and she's intense and a little too dramatic, so of course she's the same. I really look up to [Apple and Amos], but we're all different. I'm sure they wouldn't want to be put into one happy identical group either, because we're not.

L2T What about the comparison to the new wave of young female performers, like you and, say, Michelle Branch?

VC Yeah, well, now you can even get into the long-brown-hair thing. Guess what? We both have long brown hair! I mean, she's young too, and I respect her because she plays an instrument. But I have to have a bit of faith that the American public isn't going to assume we are the same because we both have brown hair. I just have to have that faith.

L2T You were a waitress at an Upper West Side joint in New York City for a while. Can you remember any of the specials?

VC Oh, no, I *hated* waitressing and I wasn't very good. So as I'm sitting here right now and the bugs are biting me and I'm thirsty and filming is stalled, I'm like, Come on, Vanessa, at least you're not memorizing the specials and having cheap customers walk out on you.

L2T Have you been back to the restaurant to gloat?

VC No, but I was in a restau-

rant yesterday having dinner with my sister and "A Thousand Miles" came on and I had this combination feeling of wanting to hide under the table and at the same time stand on top of it.

L2T In the video for "A Thousand Miles," you're seated at this piano that's being pulled by a truck, and there's an owl perched next to you. What's with that? You're moving so fast. How did the owl hold on?

VC Oh! [Laughs] One of his feet was tied to a perch that was nailed to the piano. We were going about 25–30 miles an hour and I was belted down, so I kept shouting "Go faster! Go faster!" because I'm an adrenaline junkie. And Gizmo was just like, "Uhhh." It was this great moment for me: Here I am being pulled along while playing a piano that an owl is s---ting all over. I was like, I have *arrived*.

L2T Have you considered that if "A Thousand Miles" gets big in Europe, you might have to convert into kilometers?

VC [Laughs] I didn't think of that!

L2T Well, I've converted it for you. A thousand miles is approximately 1,609 kilometers. Will you sing that for me?

VC [Sings] "I'd walk one thousand six hundred and nine kil-o-meters if I could just see you...tonight..." [Stops] You know what? If they don't understand it, they're just gonna have to deal, because I'm not changing it. Uh-uh. I'm not changing a thing.

S.A.T.'S FOR ROCKERS

Trey Anastasio, you've got 15 minutes...



1. Complete this sentence: As a good-faith gesture, the record label _____ the band's contract.

(A) terminated (B) renewed (C) lost
Lost. Definitely lost.

2. TREY is to PHISH as... (A) boys are to girls (B) guitars are to amps (C) Zappa is to Sinatra

Uh...what kind of question is this? Uh...well, it's not A or C. I'd say "as Tweedy is to Enron." Yes, E! "Tweedy to Enron"!

3. Billy has \$40. He can take a bus to town to go to the record store and take home two CDs. Or, he can go online and wait three weeks to get three CDs. Or, he can swap MP3s with his friend Ted and keep his money. What should Billy do? Are these Phish CDs? If not, Billy should swap MP3s—and go out and get drunk.

4. You recently appeared on an episode of *The Simpsons*. What is the best *Simpsons* episode ever?

Oh, oh, oh! This is easy. "A Streetcar Named Marge." That may have been the best *TV show* ever.

5. Really? I'm partial to the one with Lurleen Lumpkin. Ohmigosh! [Wistful pause] That was *sooo* good. —WK

PROPS DEPARTMENT

Ludacris, the dirty south's funniest rhymester, sends love to mcs who paved the way



"Growing up, I was listening to Run-DMC and folks like Scarface and Eightball & MJG from

the South. And me just being an entertainment-crazed person, watching all kinds of comedy, all of it came together as one. The first rap record my pops ever bought for me was UTFO's 'Roxanne, Roxanne.' I was like 5 or 6, and ever since then, I knew this was what I wanted to do. Also, I loved Kurtis Blow, 'If I Ruled the World,' and 'I'm Bad,' by LL Cool J, all of that." —ES

UNDER MY THUMB

Dexter Holland gave us the finger, hand analyst Char Lynn Ford gave us the dirt



POTENTIAL FOR THUMBING RIDES "Um, yeah, the people he would meet and the experiences that he would have doing something like that would be incredibly positive for him."
PROBABILITY OF WINNING THE LOTTERY "It's within his realm. He came to earth to be incredibly successful."
PREDISPOSITION TO HAVING OFFSPRING "That I can't tell from the thumbprint." —ES

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INCUBUS The hippies of nu-metal bring love, peace, and power chords to arenas nationwide, with openers Phantom Planet.

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Milwaukee, WI 5/25
Indianapolis, IN 5/27
Rosemont, IL 5/29

Grand Rapids, MI 5/31
Hamilton, ON 6/1
Rochester, NY 6/3
Cleveland, OH 6/4

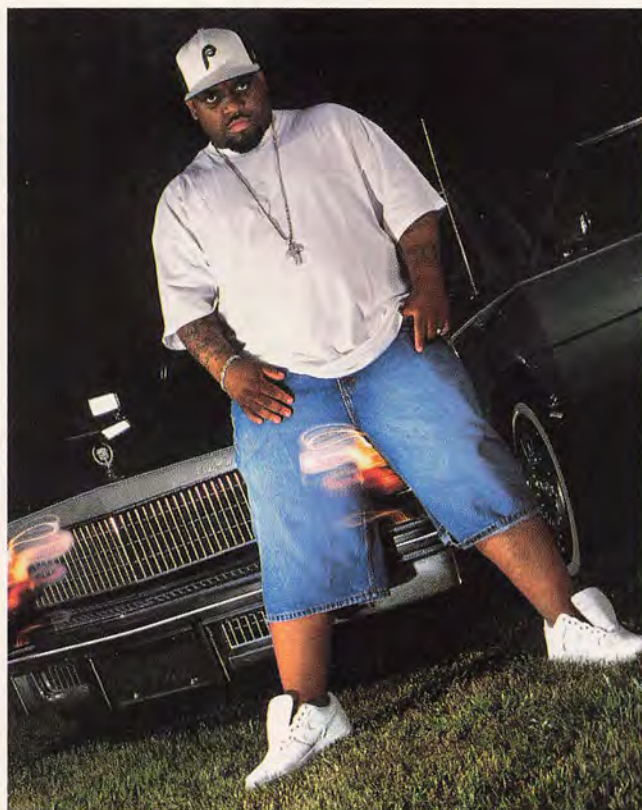
Columbus, OH 6/5
Hershey, PA 6/9
Portland, ME 6/11
Albany, NY 6/12

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IT'S MY THING

AUTO-BODY EXPERIENCE

Money can't buy love, but it can buy *stuff* you love. Rapper **CEE-LO** weighs in on his biggest possession obsession. by Craig Seymour



YOU DON'T COME ACROSS a lot of bald, plus-size rappers willing to strut their stuff in a white feathered boa, but Cee-Lo is not your average linebacker-proportioned hip-hopper. His wild style—a nod to George Clinton and his winged, diapered, and space-suited P-Funk crew—is a bright, Technicolor flare of individuality in the distressingly homogenous hip-hop world.

On his exceptional new solo debut, *Cee-Lo Green and His Perfect Imperfections*—a post-*Stankonia* blend of bouncy Southern rap, ax-shredding rock, civil rights-era soul, and psychedelic funk—the 26-year-old Atlanta native (born Thomas Callaway) and Goodie Mob member echoes the past and comments on the contemporary. It's the same statement he makes with his sea green

'65 Chevy Super Sport, one of his favorite fixations.

"I PASSED BY AN OLD USED CAR lot one day in 1997 and saw it.... It was covered with dirt, but I opened up the door and the interior was immaculate. I knew I had to have it. It was beautiful, man. I paid \$9,000 for it. It wasn't money I made off of any album. My mother had recently passed, so I had an insurance settlement. I didn't need the car. I just wanted it. Maybe subconsciously I wanted to do something special with [the money].

"When I ride this car, it's about being with the fellas.... I used to drive it through the park a lot. That used to be a Georgia thing, to get your car clean and ride through Maddox Park. I put some hydraulics on the car so it does the jump, the side-to-side, the three-wheel motion. This car is not really for speed. With the hydraulics you catch every bump. It's just for looking good and cruising. I don't play nothing but old music when I'm in there: some El Chicano, War, Marvin Gaye—that whole low-rider vibe.

"Every time I drive it there's an older white guy giving me a thumbs-up.... And you also get that 'hood admiration, like, 'Yeah, that's clean.' *Clean* means *just enough*. It has a little splash of yourself, whether it be color choice or rims. But not over-accessorized to where it's a mess. I don't have to have a Bentley. Honestly, I can't see spending \$350,000 for a car.... This is about having something vintage. In Atlanta, everybody knows this car is mine. It's old, clean, and one of a kind—just like me."

ASKING FOR TROUBLE

Alanis Morissette tackles a trio of L2T readers' queries



Q. If you could have an affair with any famous man, who would it be and why?

—Julie Rothman, Cherry Hill, NJ

A. I could get myself in a lot of trouble right now.... [pause] I would morph John Lennon, the Dalai Lama, Jon Stewart, and Owen Wilson into one person, because part of me is very spiritual, part of me is a complete idiot, part of me is an activist, and part of me is a fool.

Q. Would you ever put out a B-sides album with stuff like "London," "Pollyanna Flower," and "Sister Blister"?

—Tahlia Buccella, Melbourne, Australia

A. Yes, around Christmas.... "Sister Blister" will be on there. A lot of the songs I wrote for *Under Rug Swept* didn't make the record, so I'm making an album with those 10 or 11 songs and some others.

Q. Do you ever worry that your hair might suffocate you while you're asleep?

—Richard Pering, Torquay, England

A. [Laughs] That's not something I've ever worried about, no. But thanks for throwing that paranoia into my brain.

Next month: Rush's Geddy Lee. E-mail your questions to Listen2This@ew.com.

FAST FORWARD UPCOMING TOURS

THE HIVES The Swede garage rockers of the moment team up with like-minded the Mooney Suzuki for a series of club dates.

San Diego, CA 5/26
Los Angeles, CA 5/27 & 5/28
San Francisco, CA 5/29
Portland, OR 5/30

Seattle, WA 5/31
Vancouver 6/1
Minneapolis, MN 6/4
Chicago, IL 6/5

Detroit, MI 6/6
Cleveland, OH 6/7
Cambridge, MA 6/11
New York, NY 6/12 & 6/13

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the
same music.



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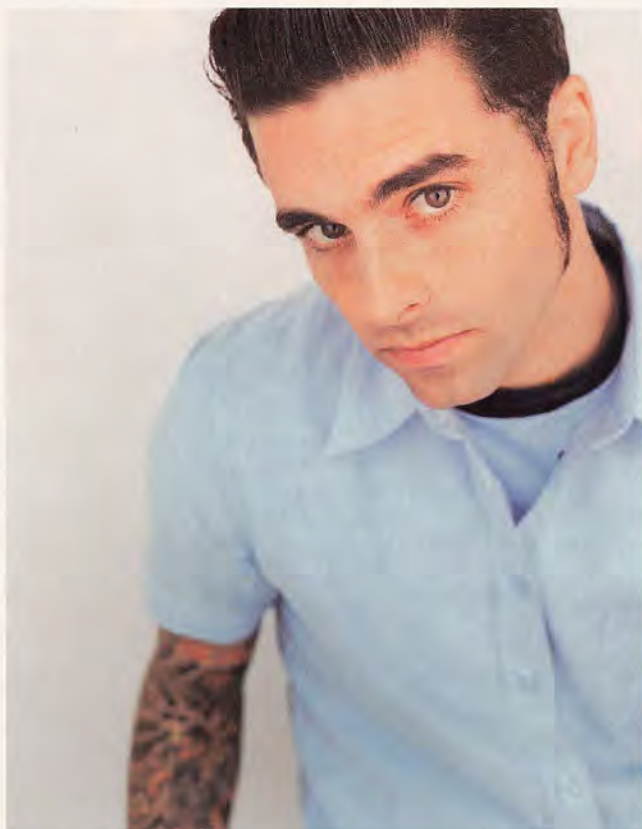
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FRESH MEET

screams too

Chris Carrabba, **DASHBOARD CONFSSIONAL's** unlikely sensitive type, tenders his credentials as singer-songwriter. by Evan Serpick



HIS ARMS ARE SMOOTHED in tattoos. He's prone to shrieking. He's got a punk-rock pedigree. Chris Carrabba—a.k.a. Dashboard Confessional—is not your typical downy-soft singer-songwriter. But to an expanding cult of fans who are turning his live shows into weepy sing-alongs, his songs are as tender as anything this side of "You've Got a Friend."

A lot of friends, actually. More than a year after the tiny indie label Vagrant released

Dashboard Confessional's sophomore album, *The Places You Have Come to Fear the Most*, word of mouth has turned it into an unexpected hit. Two venues that sensitive troubadours have come to fear the most, radio and MTV, are spinning the first single, "Screaming Infidelities," and the album recently strummed its way into the *Billboard* 200. Plus, he just joined the ranks of Jay-Z and Lauryn Hill when he taped his own MTV2 *Unplugged* April 24. "I'm a little confused

by it all, to be honest with you," says Carrabba, 26, whose success helped stir rumors that the mighty Interscope Records might snatch up a stake in Vagrant. "There's something universal about the songs, although I didn't know it when I wrote them. There's this honesty that helps people look inward."

Outward, too: Many of Carrabba's new fans are young women smitten by his gushing sensitivity and *GQ*-ish cheekbones. The Boca Raton, Fla., resident, who earned his tats in punk bands like Further Seems Forever and the Vacant Andys, says he's still adjusting to the adoration. "It's so funny because I wrote a lot of those songs about not being able to connect with women. I'm a rousing failure with the ladies." If that was ever true—and something tells us it never was—the lonely-guy shtick probably won't last long. Even as his last album continues to build momentum, Carrabba is at work on a new disc, expected by year's end, that could broaden his fan base even further.

But don't expect Carrabba to restyle himself for the *TRL* crowd. "I wrote the last album thinking no one would hear it, trying to please no one but myself, and it's doing okay on radio and great on MTV," he says. "So why change the equation?" And if that means he'll never sell out Madison Square Garden, that's okay with him. "I could just be the next flash in the pan and this could be my moment that I cherish forever. I'll have this article framed in my bedroom because I slumped next month and this was the last one. Everything else is gravy."

QUIT YOUR DAY JOB

He came from nowhere. And then went back. Where the %&@ is... SIR MIX-A-LOT?



No need to weep at the strains of "Baby Got Back": Despite reports to the contrary, its author isn't toiling as a repairman. Actually, the 38-year-old MC employs five workers at RC Electronics, a Seattle area ham-radio-parts manufacturing biz he launched in 1994. "It's not gonna make anywhere near the money music is making me, but it's something to fall back on," says Mix-A-Lot (né Anthony Ray). Though he hasn't released an album since the '96 flop *Return of the Bumpasaurus*, Mix isn't exactly a hip-hop charity case. He turned down a Fox TV offer to mix it up with Vanilla Ice on *Celebrity Boxing*. And while back-end money still pours in from his big-bottomed hit (which got a nice bump in *Charlie's Angels*), he's making change by performing live and producing new acts like rapper Outtasite. The pre-J. Lo booty advocate also has a still-untitled new album in the can (heh-heh) and remains a connoisseur. "You know who has real back?" he says. "Shakira. That girl got an ass like a painting." —BH

FAST FORWARD
UPCOMING TOURS

N.E.R.D. The Neptunes sneak out of the studio and onto the bus with backing band the Spy Mob.

Norfolk, VA 5/30
Washington, DC 5/31
Philadelphia, PA 6/1
Boston, MA 6/3

New York, NY 6/4
Detroit, MI 6/6
Chicago, IL 6/7
Minneapolis, MN 6/8

Portland, OR 6/11
Seattle, WA 6/12
San Francisco, CA 6/14
Los Angeles, CA 6/15



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discoveries

Yeah, there's great music out there. Like, *out there...* on the fringe.

A look at this month's indie platters that most matter. **by WILL HERMES**



RECLOSE

Cardiology
(Planet E Communications)

→ As any DJ worth his VIP laminate will tell you, techno was born in Detroit and went on to

alter pop music on a grand scale. Inner City's past dalliance with Virgin Records aside, the local scene has remained insular and fiercely independent. But as the annual Detroit Electronic Music Festival (May 25–27) will attest,

the town has mad talent, and Reclose, a.k.a. Matt Chicoine, is among the maddest. A hip-hop head from the Motor City mentored by label honcho and scene demigod Carl Craig, he's been a genre mutt from the get-go, and



SAGE FRANCIS

Personal Journals
(Anticon)

→ Imagining rap less as a Martin Scorsese gang bang than as a Larry Clark coming-of-dysfunctional-

on this long-brewing debut, the tension between Chicoine's catholic tastes and techno's lock-groove formalism makes for heady sound clashes. Broken-beat shrapnel alternates with martial swing and turntablist wicky-scratch; '70s funk nuzzles dub reggae and house. The electro-R&B vocals don't always cohere, but even the disconnects have a hypnotic appeal. **MOBY MOMENT** The lush soul-hymn title track—what the little bald guy might make if he spent more time in Tower's jazz section. **A–**

THE GOSSIP



Arkansas Heat
(Kill Rock Stars)

→ Smoking even the group's excellent 2000 debut, this lives up to its title. Front-woman Beth is a butch bluesgirl to match Jack White's femme bluesboy—a punk-schooled, lust-damp shouter from a state that's birthed many a great crotch-driven American. With a voice triangulating Janis Joplin, PJ Harvey, and Sleater-Kinney's Corin Tucker, she and her over-driven garage trio burn through five joints in under 10 minutes, then cap things with feedback rabble-raising. A perfectly turned argument for the current EP revival. **PUT YOUR FIST IN THE AIR** “(Take Back) the Revolution” is the best new-punk shout-along since the Yeah Yeah Yeahs’ “Our Time.” **A**

FAST FORWARD UPCOMING ALBUMS

5/14 MOBY 18 If the Christian DJ and anti-Pope guest vocalist Sinéad O'Connor can come together, the Middle East oughta be a snap.

CAM'RON *Come Home With Me* Seeking global domination, Brooklyn's Jay-Z signs the Harlem native to Roc-A-Fella's two-borough roster.

SOLUNA *For All Time* Just what Latin music needs: a pop quartet with dance routines. *That'll* bring in the gringos.

DEADSY *Commencement* If this metal collective, fronted by Cher and Gregg Allman's son, covered “Ramblin’ Man”—platinum!

AOLmusic

LISTEN2THIS RADIO

To hear tracks from these albums and other artists featured in this month's issue, tune in on AOL (Keyword: Listen 2 This) or www.radio.netscape.com

age tale, Sage Francis comes straight outta Providence, and pledges allegiance to the loose-knit Anticon crew, known for eccentric lo-fi beats and rhymes that swing from stone abstract to hyper-emo. Like label affiliate Slug, Francis is in the latter camp, working the mic like a therapist's couch, dropping rhymes about detox drama and relationship angst over old folk, film-score, and tabla samples. Sorta like Eminem without the pandering BS. **CHOICE OLD-SCHOOL PUNCHLINE** On the breakup breakdown ballad "Eviction Notice": "I'm in the house y'all/I'm in the house y'all/ And ain't no new boyfriend gonna kick me out y'all." **B+**



MY MORNING JACKET

Chocolate and Ice
(Badman)



My Morning Jacket/
Songs:Ohia
(Jade Tree)

→ MMJ leader Jim James is an indie-rock longhair with a choirboy voice torn between reverb-drenched introspection and Southern-rock bronco busting. Two EPs on two labels take two approaches. *Chocolate and Ice* is the quieter, long on zero-gravity, sweet-harmonizing country rock that connects Neil Young's "Expecting to

Fly" to the Meat Puppets' "Up on the Sun"—though James throws in a twangy little 24-minute disco-funk-blues space opera just for the heck of it. The Jade Tree EP (which includes a brooding ballad by fellow alt-countrymen Songs:Ohia) salts savory melodies over Crazy Horse-play. A smidgen more songwriting focus and dude will be dangerous indeed. **INDIE ROCK DOESN'T ALWAYS SUCK LIVE** MMJ rock a stage with machine-gun-miming guitar-slinging and coordinated hair tosses. Why should dumb metal bands have all the fun? *Chocolate: B+ Split EP: B*



SHARON JONES AND THE DAP-KINGS

Dap Dippin' With...

(Daptone)

→ As DJs unearth every ancient funk jam extant, fear has gripped rare-groove fans: What happens when there are no relics left to uncover? No worry—revivalists are making plans. Sharon Jones and the Dap-Kings are a hard soul revue that should have existed in 1965, but didn't, so in yet another impressive simulacrum, some of the Antibalas crew (see page 23) invented them. Would be nice if Jones & Co. put their own imprint on things, as British ska revivalists did in the '80s. But the tribute is so loving it's tough to begrudge 'em. **HOTTEST GROOVE** "Pick It Up, Lay It in the Cut," with the sort of proto-Afrobeat drum-break that certain Bronx DJs would've once traded their dookie gold rope chains for. **B+**

(Continued on page 23)

THE WORST SONG I EVER WROTE

Hey, even picasso passed off some stinkers



THE PERPETRATOR Mötley Crüe's Nikki Sixx **THE PROOF** "Monstrous" **THE PLEA** "We have an album out called *Supersonic and Demonic Relics* [Beyond Records, 1999], and there's an outtake song on there from the *Dr. Feelgood* demos called 'Monstrous.' If I remember correctly, I ripped off the 'oh-wee-oh' part from *The Wizard of Oz*—that was telling me my Prozac wasn't working yet. The lyric was about a guy who was suing me because he said he was me and he wanted my royalties. Musically and lyrically ['People in glass houses shouldn't throw rocks/People marked 'stupid' shouldn't talk/People in a maze are always lost/I get sick at the state of rock'], the song is just a clusterf---. It was a monstrous trick to play on the fans." —TS

4 FOR MP3 FANATICS

The downlo-dables



1. David Hasselhoff, "Hooked on a Feeling" *Baywatcher* "ooga chakkas" in an unintentionally hilarious video.

(davidhasselhoff.com/multimedia.html)

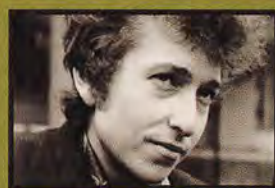
2. Steve Burns, "Troposphere" The ex-*Blue's Clues* host is recording with...the Flaming Lips! (steveswebpage.com/media/mp3/SteveBurns_Troposphere.mp3)

3. ...And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead, "Half of What" An early four-track demo from the guitar-smashing rockers. (trailofdead.com/sounds.html)

4. Jimmy Eat World, "No Sensitivity" A video clip of the emo band performing unplugged in Australia. (jimmyeatworld.com/media/media.php) —NR

THE TOP 6½

That's right, not 10. Herewith, the 6½... worst follow-ups to great albums



1. Bob Dylan's *Self Portrait* (after 1969's *Nashville Skyline*)
2. John Lennon's *Some Time in New York City* (after 1971's *Imagine*)
3. De La Soul's *De La Soul Is Dead* (after 1989's *3 Feet High and Rising*)
4. Prince's *Around the World in a Day* (after 1984's *Purple Rain*)
5. Shelby Lynne's *Love, Shelby* (after 2000's *I Am Shelby Lynne*)
6. Arrested Development's *Zingalamaduni* (after 1992's *3 Years, 5 Months...*)
- 6½. The Clash's *Sandinista!* (after 1979's *London Calling*)

VARIOUS *ESPN's Ultimate X: The Movie* An IMAX film about skaters featuring Korn and Pennywise? We were x-pecting XTC and X.

RUSH *Vapor Trails* If you don't like Rush, make up your own damn joke about 20-minute drum solos. We think they rock.

5/21 **VARIOUS** *Dogtown and Z-Boys* Jimi Hendrix, Ted Nugent, and Alice Cooper provide the music behind the grind.

VARIOUS *Off the Hook* The folks behind the *NOW!* compilations get jiggy with B2K, Mystikal, Nas, and Angie Stone.

HEATHER NOVA *South* Unquestionably the best half-Canadian, half-Bermudan, London-based folksinger ever.



NME

Londoncalling

What's new in the land of royals and Radiohead?

The editors of Britain's **NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS**

whisk us their monthly report.

→ OKAY, SO EVERYONE knows when it comes to music, London is the hype capital of the universe. It's the only place where you can be the best band in the world on Monday only to be washed up by Wednesday teatime. It's sick, it's wrong, it's crazy (and personally I blame *NME*), but, hey, that's the way we like it, so sod off.

Anyway, most seasoned observers thought that after the great Strokes hoo-ha of 2001, no band would ever achieve the same level of obsessive, fawning attention ever again. Well, guess what? They were totally wrong. It might only be May but there's already a new group who've sent the whole British

media/public completely insane. Their name is the Vines, and if anyone should know about them, it's you, because even though they're originally from Sydney, Australia, they're actu-

ally based in L.A. A four-piece centered on the songwriting talents of the 24-year-old cherubic boy-genius Craig Nicholls, they're an amazing collision of throat-shredding Nirvana noise and '60s Anglophile pop. (Think the Beatles, think the Kinks.)

So far, they've only released one "proper" single—the amazing 95-second assault of "Highly Evolved"—but that's been enough to imbed them in the U.K.'s consciousness. They've been on *Top of the Pops* and *CD:UK* (our two biggest national music shows), they've been in every magazine, they've had a top 40 hit, and, reports suggest, they're soon to be knighted by the Queen. Not bad work considering a few weeks ago no one had ever heard of them.

Still, that's the way it is over here. For the next six months, they'll be called the biggest, best, loudest, and coolest band in the world by everyone who writes about them in Britain. And then? Well, by then, they'll be huge in the States (their album comes your way in July), and we'll all pretend we never really liked them in the first place. —James Oldham, *NME* Deputy Editor

MORE THAN OKAY IN THE U.K.

DOVES • *The Last Broadcast* (Heavenly/EMI) The second album from Manchester's latest morose heroes is an instant classic. Ambitious, epic, and relentless, it's already tagged them as "the new Radiohead."

THE STREETS • *Original Pirate Material* (Locked On/679) The Streets is actually 22-year-old Mike Skinner—a.k.a. "the British Eminem." The caustic suburban narratives that make up his debut are bleak, inventive, and strangely reminiscent of late-'70s ska group the Specials.

THE LIBERTINES • "What a Waster" (Rough Trade) The hottest band to come out of London since the Sex Pistols (and guess which crack music mag dreamed up that line?). This is their debut single, and it's a glorious wreck of feedback and foul language that zings along like the Jam.

THE NEW CLASSICS

They do make 'em like they used to. Latter-day landmark discs worth latching on to



ARTIST Jellyfish **ALBUM** *Bellybutton* **AMPLE EVIDENCE OF GREATNESS** Imagine McCartney at his most melodically ornate, but possessed of his one-time partner's cynical edges, and you've got *Bellybutton*, the greatest album Wings never made. Before this 1990 tour de force, "power pop" mostly meant British Invasion-reviving pub-rockers, but this short-lived San Francisco co-op—led by cofounders Andy Sturmer and Roger Manning—made it cool to claim fussier stuff like "Penny Lane," Brian Wilson, Badfinger, 10cc, even Queen as pop heritage. **AWE-INSPIRING TRACK** If *Abbey Road* had a song about a deadbeat military dad, it would've been "The Man I Used to Be." **LINGERING EFFECTS** No use crying over the breakup that followed 1993's *Spilt Milk*. Manning went on to form Imperial Drag and retro-spoof band the Moog Cookbook, later playing sideman to Beck and Air; original guitarist Jason Falkner joined post-*Bellybutton* member Jon Brion in the Grays before going solo. Sadly, singer Andy Sturmer has become one reclusive sea creature, only increasing his legend. The sting of the split remains deeply felt by pop intelligentsia who venerate these vocal-stacking scyphozoa as gods. —CW

FAST FORWARD UPCOMING ALBUMS

5/21 THE BREEDERS *Title TK*
Nine years after their *Last Splash*, the Deals make waves again. And yes, that's really the title.

BRYAN FERRY *Frantic* He used to play in Roxy Music. Guest guitarist Jonny Greenwood (Radiohead) used to play rock music.

WAYNE SHORTER *Footprints Live!*
It's a live album! From the famed jazz saxophonist who played with Miles Davis and Weather Report!

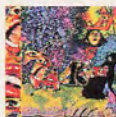
6/14 MY VITRIOL *Finelines*
The Brits' hard-rockin' debut could definitely beat up recent LPs from Travis and Coldplay.

Continued from page 21



THE ALLENKO BROTHERHOOD ENSEMBLE

The Allenko Brotherhood Ensemble (Shanachie)



ANTIBALAS

Talkatif (Ninja Tune)

→ With help from drummer Tony Allen (a.k.a. Allenko),

Nigeria's Fela Kuti forged a brassy funk permutation called Afrobeat in the '70s. When Kuti died in 1997, most figured the genre went with him. Not true. Besides son Femi Kuti's rising star, Allen is evolving his own electro-minimalist brand of Afrobeat. The Brotherhood Ensemble mates his quicksand beat patterns with various global producer-DJ types; even when the mixers overdo it the grooves never quit. Meanwhile, Antibalas are a collective based in Brooklyn (!) devoted to keeping Fela's spirit alive. *Talkatif's* sound is so vintage you might mistake it for one of the countless Afrobeat reissues in the racks. But when the soloists start tag-teaming, the group comes into its own. **SPACE IS THE PLACE** Allenko's "Brotherhood (piano mix)" has British remixer the Cinematic Orchestra casting Allen's beats against Martian trumpet and soul-jazz piano. Like Sun Ra gigging at Rick's place in Casablanca. Allenko: **B+** Talkatif: **B**



ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS

The Day the Earth Met the Rocket From the Tombs

(Smog Veil)

→ This set of demos and live recordings, made in 1975, is pretty much the only document of the band that would mutate into Pere Ubu, and here they sound as raw as the Sex Pistols in a snowdrift. The recording quality is dodgy, but by the time David Thomas' bestial wail morphs into Peter Laughner's steak-knives-through-sheet-metal guitar on "So Cold," you won't care. **PUNK EXISTENTIALISM** Hearing the late Peter Laughner contemplate suicide in the bleak "Amphetamine," while oblivious bar patrons yak it up. RIP, man. **A-**

LOOPER The Snare As if his ex-band Belle and Sebastian weren't twee enough, Stuart David based this on his novel.

EMINEM The Eminem Show Never lacking Eminemies, Marshall takes on Mom, Moby, and 'N Sync's Chris Kirkpatrick.

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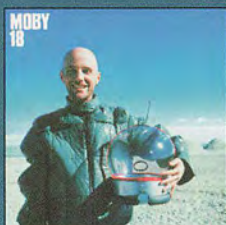
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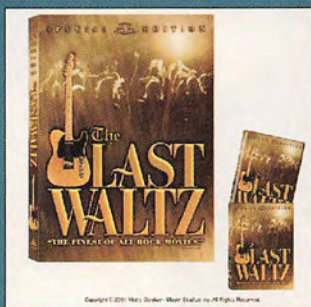


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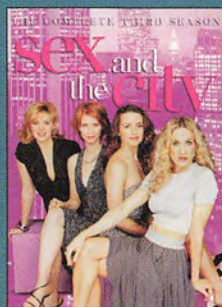


Soundtrack
The Scorpion King

DVD



The Last Waltz



Sex and the City
The Complete Third Season



Harry Potter and the
Sorcerer's Stone

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SINGLE FILE

softcover

No macho cheese whiz, he. With Maxwell's tender take on a Kate Bush ballad, he does "Woman's Work"—and likes it. **by JEFF GORDINIER**



"All the things we should've done/That we never did,/All the things I should've given/But I didn't..."

Your first thought: That's *ballsy*. Come across Maxwell's butterfly-soul treatment of Kate Bush's "This Woman's Work" on the radio these days, and what grabs you is the sheer brass of the thing: Here's a guy not only singing a song of fragile femininity, but delivering it in a falsetto so ozone-layer high that it might give Barry Gibb a pulled groin. Are those taffy-larynx notes hard to reach? "Very," Maxwell says. But the hardest thing about "This Woman's Work"—a song that has become both a hit

single and Maxwell's onstage *coup de grace*—is the emotional nakedness it requires. Says Maxwell: "The way I look at it, the falsetto represents the male ego becoming so vulnerable that it becomes childlike."

Rightly, Maxwell's early memories of "This Woman's Work" spring from childhood. Now 28, he first heard it on Kate Bush's 1989 album *The Sensual World* when he was 17. (A fresh notch in your Six Degrees of Kevin Bacon chart: "Work" debuted as the maternity-ward crescendo in Bacon's 1988 film *She's Having a Baby*.) "I couldn't believe someone wrote something so painful sounding," Maxwell says. "It

sounds like crying. I would listen to it all the time." Years later, he picked "Work" as an unlikely showpiece for a 1997 *MTV Unplugged* session—"I didn't want to do a Marvin Gaye cover or something people would expect"—and the song entered a cycle of regeneration. The reclusive Bush mailed Maxwell a letter of praise when he was in London to play the Royal Albert Hall. His rendition popped up again in the film *Love & Basketball*. He says he revived the song most recently for his 2001 album *Now* as a tribute to a girl he'd met through the Make-A-Wish Foundation; she'd died of cancer six months after joining Maxwell on stage in L.A. "I put it on there for her," he says.

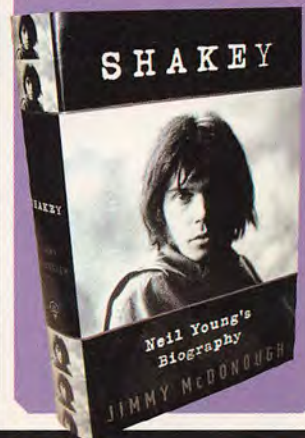
So is "This Woman's Work" about giving birth? Dying? Breaking up? And what does it mean when the person unleashing these seraphic effusions is a guy? "Sometimes it takes a lot of balls to be *not* what the expected male energy is," Maxwell says. "I just think for me it's like trying to say to a lady, 'You know what? The pain that you feel is just as real for a guy.'" And the subtext? Wide open. "I love that I can't tell what Kate Bush intended," he says. "Every time I hear it, I make my present moment the intention of the song." Not that he *can* hear it. Lately, crowds tend to react to Maxwell's gender-blending, exposed-ganglia performances with swoons rising into shrieks. "Oh, my goodness," he says. "I can't even hear myself. Once they hear the harp, all I hear is YAAAAAAAHH."



SHELF HELP

A read on the rock lit making noise

SHAKY Jimmy McDonough (*Random House*, \$29.95) The subtitle isn't "A Biography of Neil Young," but "Neil Young's Biography"—a fitting touch for a weirdly possessive volume reported with manic tenacity and written on the level of a fanzine. Near the beginning, McDonough observes, "Being real: This is what Young constantly strives for. Few other musicians of his stature have gone to such lengths to keep things real." Near the end—disapproving of his subject's output circa 1997—he wonders, "How do you finish a book about a guy when you feel in your heart he's ignoring his muse?" In the 700 pages between, McDonough seems to detail every argument Young had with Crosby, Stills, or Nash; classify every beast in the menageries of Buffalo Springfield and Crazy Horse; and track down every guitar pick Young ever lost. A transcript culled from McDonough's extensive interviews with Young runs through the whole thing, allowing the star to, variously, wax insightful and wheeze irrelevant. In other words, the sycophancy here is as thorough as the research, and reader burnout precedes biographer fadeaway. **B-** —TP



FAST FORWARD UPCOMING ALBUMS

6/4 DJ SHADOW *The Private Press* DJ who? The mix-master finally drops a sequel to 1996's brilliant *Endtroducing*.

MESHELL NDEGEOCELLO *Cookie: The Anthropological Mix Tape* It's so much easier to pronounce *Cookie* than *Ndegeocello*.

WRITTEN BY Rob Brunner, Jeff Gordinier, Will Hermes, Brian Hiatt, Wook Kim, Nancy Miller, James Oldham, Troy Patterson, Brian M. Raftery, Noah Robischon, Evan Serpick, Craig Seymour, Tom Sinclair, and Chris Willman

charts

'White Blood' Sells, Fat Joe finds the "Luv," and Paul McCartney makes more money than you will ever see in your life...

CMJ'S
TOP 10 ALBUMS

1	WHITE BLOOD CELLS White Stripes (<i>V2</i>)
2	ABOUT A BOY Badly Drawn Boy (<i>ARTISTdirect</i>)
3	WOOD/WATER The Promise Ring (<i>Epitaph-Anti</i>)
4	CONTROL Pedro the Lion (<i>Jade Tree</i>)
5	SOURCE TAGS AND CODES ...And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead (<i>Interscope</i>)
6	YANKEE HOTEL FOXTROT Wilco (<i>Nonesuch</i>)
7	BLOOD MONEY Tom Waits (<i>Epitaph-Anti</i>)
8	WHEN I WAS CRUEL Elvis Costello (<i>Island</i>)
9	PLASTIC FANG The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion (<i>Matador</i>)
10	ALICE Tom Waits (<i>Epitaph-Anti</i>)

Week ending 5/1/02

MTV.COM'S TOP 10 MOST
REQUESTED VIDEO STREAMS

1	"WHAT'S THE LUV?" Fat Joe
2	"DON'T LET ME GET ME" Pink
3	"I FEEL SO" Box Car Racer
4	"SATURDAY (OOOH OOOH)" Ludacris
5	"OVERPROTECTED" Britney Spears
6	"FOOLISH" Ashanti
7	"DOWN ASS CHICK" Ja Rule
8	"THEY SAY VISION" Res
9	"ON THE RADIO" Nelly Furtado
10	"WE ARE ALL MADE OF STARS" Moby

Week ending 4/20/02

WKCR (89.9 FM, NEW YORK)
'C.M. FAMILIAR SHOW' TOP 10 PLAYLIST

1	"SUPERWOMAN" Yesterday's New Quintet (<i>Stone's Throw/555-Soul</i>)
2	"CULT LEADER" Non-Phixion (<i>Uncle Howie</i>)
3	"BASICALLY" Kim Hill (<i>demo</i>)
4	"BULLIT" Binkis (<i>Fruitmeat</i>)
5	"IRRECONCILABLE" Sub-Conscious (<i>Fruitmeat</i>)
6	"SHOUT (Remix)" Yesh (<i>Ill Boogie</i>)
7	"BRANDED" DJ Jazzy Jeff featuring Pauly Yarnz (<i>BBE</i>)
8	"FIRST THINGS FIRST" J-Live (<i>Seven Heads</i>)
9	"THOUGHT AT WORK" The Roots (<i>promo</i>)
10	"TOJ" El-P (<i>Definitive Jux</i>)

Week ending 4/30/02

L2T ON THE ROAD: AUSTIN, TEXAS

				
1 YANKEE HOTEL FOXTROT Wilco (<i>Nonesuch</i>)	2 COME AWAY WITH ME Norah Jones (<i>Blue Note</i>)	3 STEREO Paul Westerberg (<i>Vagrant</i>)	4 1000 KISSES Patty Griffin (<i>ATO</i>)	5 SUNFLOWER Darden Smith (<i>Dualtone</i>)
				
6 WHEN I WAS CRUEL Elvis Costello (<i>Island</i>)	7 LOST AND FOUND Eliza Gilkyson (<i>Red House</i>)	8 C'MON, C'MON Sheryl Crow (<i>A&M</i>)	9 SILVER LINING Bob Raitt (<i>Capitol</i>)	10 LONELYLAND Bob Schneider (<i>Universal</i>)

WATERLOO RECORDS For the past 20 years, this famed store has been celebrating its rich local talent. "There are so many great acts here," says owner John Kunz, who keeps a rack stocked with new releases by Texas musicians. Kunz proudly points out four Austin-area singer-songwriters on this list of Waterloo's 10 top sellers: Griffin ("emotionally honest"), Smith ("homey, with some edge"), Gilkyson ("ethereal pop-folk"), and Schneider ("idiosyncratic—and our store's all-time best-selling artist"). He adds: "And I think Norah Jones went to music school in [Texas]." Talk about a Lone Star state of mind.

Week ending 4/28/02

POLLSTAR'S TOP 10 CONCERT TOURS
(PER-SHOW AVERAGE GROSS)

1	PAUL MCCARTNEY	\$2,570,918
2	CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG	\$1,126,291
3	'N SYNC	\$1,054,948
4	LUIS MIGUEL	\$736,038
5	NEIL DIAMOND	\$718,507
6	CREED	\$590,050
7	BARRY MANILOW	\$472,290
8	ROBIN WILLIAMS	\$373,745
9	LINKIN PARK	\$295,780
10	ALAN JACKSON	\$282,251

As reported in the last three months

AMAZON.COM
TOP 10 COUNTRY ALBUMS

1	YANKEE HOTEL FOXTROT Wilco (<i>Nonesuch</i>)
2	O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU? (soundtrack) Various Artists (<i>Mercury Nashville</i>)
3	89/93: AN ANTHOLOGY Uncle Tupelo (<i>Columbia/Legacy</i>)
4	NO SHOES, NO SHIRT, NO PROBLEMS Kenny Chesney (<i>BNA Records</i>)
5	NEW FAVORITE Alison Krauss & Union Station (<i>Rounder</i>)
6	DRIVE Alan Jackson (<i>Arista Nashville</i>)
7	ESSENCE Lucinda Williams (<i>Lost Highway</i>)
8	TIME Gillian Welch (<i>Acony</i>)
9	WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN [30th Anniv. Ed.] Nitty Gritty Dirt Band (<i>EMI</i>)
10	SIDETRACKS Steve Earle (<i>EZ/Artemis</i>)

Week ending 4/25/02

COMSCORE'S TOP 10 MOST VISITED
MUSIC-RELATED INTERNET SITES

1	REAL.COM	99,512,751
2	MUSICCITY.COM	80,735,730
3	AUDIOGALAXY.COM	55,651,132
4	WINNAMP.COM	20,436,896
5	MP3.COM	19,774,621
6	MTV.COM	14,947,048
7	LYRICS.COM	12,781,217
8	NAPSTER.COM	11,305,372
9	ROLLINGSTONE.COM	9,948,250
10	ARTISTDIRECT.COM	6,357,482

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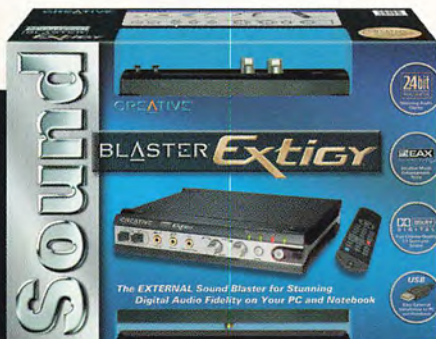
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After decades of playing the musical field, **ELVIS COSTELLO** pumps it up again. BY CHRIS WILLMAN

IT'S ONE OF THE MUSIC BUSINESS' BIGGEST NIGHTS, AND ELVIS COSTELLO is headed down the red carpet...the wrong way. As the stars amble into the Beverly Hills Hotel for J Records mogul Clive Davis' annual all-star pre-Grammy dinner, a few more discerning party reporters and paparazzi recognize the underdressed rocker headed upstream and converge, hopeful he'll be good for a pithier sound bite than Britney or Puffy. But Costello's just an

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANNY CLINCH

unwitting hotel guest scouting the flashbulb-filled horizon for a valet. "Sorry, I'm actually headed out for the evening," apologizes the scruff in the brown leather jacket and thermal slippers, gamely posing for a few pictures before an attendant pulls up with his rented sports car. Moments later, Elvis has left the gilding.

Swinging out onto Sunset Boulevard, Costello asks whom he might have run into at the party, since he *will* be pictured as attending. Well, recent J Records signee Rod Stewart would surely be there.... It turns out Costello almost produced an album for him a few years back. "Rod's got a great voice and should be singing the really good songs," he says. "It's great to pass the time with him, talking about old records. But I guess the life you lead when you get out here is a bit different. I'd be fixing to go to a meeting, and his assistant would call up and say, 'Mr. Stewart's got to take the dog to the psychiatrist' or something. There'd always be some excuse not to work." Another guest, we mention, would've been J signatory Luther Vandross. "He's another one that sings s--- songs. But, God, he was amazing at that Burt Bacharach tribute we both did in New York. Luther should just record all the songs off *Painted From Memory*"—Costello's 1998 collaboration with Bacharach—"because he would sing them with such ease. Obviously they're almost at the edge of my ability."

The car slows to a halt just shy of the West Hollywood border. "Maybe," he proposes, "we should go back to the party and pitch that idea?"

There'll be no turning back. He's got his hands full enough these days pitching another idea, a fairly novel one at this stage of his quarter-century career: an actual Elvis Costello rock & roll record. Somehow, in the midst of collaborating with jazz combos and classical mezzo-sopranos, and writing everything from TV comedy pilots to orchestral scores for ballet companies (not to mention a virtual autobiography in the serialized form of liner notes for Rhino's ongoing and ambitious repackaging of Costello's back catalog), pop's Renaissance man carved out time to make *When I Was Cruel*, his most universally praised effort since his '80s salad days with the Attractions, and a return to wanton ferocity, if not cruelty.

Some fans—yearning for the early, funny stuff, as it were—called all this genre-crossing extracurricular activity "Elvis Costello and the distractions." Others relished getting four or five major artists for the price of one. "I took every sojourn and unpaved path he was interested in going on," enthuses filmmaker Neil LaBute (*In the Company of Men*), who plans to score the upcoming film adaptation of his play *The Shape of Things* solely with existing Costello songs. "I was as big a fan of *The Juliet Letters* [Costello's 1993 collaboration with the Brodsky Quartet] as *Armed Forces*. The breadth of his career is staggering, that it's just one guy. You have to weigh him next to the Beatles and Dylan, and even somebody like Springsteen pales when you get to the diversity. No one else, even McCartney, has, on a single, solitary level, provided that range."



“The breadth of his career is staggering,” says filmmaker and fan Neil LaBute. “You have to weigh him next to the Beatles and Dylan....”

Of course, in the music business, “breadth” is synonymous with “diluting the brand,” or maybe heading the wrong way down the red carpet, metaphorically speaking. “When *The Juliet Letters* came out, it was as if I’d gone out of my mind or something, in some quarters,” Costello says. “Likewise with other records.... I suppose that happened even way back when I went to Nashville in 1981. [Eventually] people get used to it and realize that nothing is that extreme,” he adds, giving his detractors the benefit of the doubt. “I mean, I wasn’t making *Metal Machine Music*, was I?”

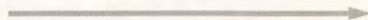
All water under the bridge, now that the lovefest is back on. “This album seems to puzzle people a little less than some of the others,” Costello allows. (He’s also optimistic about the corporate push it’s getting from Universal. “Now I’m on a hip-hop label,” he chuckles. “I’m the Rare Earth of Island Def Jam!”) Most important, he’s just pulled off a feat few 47-year-old legends could ever hope to: creating music thrilling enough to fool fans into thinking they’re hearing a return to the signature sound they fell in love with, while actually doing something new. Just don’t call it back-to-basics. “People will be saying that, for sure—‘They’re back to what they do’—mostly written by people who haven’t really listened to the record,” Costello scoffs. “The actual way the record was constructed clearly contradicts that.”

If some fans bless the album as a return to the rock combo format of old—in fact, this *is* his first genuinely guitar-dominated record since *My Aim Is True*, his 1977 debut—while others see it more as an excursion into samples and electronic beats, they’re both right, since *Cruel* echoes “Paperback Writer” one moment and Portishead the next. “Originally, I was convinced I could make the record on my own,” Costello says, noting how he sketched out the rhythms for all the songs on “kiddie drum machines” at home. Things got more expansive after he recruited two ex-Attractions, keyboardist Steve Nieve and drummer Pete Thomas, along with Thomas’ Vonda Shepard/*Ally McBeal* bandmate, bassist Davey Faragher, to accompany him at a few impromptu European gigs. Adding live musicians to some of the metal machine mix he’d already laid down, “suddenly you’ve got all these possibilities. It doesn’t go down the road you’ve been down many times before. You don’t get that thing of four guys staring at each other going, ‘How are we gonna reinvent the wheel?’ Because that’s a bit of it with rock & roll.”

COSTELLO PULLS THE CAR UP OUTSIDE the Sunset Sound Factory studio in Hollywood, where 65-year-old Solomon Burke is cutting an album. Producer Joe Henry has a surprise for Costello: Tonight they’re about to record “The Judgment,” a ballad that Costello and his wife, ex-Pogue Cait O’Riordan, recently wrote for the soul great.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTON CORBIJN
AMSTERDAM, 1977

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"The king is here!" shouts Burke, a bear of a man in a suit so formal you'd think *he* was headed to Davis' big party. Costello will play both acolyte and teacher tonight. Burke and his band are being thrown off a bit by some dramatic pauses Costello built into the ballad. Self-conscious of how difficult it's been for other singers to wrap themselves around his wordiness, Costello intended to give the lyric some extra breathing room, but somehow managed to make it even trickier. "Here's where I f--- everybody up with my extra half a bar," he apologizes, out of Burke's earshot, then offers the elder singer a mea culpa: "Those extra beats that are in the demo are just me waiting to remember what the next chord is." Eventually, everyone decides to try cutting the pauses out, and Costello records a new guide vocal for Burke to practice with. He's struck by a fit of irony, hearing one of the guys who helped invent rock singing as we now know it wailing along with his voice in the other room. "Do you suppose this is what Mick Jagger did with Solomon's records?" he laughs.

Several hours later, the song is nailed. "You didn't know you were coming here to produce a record, did you?" exults Burke, an ordained minister. "God knew it!"

The agnostic Costello doesn't beg to differ as good-nights are exchanged. He gets back in his rental car and abruptly pulls out of the parking lot onto the wrong side of Selma Avenue. "Forgot where I was for a second," apologizes Costello, who hasn't had a proper rest since flying in from Dublin, his hometown of more than a decade. He's too tired to notice when we pass Hollywood High—prominent in Costello lore because of the 1979 live EP recorded there—or maybe it's just a general aversion to the rearview mirror.

Revisiting his early gems for Rhino's reissues series found recognized classics dropping in his estimation and supposed stinkers rising. "I haven't really liked *My Aim Is True* for a long time, and I don't see what the fuss is about," he says. "The songs are good, but I think it sounds quite tentative; the singing is quaint as well. *This Year's Model* [1978] and *Blood and Chocolate* [1986] hold up really well.... I was [once] fairly critical of *Goodbye Cruel World* [1984], but I don't feel that way anymore. I wasn't saying it's the worst record ever made—just *my* worst record, which still puts it ahead of quite a lot of other people's best record, you know?"

"I can hear some of the [older] songs and think, Wow, what a self-righteous little prick. You do get into the rhythm of always taking that oppositional tone after a while, which can hem you in." Even having a hit in half the world's territories in 2000 crooning a Charles Aznavour ballad, "She," hasn't erased the punkish severity of his original Buddy Holly-cops-a-tude image. "The whole angry thing that was written up became associated with a particular look and particular stylized way of singing and play-



I GOT YOUR BACHARACH Elvis and a ticklish Burt bring down London's Royal Albert Hall in 2000

ing. And I did consciously undo it, about four records in, but I sometimes replaced it with something just as ferocious-sounding. It wasn't until about six albums in that the overt expression of tenderness crept into it." Costello tries a little tenderness in the new album by including two upbeat love songs written to his wife—putting the total happy romantic numbers in his catalog at about a half dozen—but it's got healthy amounts of vituperation, now less to do with romantic recrimination than with areas of failed personal responsibility. "It's accusatory, but you have to be prepared to say all those things to yourself," he reckons.

Back at the hotel, Costello retires to his bungalow, resisting any impulse to crash Clive's clambake, storm the bandstand, and play *When I Was Cruel*'s epic title song, which is a party anthem in its own languid fashion. The lyric describes a swanky affair full of drunken "captains of industry," their trophy wives, and insolent journalists; its title slyly alludes to how a younger Costello would've greeted such pageantry with contempt. "The reflection is that there might have been a time when there was more force than strictly necessary in the disdain that could be expressed in relation to people of influence and power. Now, it's just a matter for laughter." In other words, he used to be disgusted, and now....

He's about to turn in when an envelope glides under his door. "What's this?" he says, ripping it open. "It's an invitation from Clive! 'Come down and sing a couple of numbers with Angie Stone! It's not too late! You and Rod, get back together!'" Surely Costello jests, but given the Elvis revivalism in the air, stranger things have happened: Maybe even O-Town want to wear his red shoes. ■



Read more of our interview with Elvis Costello at ew.com/costello (AOL Keyword: EW)



STAR POWER McGregor and Christensen engage in some derring-'dos

Jedi Candy

Picking up where *Phantom Menace* left off, *Star Wars: Episode II* never jumps into hyper-speed. by Lisa Schwarzbaum

WATCHING *Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones*, it's easy to imagine George Lucas standing in the middle of a giant arena on his planet-size Skywalker Ranch and bellowing like the gladiator Maximus, challenging a restless crowd, *Are you not entertained?* When *Star Wars: Episode I—The Phantom Menace* came out three years ago, the crowd made clear that even while millions were shelled out in ticket mon-

ey, it wasn't nearly entertained enough considering the forces of myth and marketing propelling ticket sales. And so Lucas, the Jedi Knight of Marin County, retreated, and meditated, and emerged renouncing the dark side of the summer-blockbuster Force, with its groaner dialogue, camp characters, showy but undifferentiated special effects, and gimmick product tie-ins.

And yet here we are again: not entertained, not nearly enough, by an installment of the *Star Wars* epic that, for the first

time, exhibits symptoms of...nerves. And a chill, conservative grimness of purpose, rather than an excited thrill at the possibilities of cinematic storytelling.

The Phantom Menace was an off-key story of trade wars, with distracting appearances by

a kid actor as little Anakin Skywalker and a computer-drawn horror as Jar Jar Binks, but at least Lucas dared to try something new, even weird: Binks bombed, but we hadn't seen his ilk before, a *Star Wars* mutant annoying enough to draw hate mail. *Attack of the Clones* is "better" than *The Phantom Menace*—i.e., less jar-jarring and more securely fitted to the overall scheme and heroic scale of the projected six-part saga—yet it's clammy with sweat stains of effort. In *Episode II*, a decade has passed and Anakin (Hayden Christensen) is now an impetuous Jedi-in-training chafing under the tutelage of Obi-Wan Kenobi (Ewan McGregor); Queen Padmé Amidala (Natalie Portman) has become a senator, through with the Kabuki-lip look but still a style-setter with

Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones

STARRING
Hayden Christensen
Natalie Portman
20TH CENTURY FOX
RATED PG
142 MINUTES

a pendant for pagodalike headgear; and the two comely young people, reunited, give in to a swoony romance, complete with pouts and splendor-in-the-grass storms of teen emotion.

Current events intrude: Separatist rebels led by a rogue Jedi attempt to assassinate Padmé, and Obi-Wan and Anakin are sent to her aid, during which Obi-Wan uncovers a plot to overthrow the Republic and learns of the formation of a massive army of clone soldiers. But the heart of *Attack of the Clones* beats in the gathering moral darkness that will one day turn Anakin Skywalker into Darth Vader; hero-become-villain in a universe riven by competing urges of good and evil. This is a slow, crucial turning point in the grand design, and during lulls in the narrative (or during the few times Jar Jar Binks makes an appearance, obnoxiously jive-talking still, while the audience hisses), we who have seen the future can advance the action ourselves by contemplating the fates of Vader's son Luke and Luke's sister Leia and Vader's hideous head with his helmet off.

When Obi-Wan says to Anakin, "Why do I think you're going to be the death of me?" we're desperately grateful for the laugh, because there are precious few laughs in *Clones*, not intended ones, anyhow. The dialogue, by Lucas and Jonathan Hales, while not as Wookiee-footed as in *The Phantom Menace*, is still of the "patience, my young friend" variety, with occasional position-paper statements thrown in ("The day we stop believing democracy will work is the day we lose it"). Which would be fine—there's a traditional place for declamatory language in a cinema epic—if the acting style doesn't glumly follow suit. Christensen keeps Anakin in a funk; Portman is preoccu-

pied with ensuring that Padmé's hairdos don't tumble. Only McGregor manages to smuggle in a little zip between Jedi business. And little, wrinkled, hairy, backward-talking Yoda has one nice moment when he drops his fortune-cookie ways and throws down some serious Force.

Zip and butt-kicking. That's what's missing now in this venerable 25-year-old franchise. The sophistication of special effects has rocketed since *Star Wars* opened in 1977, and the showpiece chases and futuristic aliens of this fifth production are as ornate and state-of-the-art as any tech-head could want. But all the lightsaber showdowns in the universe and all the space races wherein one zooming vehicle shoots at another can't supply the pizzazz of one gripe from Han Solo or the magnificent terror of one James Earl Jonesian rumble from Darth Vader.

And so instead Lucas turns to iterations of zip past—including an extended *Gladiatorial* smackdown during which Anakin, Padmé, and Obi-Wan, chained up in a huge coliseum, fend off an onslaught of ferocious attackers while a digitally drawn mob of onlookers cheers for blood. (Christopher Lee, bad *Lord of the Rings* wizard, presides as bad Count Dooku, fallen Jedi.) The scene is big, busy, inventive in the way of actors jumping around in front of a blue screen pretending to slay mechanical monsters created on a computer, and we are attentive. But entertained? Ah, that sensation is as faint as light from a galaxy far, far away. **C+**

ReelWorld

News From Hollywood BY REBECCA ASCHER-WALSH

>> CUT AWAY It's taken three years, several financial plans, and two leading ladies, but **Jane Campion's** adaptation of **Susanna Moore's** 1995 erotic thriller *In the Cut* will finally begin filming in New York this July. **Meg Ryan** steps into the leading role of an NYU creative writing teacher who becomes caught up in a murder, replacing **Nicole Kidman** (who remains as an executive producer); **Mark Ruffalo** costars as a policeman, and **Jennifer Jason Leigh** is currently in negotiations for a supporting role. The project looked good to go three years ago, when Kidman optioned the book and Miramax agreed to co-produce the then-\$35 million project with Universal. But



KIDMAN

Miramax put the project into turnaround, and last fall, Kidman dropped out. "I think the concept of Campion's kind of take on *Sea of Love* was a very sexy notion," says producer **Laurie Parker** of the amicable parting with Miramax, "and I'm not saying the film won't achieve that kind of commercial crossover, but when you are set to guarantee [that], it becomes constraining." The filmmakers ultimately made a deal for financing with Pathé (the film will be made for less than half of the original budget), and reconceived the script for Ryan. "There were millions of times when we almost doubted our sanity, because things seemed so cosmically against us," says Parker. "But ultimately, when you do things a little differently, you have to be more solid in your resolve. Now, all we have to do is make a good movie." Or at least a cut above.



>> FURTHERMORE **Javier Bardem**, who passed on a supporting role in *In the Cut*, is a hot commodity: Producer **Saul Zaentz** (*The English Patient*) is hoping to score the actor for a biopic of Spanish painter **Goya**, which **Milos Forman** will direct. "We've been working on this quietly for two years," says Zaentz, who also produced Forman's *Amadeus*. "It's like Mozart. You can't fool around with this story—you have to get it right." (Additional reporting by Cindy Pearlman)

HOT FOR TEACHER Ryan makes the *Cut* as an NYU instructor



THIRST LOVE Gere holds on to *Unfaithful* Lane for dear wife

Affair Play

Diane Lane has the role of her career in Adrian Lyne's *Unfaithful*, a seductive study of fatal attraction

ADRIAN LYNE'S *Unfaithful* is sensational sex-and-its-consequences melodrama. It's a movie in which an ordinary woman from the New York suburbs, played with startling conviction by Diane Lane, begins to sneak away from her beautiful white dream home in the Hudson Valley, deceiving the family she loves in order to indulge in a cathartic sexual fling with a weaselly French hunk who's built like a Michelangelo. Her husband learns of the affair; and when he discovers how far it's gone, his reaction comes as as big a shock to him as it does to us. *Unfaithful* is the sort of movie that is generally described as "steamy," which is shorthand for Love Scenes Shot in Cliché Erotic Style of Spice Channel. Lyne has made his share of glorified megaplex porn (*Indecent Proposal*, *9½ Weeks*), but he's also the director who, in *Fatal Attraction*, struck a raw nerve of infidelity and possession in the age of postfeminist sexual warfare. Far from your typical hazy-filter voyeur, he has an un-

canny sensitivity to the hidden jagged byways of feminine desire, and he has staged *Unfaithful* with a slow, forbidden-game meditative savvy that allows the audience to linger over each dread-ridden secret and lie.

A loose remake of the 1969 Claude Chabrol film *La Femme*

Infidèle, this is hardly a movie that's going to be confused with art, but not since the underrated *What Lies Beneath* has a domestic thriller been made with so much sultry juice and power. *Unfaithful* takes off from an observation that, in its simple way, is quite daring: It says that the deep, rich comforts of family life aren't always enough to keep even a contented person from straying. Connie Sumner (Lane) loves her doting, slightly fuddy-duddy security contractor husband, Edward (Richard Gere), as well as the life they share with their perky 8-year-old son. So why does she let herself be seduced by Paul (Olivier Martinez), the insinuating Gallic book dealer who rescues her from a SoHo windstorm? Is it because he's the sort of philosophe stud who drops pensées like "There's no such thing as a mistake—there's what you do, and what you don't do"? The film refuses to offer the usual excuses (e.g., cold-fish husband), and that makes the real reason all the more compelling. Connie slides into a fling

because she's a sensual woman whose contentment is tinged with complacency, and because the opportunity presents itself in a way that's too sexy to resist.

Once she gives in to Paul's charms, though, she gets addicted to them. The further he pushes her (a bit of S&M; a shag in a bistro bathroom), the further she wants to go. Lyne shoots the sex scenes like slivers of delirium that flirt with but never slide into fantasy, and Lane, in the most urgent performance of her career, is a revelation. The play of lust, romance, degradation, and guilt on her face is the movie's real story. Her work in the film's intriguing second half,

however, wouldn't be possible without Gere's own understated duplicity. As these two circle each other, their marriage held together by the very cycle of forbidden acts that's also tearing it apart, *Unfaithful*, like a more languid *Fatal Attraction*, becomes a thriller myth of the perils of adultery, which few filmmakers can heighten like Lyne. **A-**—Owen Gleiberman

Unfaithful

STARRING
Diane Lane
Richard Gere
20TH CENTURY FOX
RATED R
124 MINUTES

CRITICAL MASS

Here's how a sampling of critics and movie audiences from across the country grade 10 current releases.

	EW READERS www.ew.com/criticsmass	JAMI BERNARD Los Angeles Sydicate	MIKE CLARK USA Today	JOANNA CONNORS Delaware Film Order	ROGER EBERT Chicago Sun-Times	RITA KEMPLEY Washington Post	LIAM LACEY Toronto Globe and Mail	TODD MCCARTHY Variety	CARRIE RICKEY Philadelphia Inquirer	RENE RODRIGUEZ The Salt Herald	ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY	CRITICS' AVERAGE
Changing Lanes	B	B+	B	B	A	B-	B	-	B-	B	B	B
Deuces Wild	-	D	-	D+	-	-	D+	-	-	D	D+	D+
Dogtown and Z-Boys	-	B+	B	B+	C+	-	-	-	-	A-	A-	B+
Frailty	B	C+	C+	B	A	-	C	B-	-	B	B	B-
Hollywood Ending	-	B+	B	C-	C+	C-	C	C+	C+	B-	C-	C+
Life or Something Like It	-	C	D	C-	D-	C-	-	C-	D	D	D	D+
Murder by Numbers	B	B-	B	B+	B	B	B-	B-	C+	C+	C+	B-
The Rookie	A-	-	B	B	C	B	B+	-	B+	B	B+	B
The Scorpion King	B	C+	C	-	C-	C-	D	B-	C-	C	C+	C
Spider-Man	A-	-	B+	A	C+	B	A-	C+	B	B	B	B

Critical Mass Movie Poll: Grade the movies yourself at www.ew.com (AOL Keyword: EW)



SECRET LIFE *Baran's* Zahra Bahrami goes to work

Child Care

In *Baran*, Afghans fleeing the Taliban scratch out a living in Iran

CURRENT EVENTS SHARPEN the soft sorrow of *Baran* to a finer edge than Iranian filmmaker Majid Majidi could have anticipated. This delicate, melancholy story dramatizes the miseries of illegal Afghan workers who, having fled Taliban tyranny to live in Iran, must work (as

laborers and in other low-end jobs) for even less wages than the usual pittance paid to citizens. The young Irani Lateef (Hossein Abedini), employed on a construction site, resents the arrival of a new Afghan boy who, proving too weak for heavy labor, is given Lateef's old cushy job of preparing and serving tea. But resentment turns to fascination, and then to shy love, when Lateef discovers that the tea caddy, Baran, has a secret. (The graceful order and decoration of the tea-prep area are giveaways.)

Majidi is a conservative, crowd-pleasing filmmaker (his 2000 *Color of Paradise* broke box office records for an Iranian film in the U.S.): Not for him are the stark, Samuel Beckett-like landscapes and themes of Abbas Kiarostami. There are moments in *Baran* as wholesomely heart-tugging as any involving Charlie Chaplin and a blind girl, but the film is saved from aren't-kids-cute sentimentality by a warmth that isn't faked and a stately sense of composition. In Lateef's desire to ease Baran's burdens, the filmmaker suggests an empathy that has only become more precious since this sad love story was made. **B+** —LS

Baran

STARRING
Hossein Abedini
Zahra Bahrami

MIRAMAX
RATED PG
95 MINUTES

Bed Wetter

Warm Water Under a Red Bridge offers the memoirs of a gusher

EVEN THE TITLE IS JUICY WITH METAPHOR and sexual allusion in *Warm Water Under a Red Bridge*, a cheerily perverse homage to the rejuvenating mysteries of female sexuality from Shohei Imamura (he took the top prize at Cannes five years ago for *The Eel*). The 75-year-old Japanese master has come up with an exuberant notion that might make the younger Farrelly brothers blush and giggle like boys: In orgasm, lusty Saeko (Misa Shimizu) gushes water enough to replenish fish-stocked rivers. This fertility (and appetite) isn't lost on Yosuke (Koji Yakusho, who co-starred so handsomely with Shimizu in *The Eel*), a laid-off salaryman who meets the biological marvel when he comes to town seeking a valuable



DRAW BRIDGE Shimizu attracts Yakusho

Buddhist statue he learns is hidden in a house by a red bridge near the Sea of Japan.

Imamura's delight in the infinite oddity of men and women is goofy; it's also, at heart, reverent. Every deadpan-dadaist character near this *Red Bridge*, from Saeko's mysterious granny to an African runner in Olympic training, is an exemplar of individuality, and sometimes just a freak. *Ain't sex a riot?* old Imamura asks, and answers, too. It can be if it's done right. **B+** —LS

Warm Water Under a Red Bridge

STARRING
Misa Shimizu
Koji Yakusho
COWBOY
UNRATED
119 MINUTES



HURRAY FOR BOLLYWOOD Khan in *Lagaan*

Bat Man

Everything's cricket in *Lagaan*, an epically enchanting Indian musical

IF, LIKE ME, YOUR EXPERIENCE OF INDIA'S Bollywood musicals has been pretty much limited to the opening credits of *Ghost World*, you should make a point of catching *Lagaan*, the unlikelyst enthralling movie to be released so far this year. Set in 1893, in a rural Indian village that's under the thumb of British occupation, it's essentially a corny, inspirational let's-win-the-big-game sports movie—*Major League* remade into a three-hour-and-45-minute class-war operetta about a cricket match. That may sound like a bit more colorful pop exotica than you want to bite off, but every frame of *Lagaan* believes in what it's showing you, and that's the film's secret.

Aamir Khan, who has some of the wily glamour of the young Tony Curtis, magnetizes every scene as the rebel-romantic hero, who organizes the villagers into a cricket team to go up against the British. At stake is the local tax (the *lagaan*); depending on the outcome, the villagers will either be freed from it for three years or levied to the point of slavery. The musical numbers sweep you up in effulgent good feeling, and the cricket game, which features such devices as a low-caste cripple who turns out to throw a mean curveball, builds in power. *Lagaan* may be fluff on a grand scale, but it's been made with an innocent yet fervid conviction that our Hollywood has all but lost. **A-** —OG

Lagaan

STARRING
Aamir Khan
Gracy Singh

SONY PICTURES
CLASSICS
RATED PG
225 MINUTES

The Week

Reviews by OWEN GLEIBERMAN and LISA SCHWARZBAUM

» In Theatres

CHANGING LANES ♦ (99 mins., R) A smug lawyer (Ben Affleck) in need of comeuppance tangles in a fender bender with a recovering alcoholic (Samuel L. Jackson) in this sin-and-salvation homily staged as a thriller with a documentary look. It's a teasing drama with good-deed/bad-deed reversals that are just interesting enough to make a sinner pray for an even more interesting, less obviously cross-shaped creation. **B** (#649, April 19) —LS

DEUCES WILD ♦ (97 mins., R) If you scrambled *West Side Story*, *Mean Streets*, and *The Warriors*, you'd get something like this preposterous ode to '50s-Brooklyn street gangs. Stephen Dorff acquits himself sympathetically as "Deuce" kingpin Leon, but director Scott Kalvert overdoes the showy shots and gimmicky slow motion. **D+** (#653, May 10) —Steve Daly

DOGTOWN AND Z-BOYS ♦ (97 mins., PG-13) A dazzlingly crafted documentary about the '70s surf punks of lower Los Angeles who single-handedly turned skateboarding into an extreme sport. We see endless Super-8 footage of long-blond-haired kids—think Hanson in the urban wasteland—as they ride low on their boards and then ad-

vance to empty swimming pools, zipping right up into the air. Sure, it's only skateboarding. But the thrill of *Dogtown* is that the kids who had the audacity to kick a concrete sport into the third dimension were as obsessive as the creators of Cubism or punk rock. The movie invites you to share their free ride.

A- (#652, May 3) —OG

HOLLYWOOD ENDING ♦ (115 mins., PG-13) At 66, Woody Allen is still playing the role of a nervous middle-aged man who acts like a nervous teenager, and it no longer looks good on him. He now just seems like a cranky old uncle who keeps getting older and crankier. This time, his name is Val Waxman, and he's a once-celebrated Hollywood filmmaker who goes psychosomatically blind just as he's about to direct his comeback film. The high-concept broadness of the blind-Woody gimmick promises a slapstick jamboree that never arrives.

Coming after *The Curse of the Jade Scorpion*, in which Allen wandered about in a hypnotized haze, the film makes you wonder what's next: Woody as a paraplegic? A mute eunuch? **C-** (#653, May 10) —OG

JASON X ♦ (98 mins., R) The title makes it sound like a movie about a preppy suburban teenager who joins the Nation of Islam. No such



TÉA AND SYMPATHY The *Ending's* in sight for Leoni and Treat Williams

luck. From the opening moments of the 10th entry in the *Friday the 13th* series, it's clear that this is the same old Jason Voorhees, going on a slasher rampage that's destined to put audiences in the same old stupor. The film devotes so much energy to imitating the look of a "smart" techno-thriller that the noncharacters aren't given enough time to act stupid. **D-** (#652, May 3) —OG

LIFE OR SOMETHING LIKE IT (103 mins., PG-13) Neither about life nor about anything like life, this bubbleheaded drama is mostly about slapping together a bunch of clichés regarding the loneliness of ambitious women. Angelina Jolie plays a Seattle TV reporter who is forced to take stock when a sidewalk prophet (Tony Shalhoub) announces that she's going to die in a

week. A dully cute, bickering romance with her cameraman (Edward Burns) fills out this cartoonish, overly simplistic tale directed by Stephen Herek (*Mr. Holland's Opus*). **D** (#652, May 3) —LS

MURDER BY NUMBERS ♦ (119 mins., R) It's two movies in one: an unremarkable Sandra Bullock vehicle in which the dark-eyed sport plays a California homicide detective who's tough and tomboyish on the outside but soft and all-girl when the right guy (Ben Chaplin) gets past her pj's; and a dirtier, darker, more interesting crime thriller about a couple of cocky high school seniors (Michael Pitt and Ryan Gosling) who plan the perfect killing. The presence of these intense young actors is the only thing that's really killer. **C+** (#650/651, April 26) —LS

JOHN CLIFFORD



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WINNER OF THE WEEK

The Web

Finally, the damn thing's going to turn a profit.

LOSER OF THE WEEK

Sophia Bush

The 19-year-old was replaced by Claire Danes as Nick Stahl's love interest in Jonathan Mostow's *Terminator 3*—probably the only time the actress will ever get fired for looking too young.

NINE QUEENS ♦ (115 mins., R) A splendid new film from Argentina about a couple of grifters who team up for a day and night of swindles. From the moment that Juan (Gastón Pauls), a hustler with the baby-faced cool of Antonio Banderas, gets rescued by Marcos (Ricardo Darín), who looks like a jazz-beatnik Mephistopheles, we believe that these are real, heartless, scrambling guys. The film is as tricky as David Mamet's cinematic shell games, only this one has an aura of authenticity that works on pure edge-of-the-moment dramatic terms. **A** (#650/651, April 26)—OG

SPIDER-MAN ♦ (121 mins., PG-13) A canny franchise escapade. It has been excitingly staged by director Sam Raimi, but it's also a lightweight, mock-campy, script-by-David "The One-Man Committee" Koepf movie that leaves you hungry for something more. The offbeat casting of Tobey Maguire, with his gurgly-voiced passivity, works well, especially in the early scenes, when sweetly bashful high

school science dork Peter Parker discovers his enhanced, super-spider powers. As he learns to control his spurting web (the way adolescents will), he begins to use it as a giant slingshot trapeze, and we're with him every step—and leap—of the way. The terrific digital effects mirror the crude vitality of the Spidey drawings in the Marvel comics. But unlike, say, Tim Burton's *Batman*, the movie never really draws you into an extravagant universe of good and evil at war, and at play. **B** (#653, May 10)—OG

THE SALTON SEA ♦ (100 mins., R)

A busy, brutal study of the dangerous underworld of crystal methamphetamine users and brewers. Val Kilmer seems especially refreshed as a loner slithering in and out of identities—junky, snitch, husband avenging the death of his wife. The cast of coolies in this atmosphere-saturated drama includes Anthony LaPaglia, *Boys Don't Cry*'s Peter Sarsgaard, and Vincent D'Onofrio as a monstrous, noseless meth boss who practically dares viewers to watch him. **B** (#652, May 3)—LS

THE SCORPION KING ♦ (92 mins., PG-13)

As Mathayus, an ancient desert assassin, The Rock is like Arnold Schwarzenegger with a fresh coat of paint, and a fresh personality, too. The camera likes his face, which is at once exotic and square-jawed suburban. *The Scorpion King*, unfortunately, isn't a lightning vehicle. It's more like The Rock's *Conan the Barbarian*—a clunky, primitive potboiler with reasonably vigorous sword fights served up every 15 minutes or so, like commercials. The lumbering plot has Mathayus going up against Memnon (Steven Brand), a fascist conqueror who seems no more threatening than a surly British concert promoter. **C+** (#650/651, April 26)—OG

Y TU MAMÁ TAMBIÉN ♦ (105 mins., unrated) Alfonso Cuarón's marvelous coming-of-age road movie sees Mexico through the eyes of two teenage best friends (Diego Luna and Gael García Bernal), baying with unearned sexual bravado, and the alluring 28-year-old Spanish woman (Maribel Verdú) they convince to come away with them. **A** (#645, March 22)—LS

More reviews at www.ew.com
(AOL Keyword: EW)

BOX OFFICE

MARVEL-OUS!

KICKING OFF THE SUMMER with the biggest opening of all time, *Spider-Man* set a dizzying record, which looks likely to hold up for a while. *Star Wars: Episode II* opens next week, but George Lucas' famed fastidiousness limits the number of screens



'SPIDER-MAN'

that may carry his epic, so Yoda might stand a better chance against Spidey in the box office marathon than in the sprint. As for the previous record holder, *Harry Potter* is estimated to have opened on 700 more screens than Spidey, but its longer running time yielded fewer shows per day. If *Harry* slims down, though, wizard-starved kids may tear down Spidey's web.

TOP 20

		WEEKEND GROSS*	NO. OF SITES	WEEKEND PER-SITE AVERAGE	WEEKS IN RELEASE	GROSS TO DATE
1	SPIDER-MAN Columbia	\$114.8	3,615	\$31,769	1	\$114.8
2	THE SCORPION KING Universal	\$9.0	3,466	\$2,610	3	\$74.3
3	CHANGING LANES Paramount	\$5.3	2,642	\$2,021	4	\$52.1
4	MURDER BY NUMBERS Warner Bros.	\$3.6	2,565	\$1,413	3	\$23.9
5	LIFE OR SOMETHING LIKE IT 20th Century Fox	\$3.2	2,607	\$1,221	2	\$10.9
6	THE ROOKIE Disney	\$3.1	2,351	\$1,327	6	\$64.9
7	DEUCES WILD MGM	\$2.7	1,480	\$1,827	1	\$2.7
8	ICE AGE 20th Century Fox	\$2.4	2,137	\$1,109	8	\$169.0
9	JASON X New Line	\$2.3	1,879	\$1,226	2	\$10.3
10	PANIC ROOM Columbia	\$2.1	1,827	\$1,143	6	\$91.0
11	HOLLYWOOD ENDING DreamWorks	\$2.0	765	\$2,638	1	\$2.0
12	HIGH CRIMES 20th Century Fox	\$1.7	1,451	\$1,181	5	\$37.7
13	THE SWEETEST THING Columbia	\$1.0	1,125	\$894	4	\$23.3
14	Y TU MAMÁ TAMBIÉN IFC	\$0.8	274	\$2,772	8	\$8.4
15	CLOCKSTOPPERS Paramount	\$0.7	1,352	\$523	6	\$35.5
16	MY BIG FAT GREEK WEDDING IFC	\$0.7	147	\$4,533	3	\$2.6
17	FRAILTY Lions Gate	\$0.6	552	\$1,098	4	\$11.4
18	MONSOON WEDDING USA Films	\$0.6	254	\$2,337	11	\$9.0
19	BLADE II New Line	\$0.6	687	\$859	7	\$80.5
20	SPACE STATION IMAX	\$0.5	32	\$15,217	3	\$2.2

SOURCE: ACNIELSEN EDI, INC. WEEKEND OF MAY 3-5 *WEEKEND GROSS AND GROSS-TO-DATE FIGURES IN MILLIONS
†INCLUDES SOME MULTISCREEN THEATERS AND PRINTS SHIPPED AS WELL AS INDIVIDUAL SCREENS

TOP 10 GROSSING FILMS OF ALL TIME

		NO. OF SITES	OPENING WEEKEND	DOMESTIC GROSS
12/19/97	TITANIC Paramount	2,674	\$28.6	\$600.8
5/25/77	STAR WARS** 20th Century Fox	43	\$1.6	\$461.0
6/11/82	E.T. THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL** Universal	1,101	\$11.9	\$434.5
5/19/99	STAR WARS: EPISODE I—THE PHANTOM MENACE 20th Century Fox	2,970	\$64.8	\$431.1
6/11/93	JURASSIC PARK Universal	2,404	\$50.2	\$357.1
7/6/94	FORREST GUMP** Paramount	1,595	\$24.5	\$329.7
11/16/01	HARRY POTTER AND THE SORCERER'S STONE* Warner Bros.	3,672	\$90.3	\$317.3
6/15/94	THE LION KING** Disney	2,552	\$40.9	\$312.9
5/25/83	RETURN OF THE JEDI** 20th Century Fox	1,002	\$23.0	\$309.2
12/19/01	THE LORD OF THE RINGS: THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING* New Line	3,359	\$47.2	\$308.1

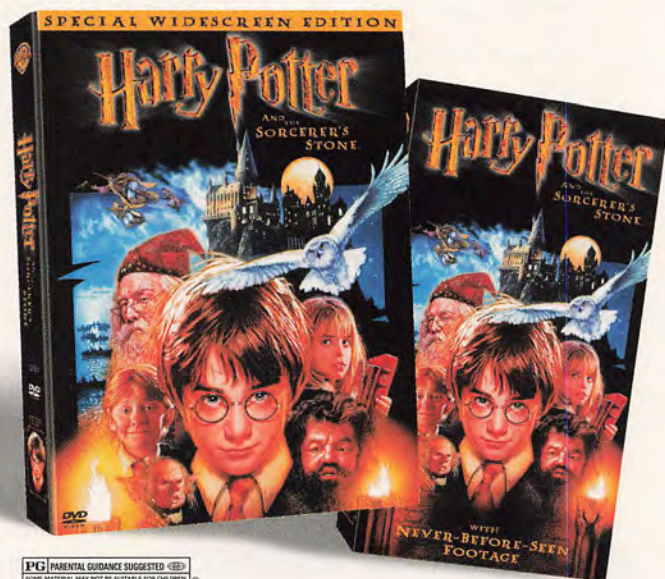
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VIDEO & DVD



OH, THE HORROR! Significant *Others* Kidman and Co.; *Hell*-raiser Depp

The Gory Details

Two dark, twisty tales—*The Others* and *From Hell*—keep viewers in suspense. by Ty Burr

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE between suspense and horror? One is sensing, the other is seeing; one is expectation, the other is follow-through; one leaves the bloody details to your imagination, the other shows that imagination can fall pitifully short. One is *The Others* and the other is *From Hell*. The former, directed by Spain's Alejandro Amenábar, hearkens back to elegant, dark-and-stormy Hollywood ghost stories like *The Uninvited*: Nicole Kidman, wound tighter than 20-weight fishing line, hides her two pale children from the light and from whatever is bumping around in the darkness of her ancient

mansion. The climactic twist isn't the point so much as the getting there: Slow (maybe too slow for viewers with TV-fed metabolisms and other modern conditions) and inexorable,

The Others plays out like a particularly unnerving campfire tale.

From Hell, by contrast, lays the body parts on the table: The Hughes brothers' interpretation of Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell's comic-book interpretation of the Jack the Ripper myth is pretty much *Seven* by way of

The Alienist. Alternating perverse Victorian curlicues like police inspector Johnny Depp's taste for opiates with graphic throat-slitting and disemboweling, *Hell* mixes freemasonry,

The Others

2001
DIMENSION
104 MINUTES
RATED PG-13
ALSO ON DVD

From Hell

2001
FOX
121 MINUTES
RATED R
ALSO ON DVD

NEW TO DVD

THE X-FILES: THE COMPLETE FIFTH SEASON

♦ (1997–98, Fox, 1,106 mins., unrated, 6 discs, \$149.98) In season 5, *The X-Files* was still at its creative peak (if only for another year or so) and full of surprises. And many of them added significant twists to the show's mind-bending mythology. This is the year that gave us the cure for Dana Scully's mystery cancer, the fleeting appearance of her genetically engineered "daughter," the origins of the Lone Gunmen, and the debut of Veronica Cartwright as a possible alien abductee whose relation to other major characters—including the increasingly fascinating Cigarette-Smoking Man (William Davis)—would make for some startling revelations in seasons to come.

Yet for all the intriguing new wrinkles in Chris Carter's series-long story arc, the revelation, on second viewing, is how many stand-alone episodes now look like classics. The most striking is "The Post-Modern Prometheus," that tongue-in-cheek, black-and-white update of the Frankenstein theme. But for thrills and chills, there aren't many that have topped "Detour," which finds Mulder (David Duchovny) and Scully (Gillian Anderson) being stalked by red-eyed, otherwise invisible predators in a Florida swamp.

Like any *X-Files* season, this one had its clunkers—most notably guest writer Stephen King's strangely uninspired tale of witchcraft, "Chinga." But most of this set's filler can be found on its extra disc of "bonus features." While devotees may enjoy hearing Carter discuss the technical difficulties of shooting "The Post-Modern Prometheus," or watching Gillian Anderson giggle through a montage of blooper outtakes, the disc is overloaded with network promos masquerading as "making of" minidocumentaries—none of which adds any insight about the series' many enigmas.

But then, *The X-Files*' unsolved mysteries have always been a large part of its continuing allure, and in season 5, those mysteries were still getting deeper and darker—even if the show's shadowy world would never again hold us so completely in its thrall. **A-** —Michael Sauter



'THE X-FILES'

the Elephant Man, and a really bad Heather Graham performance into a steam-punk freak show that vibrates with dread. If *The Others* proves that less is more, *From Hell* proves that sometimes *more* will do just fine. *The Others*: **B+** *From Hell*: **B**

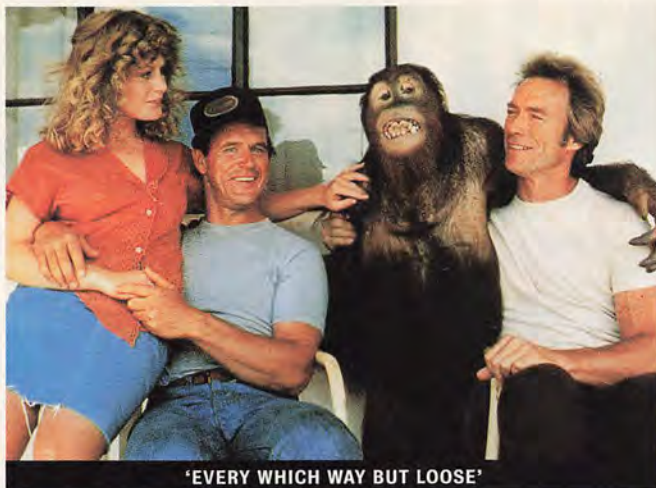
WHAT WE SAID THEN: "[*The Others*] has a busy, throttling intensity." (#609, Aug. 17, 2001) **B** —Owen Gleiberman "[*From Hell*] [is] an entrancingly literate and old-fashioned mystery." (#622, Oct. 26, 2001) **A** —OG

EASTWOOD & AN APE DVDS OF THE WEEK

IN LIKE CLINT

EVERY WHICH WAY BUT LOOSE & ANY WHICH WAY YOU CAN
 Clint Eastwood, Sondra Locke (1978/1980, Warner, 114/116 mins.,
 PG, new to DVD, \$19.98 each) Let's say you're jonesing for a
 good ol'-fashioned Clint Eastwood/orangutan film but only
 have time to watch one. It's a dilemma that could drive one
 bananas, but perhaps this tale of the tape will help.

- Number of times bare-knuckle brawler Clint beats some-one up Loose: 8 Can: 3 Advantage Can. Sure, the original has quantity, but the second has quality, including the final knock-down-drag-out affair.
- Number of times orangutan Clyde gives people the finger Loose: 2 Can: 1 Advantage: Loose.
- Best tender Eastwood moment Loose: "I'm not afraid of any man, but...sharing my feelings with a woman—my stomach just turns to Royal Gelatin." Can: "Handouts are what you get from the government. A hand up is what you get from friends." Advantage: Can.
- Disrespect for authority Loose: Clint slaps a cop with a fish. Can: Clyde defecates in a police car—twice! Advantage: Draw.
- Best theme song performer Loose: Eddie Rabbitt. Can:



'EVERY WHICH WAY BUT LOOSE'

Glen Campbell. Advantage Can. No way we pick against the Rhinestone Cowboy.

- Best Clint pickup line: Loose: "You sure sing pretty." Can: "Well, we have an extra room at the house." Advantage: Loose. These are both unbelievably bad, but inviting someone back to your mother's place is beyond weak.

There you have it: In a split decision, the underdog sequel takes it. Of course, the real winner is you, dear viewer. —Dalton Ross

COMEDY

SNOW DOGS ♦ Cuba Gooding Jr., James Coburn (2002, Walt Disney, 99 mins., PG, also on



'SNOW DOGS'

DVD) What's happened to Cuba Gooding Jr.? Everything that made his Academy Award-winning blowhard performance in *Jerry Maguire* such fun is horribly amplified here. As a Miami dentist who discovers he's adopted and has been willed an Alaskan pack of huskies, he belows and flails in one sustained emasculating spaz-out. Coburn, leashed with a surly-dog-musher role, plays his birth father. One can only hope that Gooding, who surely deserves better than movies in which animals wear sunglasses, was shown some serious money. **D** —Karen Valby

HORROR

STEPHEN KING'S ROSE RED
 Nancy Travis, Kimberly J. Brown (2002, Lions Gate, 254 mins., PG-13, also on DVD) Bring out the Scooby snacks. The sleuthing pooch is all that's missing from the hapless gaggle of psychics (led by Travis, as a morally questionable scientist, natch) gathered to wake the dead in

King's three-part *The Shining*—meets-*House on Haunted Hill* mishmash of cobwebby clichés. And you'll need them—it takes *one whole installment* for the gang (with Brown as an autistic girl with *Firestarter*-esque talents) to even arrive at the titular man-eating mansion's creaky gate. Eek! **C** —Alice King

DRAMA



'THE MAJESTIC'

THE MAJESTIC ♦ Jim Carrey, Martin Landau (2001, Warner, 152 mins., PG, also on DVD) Carrey takes another serio-comic turn as beleaguered B-list Hollywood screenwriter (and accused Communist) Peter Appleton. After a car accident, Appleton washes up memoryless in a picturesquely quaint California coastal town, and its residents deem him their long-lost war hero. Director Frank Darabont (*The Green Mile*) tries his darnedest to channel Frank Capra, but what starts out as an idyllic stroll through small-town sensibilities ultimately stretches into an overlong thematic mess. How unfortunate that for all the emotional grandeur this film tries to evoke, it ends up signifying nothing. **C+** —Allyssa Lee

LANTANA ♦ Anthony LaPaglia, Barbara Hershey (2001, Lions Gate, 120 mins., R, also on DVD) Like an Australian version of an Altman film, director Ray Lawrence's mesmerizing drama examines the overlapping lives of a cross section of middle-aged characters. On the surface, *Lantana* works as an exquisitely twisty mystery, à la *Gosford Park*, in which a philanthropic police detective (an Oscar-caliber performance from LaPaglia, for once not masking his Aussie accent) investigates the disappearance of his wife's shrink (Hershey). On a deeper level, the movie offers a gratifyingly sophisticated meditation on the vagaries of modern marriage. **A** —Bruce Fretts



'LANTANA'

Netflix

The four-year-old online DVD-rental-by-mail service has just reached the 600,000-subscriber mark. Doesn't sound like much, but video stores may want to pay attention: Never underestimate the Internet-obsessed American public.



ANIMATED

TRANSFORMERS: SEASON ONE

(1984-85, Rhino, 530 mins., unrated, 4 discs, also on VHS)

It's hard to imagine how anyone could bear to watch a nearly two-decades-old cartoon series that now seems to represent a low-water mark in TV animation. If, however, you count yourself among the seemingly untroubled few who retain warm memories of hackneyed morality tales involving talking cars that turn into talking robots, well, we say, welcome home. Toss in outtakes, animation tests, and a beautiful restoration (done with a level of care that is both gratifying and frightening), and you have a four-disc package

that even a Decepticon would have to give an A. —Wook Kim

ANGELINA BALLERINA: ROSE FAIRY PRINCESS and ANGELINA IN THE WINGS ♦ (2002, HIT, 48 mins. each, unrated, Princess also on DVD)

An animated delight based on the children's books by Katharine Holabird and Helen Craig. The title character is a mouse with an English accent who learns some tough lessons: how to play fair, mind a younger cousin, and soar through the air when given the chance. Judi Dench lends an impressive Russian accent to ballet teacher Miss Lilly, who good-naturedly warns the mice, "Sometimes you are the

princess, and sometimes you are the pea." And if you're thinking this is strictly fare for girls, one boy toddler raised on live-action construction videos gave this one-word review when the tapes were over: "Again!"

A —Eileen Clarke



'TRANSFORMERS'

COMIC BOOK

STAN LEE'S MUTANTS, MONSTERS & MARVELS ♦ (2002, Columbia TriStar, 95 mins., unrated, also on DVD)

Anyone who caught the Marvel bug back in the '60s already knows that Stan Lee wrote the most unpretentiously literate—and addictive—comic books around. So it's neat to see that, at a spry 79, Smilin' Stan is just as wisecrackingly cool a raconteur as you'd always hoped. Here

he raps with movie director Kevin Smith (*Dogma*, *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back*)—a comic-book writer himself—about creating Spider-Man, the Fantastic Four, the X-Men, the Hulk, and so many other immortal heroes. The bonus goodies—home movie footage, an interview with Lee's wife, Joan—are simply delightful. Like the man said: Make mine Marvel! A —Tom Sinclair

WINNING 'LINES'

EVERYBODY LOVES A THRILL, so it only makes sense that, for the fourth week in a row, a thriller has taken the top spot on the VHS rental and DVD sales charts. This week, *Behind Enemy Lines*, the military pulse-pounder with Gene Hackman as the grizzled vet and Owen Wilson as the shot-down hotshot flyboy, sits atop the heap at No. 1. Meanwhile, the dental nightmare *Novocaine*, starring Steve Martin, scores a spot at No. 16 on the rental chart. Easier than pulling teeth.



'BEHIND ENEMY LINES'

TOP 10 TAPE RENTALS

LAST WEEK			VIDEO GROSS TO DATE	BOX OFFICE GROSS TO DATE	WEEKS ON CHART	EW VIDEO GRADE
1	—	BEHIND ENEMY LINES Owen Wilson	\$6.8	\$58.9	1	C-
2	1	DOMESTIC DISTURBANCE John Travolta	\$10.3	\$45.2	2	B-
3	2	SPY GAME Robert Redford	\$14.3	\$62.4	3	B
4	3	BLACK KNIGHT Martin Lawrence	\$8.0	\$33.4	2	C-
5	5	TRAINING DAY Denzel Washington	\$33.6	\$76.3	6	B-
6	4	SERENDIPITY John Cusack	\$10.0	\$50.3	3	C-
7	6	BANDITS Bruce Willis	\$14.2	\$41.6	4	C+
8	7	THIRTEEN GHOSTS Tony Shalhoub	\$13.5	\$41.9	4	B-
9	9	K-PAX Kevin Spacey	\$15.1	\$50.3	5	C
10	8	RIDING IN CARS WITH BOYS Drew Barrymore	\$17.1	\$30.2	6	C+

TOP 10 DVD SALES

LAST WEEK			GROSS TO DATE*	WEEKS ON CHART	EW VIDEO GRADE
1	—	BEHIND ENEMY LINES Owen Wilson	\$58.9	1	C-
2	1	DOMESTIC DISTURBANCE John Travolta	\$45.2	2	B-
3	2	BLACK KNIGHT Martin Lawrence	\$33.4	2	C-
4	4	TRAINING DAY Denzel Washington	\$76.3	6	B-
5	3	SPY GAME (WIDE-SCREEN) Robert Redford	\$62.4	3	B
6	5	MULHOLLAND DRIVE Naomi Watts	\$7.2	3	A-
7	7	SERENDIPITY John Cusack	\$50.3	3	C-
8	10	SPY GAME (FULL-SCREEN) Robert Redford	\$62.4	3	B
9	9	BANDITS Bruce Willis	\$41.6	4	C+
10	8	THE USUAL SUSPECTS: SPECIAL... Kevin Spacey	\$23.3	4	A-

SOURCE: VIDEO BUSINESS/VIDTRAC FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 28, 2002. *BOX OFFICE GROSS-TO-DATE FIGURES IN MILLIONS. SOURCE: ACNIELSEN EDI, INC., AND EXHIBITOR RELATIONS CO., INC.

EW RECOMMENDS

THE MANY ADVENTURES OF WINNIE THE POOH Animated (Disney, G) Sweet like a pot of honey, the pals from childhood never cease to charm. **A**

OCEAN'S ELEVEN George Clooney (Warner, PG-13) Steven Soderbergh's flick flashes big heists and big Hollywood names. Vegas, baby, Vegas! **B+**

WAKING LIFE Ethan Hawke (Fox, R) Richard Linklater's film combines digital video with cool animation in his kaleidoscopic dreamscape. **A**

COMING UP

AUDITION (Ventura, R) Takashi Miike's sledgehammer-to-the-stomach drama offers a complex look at human frailty, fear, and the desire to be loved.

HOW HIGH (Universal, R) The dope-addled dynamic duo of Method Man and Redman take their cannabis crowd to Harvard.

L.I.E. (New Yorker, unrated) Director Michael Cuesta offers a disturbing look at a teenage boy's relationship with a pederast.

SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK (Paramount, R) Ed Burns spins a tale about sex, fidelity, and the dangerous liaisons between a clutch of amorous New Yorkers.

VANILLA SKY (Paramount, R) Cameron Crowe's erotic sci-fi features Tom Cruise, Cameron Diaz, and Penélope Cruz in a bizarre love triangle.



SISTER CHRISTIAN
Heaven daughter Biel
lightens her workload

ALL THE INK THESE days goes to *The Osbournes*, and, hell knows, Ozzy deserves it. But there is a precursor to *The Osbournes'* off-kilter, happily confusing mixture of familial love and conflict. I speak, of course, of **7th Heaven**, still (and I always include this factoid because...well, because I think it probably really irks those gals over on *Charmed*) The WB's most-watched series. This is the ongoing story of a Protestant

minister, his wife, his brood of oddly dissimilar-looking children, and, as they always bill the family dog, "Happy as 'Happy.'" Though marketed as staid all-ages fare, *Heaven* is, I would assert, actually The WB's most radical series stylistically, favoring a unique strategy of narrative slowness and stubborn irresolution. And I mean all that as a compliment.

In any given edition of *Heaven*, an extremely simple plotline is introduced: Teen daughter

Prayer Supply

Slow paced yet unpredictable, Godly drama *7th Heaven* is blessed with surprising appeal. **by Ken Tucker**

Lucy (Beverly Mitchell), for example, refuses to remove her ring long after the engagement has been broken off; or reverend daddy Eric (Stephen Collins) grows troubled that his eldest son, Matt (Barry Watson), may be sleeping with his fiancée. Then for most of the hour, the characters stew over their puzzlements, their suspicions, their resentments; they discuss them with other, uninvolved-in-the-subplot characters. But, crucially—comically—they invariably refrain

from directly asking the object of the plotline what in *Heaven's* name is going on. Take another example: For weeks on end earlier this season, the reverend's wife, Annie (Catherine Hicks), was atypically rude and cranky. She raged, for instance, that Eric wasn't helping enough around the house (he frequently looked heavenward for the strength to endure his matrimonial travails). Long after Annie's behavior ceased to be annoying/boring and ascended to the realm of funny/peculiar, Eric finally asked what was up. Duh: menopause. Hugs and kisses and hormone treatments all around. Well, just Annie got the hormones. Eric, exhausted yet elated that the mystery of his wife had been solved, was a candidate for ecstasy, either the

religious or the chemical kind.

This week, *Heaven* wraps up a two-part season ender that does an excellent job of summarizing the weird appeal of this bland-on-the-outside, wild-on-the-inside series. Matt is going to marry Sarah (Sarah Danielle Madison), a girl he recently met. (This, by the way, is also a *Heaven* trait fans know

well: All the Camden children fall intensely in and out of love with different people all the time. Mitchell's Lucy, who wants to be a min-

ister like dear old Dad, is a particularly avid serial lip locker.) Anyway, Sarah is Jewish—a big deal because her father is a rabbi intent on converting Matt, a move that the reverend finds unacceptable. Eric's excuse is that he objects to the quickness of Matt's conversion, but the intensity of his dislike for the rabbi (who's played by Richard Lewis, for God's sake—what's not to like?) and his wife (*SNL* alum Laraine Newman, looking very sheepish) is, like so much in this series, stunningly blunt. Eric even complains about his involvement in the temple marriage ceremony, saying "All I get to do is hold a little stinking candle." The rabbi isn't portrayed as any more seemly, either: "It's nothing against this kid Matt," he

7th Heaven

8 PM
MONDAYS
THE WB



PULPIT FRICTION Feuding parents Newman and Lewis (left) versus Hicks and Collins

better toward each other.

But by the next week 11-year-old Ruthie (MacKenzie Rosman) kicks live-in guest Robbie (charmer Adam LaVorgna) out of his room, saying it used to be hers and she wants it back, pronto. So much for Christian kindness. And the dads are so angry about the

pending interfaith marriage, they call it off without consulting Matt or Sarah. So much for ecumenical cooperation.

If you think I'm condemning *Heaven* for its inconsistency, you've got me wrong. It's this kind of absurdly contradictory behavior, combined with dia-

logue that sounds as if it's been briskly rewritten from *Leave It to Beaver* scripts, that makes *Heaven* my No. 1 family show. I'm just sorry that Jessica Biel—whose Mary, over the past year, has tried without success to become a firefighter and a police officer and is now a notably flibbertigibbet flight attendant—is cutting back her presence on the show next season. And it looks like Watson's destined-to-be-hitched character may fly the Camden coop as well. With less Matt and Mary, 7th *Heaven* loses a key element of its transcendent inanity. And of course, transcendence is a quality *Heaven* was created to achieve. **B+**

tells his wife. "He's just not, uh, Jewish." She responds by invoking the great Semitic sage Woody Allen: "The heart wants what the heart wants."

See what I mean about *Heaven*'s weird appeal? On May 6, an entire hour was devoted to extolling the virtues of a real-

life Marine, Staff Sgt. Dwight J. Morgan, who died in a helicopter crash in Afghanistan on Jan. 20. The episode—effectively, sincerely moving—concluded with Eric presiding over a memorial church service, asking everyone to honor the Marine's sacrifice by behaving

Zeljko Ivanek Is Not a Bad Guy, but He Always Plays One on TV

VILLAIN AND ABLE

YOU MIGHT START TO TAKE it personally if casting directors phoned you every time a script called for an icy, tight-lipped menace.

But Zeljko Ivanek (pronounced ZHEL-ko Ee-VAH-nek), 44, seems unfazed to be the go-to character actor when directors need a buttoned-down bad guy—like 24's Andre Drazen, the creepy Serbian puppet master behind Kiefer Sutherland's very bad day. "I just grew into that age or type or something," shrugs Ivanek. "I have a look that suits it." Says 24 writer Virgil Williams, "His delivery is very calculated. Guys who are quiet in the face of danger scare the hell out of me a lot more than the guy who freaks out."

The Yugoslavian-born Ivanek intended to act solely in theater after graduating from the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art in 1980, and was Tony-nominated in 1983 for playing Matthew Broderick's brother in the original *Brighton Beach Memoirs*. But in 1987



he was drafted into series television for a *St. Elsewhere* guest spot by producer Tom Fontana, an old friend from the Williamstown Theatre Festival. Fontana has put Ivanek in everything he's done since, including the role that painted on his mean

streak, *Oz*'s self-serving Governor Devlin. "When I was coming up with *Oz* [in 1997]," says Fontana, who was also a *Homicide: Life on the Street* exec producer, "I asked him what he wanted to do, and he said, 'I'm such a nice guy on *Homicide* [in the recurring role as State's Attorney Ed Danvers], I'd kind of like to play an a--hole.' Now he's only playing a--holes! The next thing I write I've got to make him a saint."

But for now, Ivanek sits in the sinner camp. That's not to say he can't overcome his malevolent-banker appearance—it's just not easy. He was recently recruited by his *Dancer in the Dark* director Lars von Trier to play a filthy trucker in *Dogville* after another actor fell out at the last minute. "We agreed in the first conversation that I was not obvious casting for this, and it was pretty much happening because he was under the gun," says Ivanek. "I had bad teeth and grease all over my face—and I looked in the mirror and underneath all of that, I still saw me." —Josh Wolk

On the Air

The latest news from the TV beat BY LYNETTE RICE

Six Friends and a Baby

Rachel (**Jennifer Aniston**) may be days from giving birth, but don't go looking for *Friends* to become a hipper version of *Full House*. Much like Ross' (**David Schwimmer**) son and Phoebe's (**Lisa Kudrow**) triplets, the baby Geller won't get much airtime when the cast returns for season 9. But this isn't a case of a kid-hating Grinch running the writers' room; says a network insider: "We're not going to pretend there's no baby." Rather, it's about catering to the show's young-adult fan base. Explains a *Friends* source, "The audience this show appeals to is more interested in learning

about the lives of the six single people in New York City, not the lives of young kids." Well, Marcel the monkey is probably available to babysit.

Growth 'Period'

Look who's become a rising star in prime time and didn't have to marry the boss to do it: **Tom Arnold**. Roseanne's (former) better half is helping to deliver stellar ratings on *Best Damn Sports Show Period*, the fastest-growing show on Fox Sports Net. An average 500,000 homes tune in nightly to the two-hour yakker that Arnold describes as "*Saturday Night Live* meets *Politically Incorrect* and *The*



BABY, BABY NOT The *Friends*' offspring will be keeping a low profile

View." If Arnold and cohorts Chris Rose, John Salley, John Kruk, and D'Marco Farr aren't kicking it with athletes like Baltimore's Ray Lewis and Chicago's Sammy Sosa, then they're chewing the fat with Hollywood sports fans like **Arnold Schwarzenegger** and **Penny Marshall**. "Actors wish they were great athletes, while athletes wish they were actors,

so it's fun," says Arnold. The best part for him? Hollywood is calling regularly: He's shot three movies since starting on the *Best Damn Sports Show Period*, including the action flick *Cradle 2 the Grave* opposite **Jet Li** and *Children on Their Birthdays* with Christopher McDonald, due in theaters this fall. Says Arnold, "It's the perfect job—a dream come true." Hmm, may-



do less have more

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be his ex should consider a gig on rival ESPN's *SportsCenter*.

AND SO ON... E!'s got Ozzy envy. In the wake of *The Osbournes*' success on MTV (at last count, it's averaging 6 million viewers and is about to be renewed for a second season), the cabler is quietly developing a family peep show of its own with former model/actress/merry widow **Anna Nicole Smith**. An



SMITH

E! spokeswoman wouldn't comment, but sources say the reality show could debut as early as this summer.... Live, from New York, it's *One*

Life to Live? You bet your soapsuds. Starting May 13, the ABC daytimer will perform an entire week of episodes live from its Manhattan-based studios—including a live feed from Central Park—to boost awareness for the soap, which ranks No. 2 among women. The last daytime drama to go live was *Search for Tomorrow* in 1983.

More reviews at www.ew.com
(AOL Keyword: EW)



WINNER OF THE WEEK

The WNBA

The distaff basketball league scored a slam dunk, lining up Oscar winner Holly Hunter to host its Lifetime documentary series *Player's Journal*.

LOSER OF THE WEEK

The WWF

The World Wrestling Federation threw in the towel in its trademark fight with the World Wildlife Fund, changing its name to World Wrestling Entertainment.

SOUND BITES

"Since when are you afraid of what other people think? You went right up to Kevin Spacey and told him he owed you nine bucks for *K-PAX*." Will (ERIC McCORMACK) to Grace (DEBRA MESSING) on *Will & Grace*

"People think just because it's predivided into little squares that it's meant to be shared. Suddenly, it belongs to the community." Doug (KEVIN JAMES), reluctantly divvying up a chocolate bar, on *The King of Queens*

"This week off the coast of California, a man's sailboat was damaged when a whale surfaced and tried to mate with the boat. Later a spokesperson for the Coast Guard said, 'It wasn't the whale's fault; the boat was behaving like a whore.'" CONAN O'BRIEN on *Late Night*

"That must be Pauline Kael rising from the dead." Lorelai (LAUREN GRAHAM), answering the doorbell after agreeing to screen *The Yearling* at her town's film festival, on *Gilmore Girls*

THE RATINGS

PEACOCK SURE

EVERYONE FROM DON Adams to ALF turned up on NBC's *75th Anniversary Special* (4th), which might explain why the self-aggrandizing party drew 20.5 million fans, making it NBC's best Sunday-night sweeps showing in three years. Its Tuesday-night *Bob Hope* (21st) and *Tonight Show* (23rd) tributes also delivered, despite *Bob* falling a hair short of

FAMILY OUTING The reunited cast of *Family Ties* fetes NBC

CBS' *JAG* (18th). A crossover with *ER*'s Sherry Stringfield vaulted *Third Watch* (10th) into the top 10. Only 9.1 million folks saw Jami Gertz in ABC's highly promoted *Gilda Radner: It's Always Something* (47th), though the biopic's first hour did beat recently axed *Ally McBeal* (60th). Fox's *Dark Angel* (80th) wrapped up season 2 before a lackluster 5.7 million sci-fi fanatics, and the season ender to The WB's *Maybe It's Me* (99th) disappointed, attracting only 3.1 million viewers.

TOP 30

	VIEWERS*		LAST WEEK
1	26.2	CSI CBS, Thursday, 9 p.m.	2
2	25.8	ER NBC, Thursday, 10 p.m.	1
3	24.0	FRIENDS NBC, Thursday, 8 p.m.	3
4	20.5	NBC 75TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL NBC, Sunday, 7:59 p.m.	—
5	20.1	FRIENDS (R) NBC, Thursday, 8:30 p.m.	7
6	19.6	SURVIVOR: MARQUESAS CBS, Thursday, 8 p.m.	4
7	19.3	LAW & ORDER NBC, Wednesday, 10 p.m.	5
8	17.5	EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND CBS, Monday, 8:59 p.m.	14
9	17.4	THE WEST WING NBC, Wednesday, 9 p.m.	11
10	17.2	THIRD WATCH NBC, Monday, 9 p.m.	24
11	17.1	MOVIE: LIVING WITH THE DEAD (PART 2) CBS, Tuesday, 9 p.m.	—
12	17.0	WILL & GRACE NBC, Thursday, 9 p.m.	11
13	16.7	LAW & ORDER: SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT NBC, Friday, 10 p.m.	15
14	16.3	CROSSING JORDAN NBC, Monday, 10 p.m.	37
15	15.8	FRASIER NBC, Tuesday, 9 p.m.	24
16	14.7	BECKER CBS, Monday, 9:30 p.m.	22
17	14.1	JUST SHOOT ME NBC, Thursday, 9:30 p.m.	19
18	13.6	FEAR FACTOR NBC, Monday, 8 p.m.	27
	13.6	JAG CBS, Tuesday, 8 p.m.	37
20	13.5	MOVIE: LITTLE JOHN CBS, Sunday, 9 p.m.	—
21	13.1	BOB HOPE'S FUNNIEST OUT-TAKES NBC, Tuesday, 8 p.m.	—
22	12.5	60 MINUTES CBS, Sunday, 7 p.m.	9
23	11.9	THE TONIGHT SHOW...10th ANNIVERSARY NBC, Tuesday, 10 p.m.	—
24	11.8	THE SIMPSONS Fox, Sunday, 8 p.m.	16
	11.8	48 HOURS CBS, Monday, 10 p.m.	—
26	11.7	YES, DEAR CBS, Monday, 8:29 p.m.	—
27	11.5	THE PRACTICE ABC, Sunday, 10 p.m.	—
	11.5	THE KING OF QUEENS CBS, Monday, 8 p.m.	—
29	11.3	DATeline NBC NBC, Friday, 9 p.m.	33
30	11.2	THE AGENCY CBS, Thursday, 10:02 p.m.	37

*IN MILLIONS WEEK OF APRIL 29-MAY 5, 2002
SOURCE: NIELSEN MEDIA RESEARCH



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What to Watch

A day-to-day guide to notable programs. Times are Eastern daylight and are subject to change. BY DALTON ROSS

TELEVISION

MONDAY

May 13

8-8:30PM

THE KING OF QUEENS (CBS, TV-PG-L) Doug makes like *Brewster's Millions* when he goes on a wild spending spree before Carrie returns home from work. Eddie Money somehow works his way into the mix.

'80s, you were either a Larry Bird or Magic Johnson fan. Me, I chose the latter, primarily because there was no way in hell I could root for a guy known as "the hick from French Lick." Anyway, my former hero guest-stars here.

wide blackout. The real concern is how we'll survive without all the tacky neon billboards and giant Times Square Cup O' Noodles sign.

10-11PM

TV GUIDE'S 50 BEST SHOWS OF ALL TIME (ABC, TV-PG) P. Diddy (among others) talks about his favorite television programs. I'm not kidding.

SEASON FINALE

9-9:30PM

THE PARKERS (UPN, TV-PG) Being a kid in the early

9-10PM

THIRD WATCH (NBC, TV-14) New York has a city-

10-11PM

THE MARY TYLER MOORE REUNION (CBS, TV-G) Ted Knight was a comic genius. He stole the show in *Caddyshack* ("How 'bout a Fresca?"), and later helped nurture a young up-and-coming star by the name of JM J. Bullock. But Knight will always be best remembered as flustered news anchor Ted Baxter on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. So although the number of reunion gatherings is getting truly obscene, we'll still give this one a shot just to see Moore (right) and Co. pay tribute to the late, great silver fox.



TUESDAY

May 14

8-9PM

NBC'S FUNNIEST OUT-TAKES (NBC, TV-PG) Honestly, we were planning to skip this until we saw it has *Quincy*, *M.E.* bloopers. I mean, how are you gonna turn down Jack Klugman?

8-9PM

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER (UPN, TV-14-DL) One of Buffy's buds ends up dead. You'll have to tune in to find out who. (Is that a tease or what?)

alien (*Smallville*) proved too strong, leaving fans with one last chance to go nuts with the Tabasco sauce.

9-10PM

24 (Fox, TV-14-V) There's another mole within CTU, and tonight—without the aid of Anderson Cooper—we find out the bastard's name.

SERIES FINALE

8-9PM

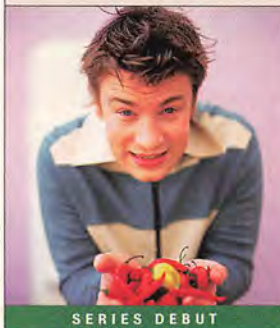
GILMORE GIRLS (The WB, TV-PG) Lorelai's graduating! So where's Rory?

9-10PM

ROSWELL (UPN, TV-PG) Ultimately, the other show with a hot teenage

10-10:30PM

OLIVER'S TWIST (Food Network, TV-G) Mangia mogul Jamie Oliver (left) may still be known as the Naked Chef, but he sheds his misleading moniker with a new show about "everyday people cooking and eating real food." It's certainly chockful of tips and recipes, but if you're like me, you may be too busy chuckling over his Britishisms ("Give it a right good bashing") and checking out his dimples to notice. B+ —*Monica Mehta*



The Guest List



Look Who's on The Couch This Week

(SUBJECT TO CHANGE)

EWAN MCGREGOR

DAVID LETTERMAN Monday Liza Minnelli, the latest evictee from *Survivor: Marquesas* Tuesday Allison Janney, musical guest Al Green Wednesday Alec Baldwin Thursday David Duchovny, musical guests X-ecutioners and Xzibit Friday Natalie Portman, comedian Brian Regan

JAY LENO Monday Noah Wyle, Earvin "Magic" Johnson, musical guest Diana Krall Tuesday Musical guests Dave Matthews Band Wednesday Reese Witherspoon, musical guest Ray Charles Thursday Ewan McGregor, musical guest Billy Bob Thornton Friday Dave Chappelle

CONAN O'BRIEN Monday Roseanne, Jamie Kennedy (R) Tuesday Robin Williams, Joshua Jackson Wednesday Sean "P. Diddy" Combs Thursday Will Ferrell, Jill Hennessy Friday Musical guests the Strokes

THE VIEW Monday Jerry Stiller, Charlotte Ross Tuesday Kiefer Sutherland, Damon Wayans Wednesday Lara Flynn Boyle Thursday Marg Helgenberger, John Walsh Friday Hugh Grant

ROSIE O'DONNELL Monday Bette Midler, Will Ferrell, Scott Wolf Tuesday Robin Williams, Reese Witherspoon Wednesday Sarah Michelle Gellar, Freddie Prinze Jr., Matthew Lillard, Linda Cardellini Thursday Melanie Griffith & Antonio Banderas, Celine Dion Friday Natalie Portman, Andy Dick

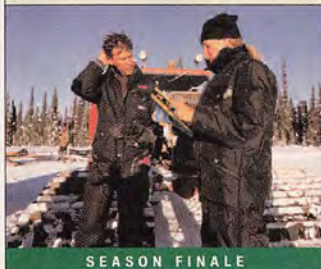
WhattoWatch

WEDNESDAY

May 15

8-9PM

MAGIC'S BIGGEST SECRETS FINALLY REVEALED: ESCAPE FROM THE ICE (Fox, TV-PG) Am I the only one who *doesn't* particularly care how these stunts are done? Just checking.



SEASON FINALE

SEASON FINALE

8-9PM

DAWSON'S CREEK (The WB, TV-PG-DL) It's one of those plots that has people racing to the airport at the last possible second to stop their loved ones from taking off. Pilots must hate that crap.

SEASON FINALE

9-10PM

THE BERNIE MAC SHOW (Fox, TV-PG-DL) As if this show's not funny enough already, it now has Don Cheadle guest-starring in the hour-long finale.

9-11PM

THE AMAZING RACE 2 (CBS) The program's most charismatic couple (Oswald and Danny) may have been eliminated, but it's hard to imagine that tonight's nail-biter of a season finale could be any more intense. The three remaining teams suffer events and places both hot and cold as they make their way across Hawaii and Alaska before finishing up back on the mainland. For Tara and Wil (above), the million-dollar prize would just about match the million or so times they tell each other to shut up in tonight's episode alone. But are the whiners winners? A

FRIDAY

May 17

8-10PM

M*A*S*H 30TH ANNIVERSARY REUNION SPECIAL (Fox, TV-14-DL) Alan Alda, Jamie Farr, and Loretta Swit get together to talk about how funny they used to be.

8-9PM

THE PRICE IS RIGHT PRIME-TIME SPECIAL (CBS, TV-G) Bob Barker tells Navy folk to "Come on down!" (well, technically, I suppose MC Rod Roddy does the honors) in tonight's military special.

9-10PM

INSTANT CLASSIC BLOOPERS (ABC, TV-PG) Really, "instant" and "classic"? Man, this must be hot!

9-11PM

THE 29TH ANNUAL DAYTIME EMMY AWARDS (CBS) Not only does my buddy Josh stand little chance of winning in Out-

standing Achievement in Music Direction and Composition for his work on *Clifford the Big Red Dog*, but they're not even putting his category on the air! At least he got mentioned here. (Pretty crappy consolation prize, I know.)

10-11:45PM

SWORDFISH (Cinemax, TV-R) Wait, how much did Halle Berry get to show her breasts again?

SEASON FINALE

10-11PM

LAW & ORDER: SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT (NBC, TV-14) It's nice to see that Eric Stoltz has gotten away from parts in which he makes out with teenage girls (*Once and Again*), and is now opting for roles in which he molests young boys instead.

10-11:30PM

THE PERFECT WEAPON (HBO, TV-R) Jeff Speakman fans unite!

THURSDAY

May 16

7-8PM

OUR HEROES, OURSELVES (Lifetime) Host Marlo Thomas profiles four women who have brought about great change within their communities. (Man, as if I don't feel insignificant enough already.)

SEASON FINALE

8-9PM

FRIENDS (NBC, TV-14) Yes, she has the baby.

SEASON FINALE

9-10PM

WILL & GRACE (NBC, TV-14) Speaking of babies, the notorious W&G can't seem to get going with theirs. In non-newborn news, Cher returns with career advice for Jack. (No doubt something about straddling a cannon naked in a music video while surrounded by scores of horny midshipmen.)

10:30-11PM

ON THE RECORD WITH BOB COSTAS (HBO, TV-PG) Round two with Vince McMahon.

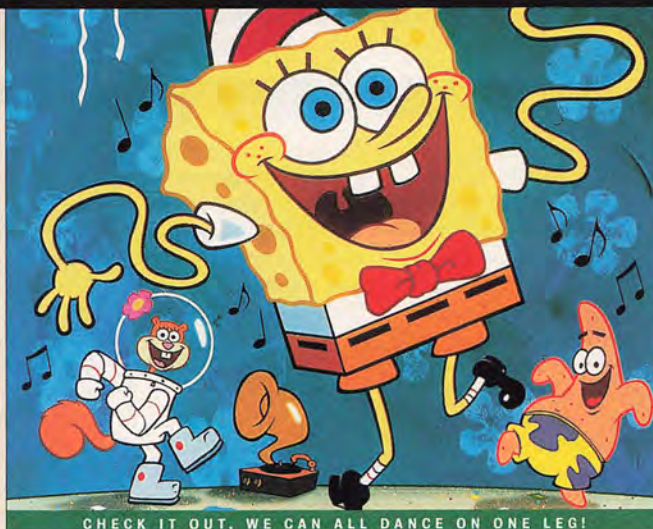


WAR AGAINST INTOLERANCE

10-11PM*

UNCOMMON COURAGE: PATRIOTISM AND CIVIL LIBERTIES (PBS, TV-PG) It's one of U.S. history's biggest—and least-known—ironies: Thousands of Japanese-American men served as intelligence gatherers and translators on the World War II front lines, even while their families were shamefully interned in government camps back home. Veterans' heartfelt remembrances and original combat footage comprise a no-frills documentary that earns a medal of valor for allowing illuminating words and images to speak for themselves. A —Joshua Rich

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS



CHECK IT OUT, WE CAN ALL DANCE ON ONE LEG!

9:30-10PM

SPONGEBOB'S HOUSE PARTY (Nickelodeon, TV-G) Don't get sucked in by the prospect of a new *SpongeBob SquarePants* episode: This special features only one short cartoon, "Party Pooper Pants," in which our porous hero throws a wild shindig in Bikini Bottom, complete with a piñata full of deviled eggs. The rest of the half hour is padded with sub-*Pee-wee's Playhouse* live-action skits featuring pirate Patchy (Tom Kenny, also the voice of SpongeBob). To quote Mr. SquarePants himself, "This is a bunch of barnacles!" B —Bruce Fretts



A-OK AS LBJ

8-10:45PM

PATH TO WAR (HBO, TV-14) The British actor Michael Gambon as Lyndon Johnson? The Singing Detective as the dreamer of the Great Society? The great Gambon (above, center) fully inhabits the tough-talking Texan, and director John Frankenheimer's portrait of LBJ during the start of the Vietnam War accrues the force of epic tragedy as it proceeds. The film is sympathetic to Johnson, who's portrayed as being dragged into the Southeast Asian quagmire by persuasive Defense Secretary Robert McNamara (Alec Baldwin, who does nothing to hide his contempt for the character he's playing and thus weakens his own performance). The rest of the cast, though, from Donald Sutherland's Clark Clifford to Felicity Huffman's Lady Bird, are superb. The film itself is a primer in politics gone horribly awry. **A-** —Ken Tucker

SERIES FINALE

SYNDICATED*

BEASTMASTER (TV-PG) A moment of silence, please.

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

9-11PM

MARY HIGGINS CLARK'S ALL AROUND THE TOWN (PAX, TV-PG) When an undergrad student kills her English professor, it can mean only one thing—no homework!

9-10PM

ULTIMATE MANILOW (CBS, TV-G) My father went and saw Barry live on his latest tour (from which this concert special was shot) and raved, "He's got it! He's still got it!" Which sounds great. I just can't figure out what it is.

SEASON FINALE

10-11PM

THE DISTRICT (CBS, TV-PG-LV) Man-nion tries to confront the escalating gang problem in our nation's capital. (Warriors, come out and plaaaaay.)

7-9PM

DINOSAUR (ABC, TV-PG-V) With voices by D.B. Sweeney, Joan Plowright, and Max Casella, it doesn't quite have the star power of *Shrek*, *Ice Age*, or *Monsters, Inc.*

SEASON FINALE

7:30-8PM

THE SIMPSONS (Fox, TV-PG-V) Adding insult to injury, not only is Homer sentenced to the electric chair, but his final moments will be under the watchful eye of the former Mrs. Dennis Rodman (Carmen Electra).

SERIES FINALE

8-10PM

THE X-FILES (Fox, TV-PG-LV) In a plot that sounds eerily similar to the *Star Trek: The Next Generation* series finale, Mulder is put on trial where he must defend the very existence of the X-Files. Granted, you don't have Q running around mucking everything up, but still.

8-9PM*

NATURE: THE POLAR BEARS OF CHURCHILL WITH EWAN MCGREGOR (PBS, TV-PG) Obi-Wan Kenobi tries to teach the Force to a bunch of unco-operative carnivores.

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

SEASON FINALE

8-9PM

DOC (PAX, TV-G) Does Clint love Nancy? Does Nancy love Clint? Wait, who are Clint and Nancy again?

8-9:45PM

UNIVERSAL SOLDIER: THE RETURN (TBS, TV-14-LV) And why exactly was Dolph Lundgren too busy to do this sequel? (Yes, I know his character was killed in the first one, but like *that* really matters.)

9-10PM

SIX FEET UNDER (HBO, TV-MA) Claire gets advice

from crazy Billy, while David and Keith continue to have problems.

9-11PM

THE COSBY SHOW: A LOOK BACK (NBC, TV-PG) Remember when Stevie Wonder showed Theo how to use a sampler? Here's hoping we get a little "j-j-j-jammin' on the one" this evening.

9-10PM

KIDS PARTIES FROM MARTHA'S KITCHEN (Food Network, TV-G) I may not be Dad of the Year, but I sure ain't taking parenting tips from Martha Stewart. Painting, yes. Parenting, no.

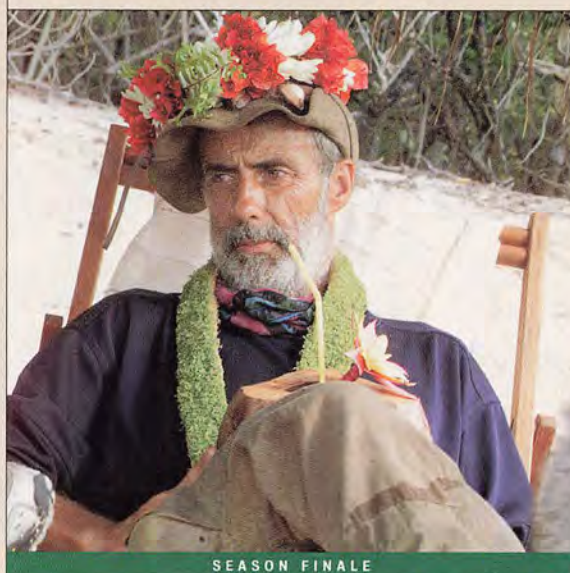
SEASON FINALE

10-11PM

THE PRACTICE (ABC) We don't know exactly what's going to happen, but we have a pretty good idea it will take place inside a courtroom.

10-11:35PM

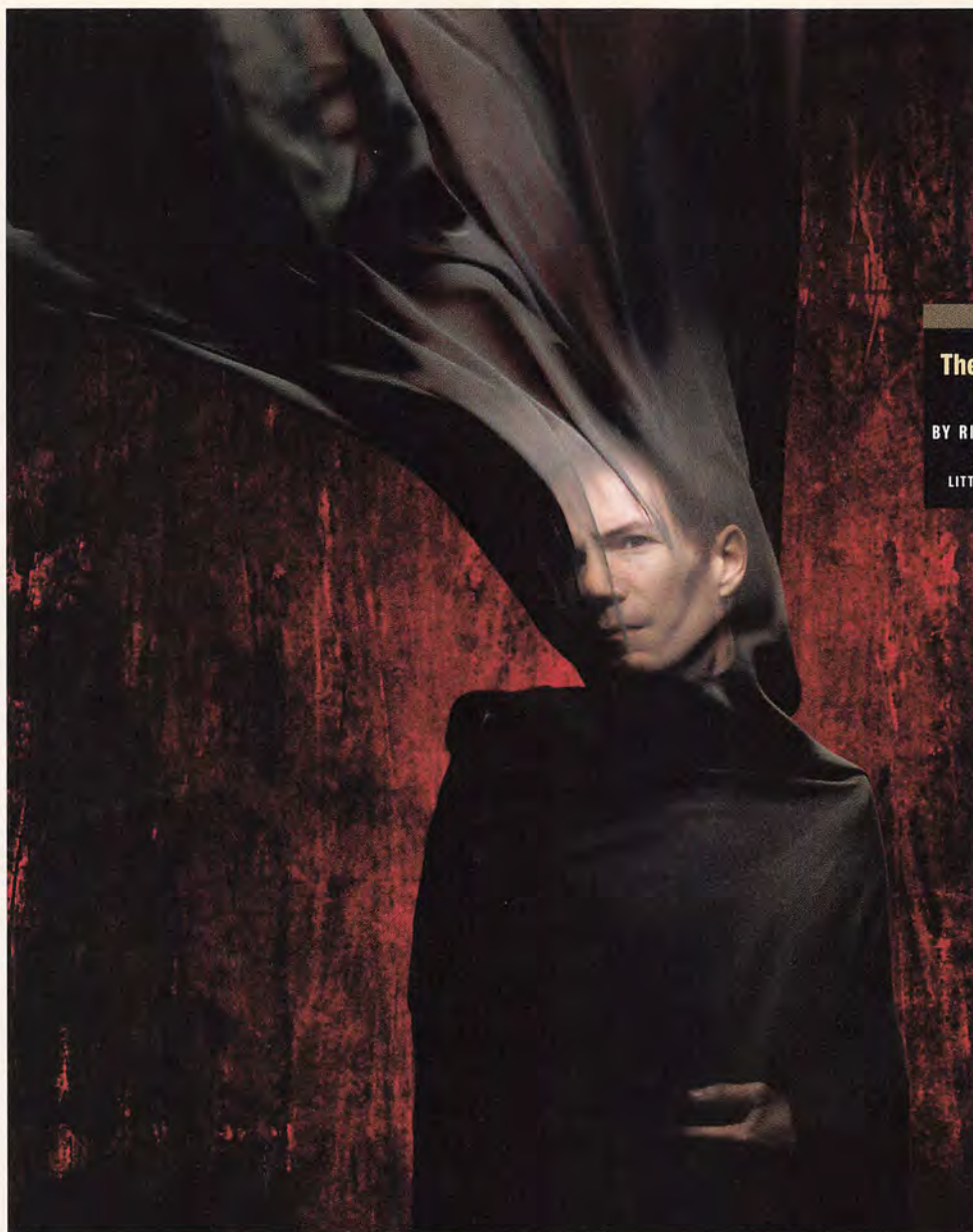
THE YOUNG AND THE DEAD (HBO, TV-PG) It's only the most exclusive spot in town, with a guest list that includes Rudolph Valentino, Douglas Fairbanks, and Cecil B. DeMille. Of course, you have to be dead to get in the Hollywood Memorial Park Cemetery, but isn't that a small price to pay to mingle with the stars?



SEASON FINALE

8-11PM

SURVIVOR: MARQUESAS (CBS) It was only a few months back that *Survivor* was soooooo passé, but oh, what a difference an interesting cast makes. Instead of weirdos talking to elephants and dissecting their own boils, we've gotten back to the good stuff: namely, bickering and backstabbing galore. Also unlike *Africa*, in which you could spot the winner a mile away, just about anyone (even Paschal, above) remaining could take home the cool million bucks when it's handed over live in Central Park. Afterward, Rosie O'Donnell does her best Bryant Gumbel impersonation, hosting *Survivor: Marquesas—The Reunion*, although we doubt she'll manage to hit on any of the contestants (is Colleen Haskell still "America's sweetheart," by the way?), or mispronounce the winner's name (Ethan Zore, ladies and gentlemen!). Then again, who knows—maybe she'll just get bored halfway through and let Caroline Rhea finish the whole thing up.



The Black Veil

BY RICK MOODY

\$24.95
LITTLE, BROWN

elation gets in **The Black Veil: A Memoir With Digressions**. In the preface, the author disclaims: "My book and my life are written in *fits*, more like epilepsy than like a narrative." In conclusion, he decides, "Maybe it's simply the case that *concealment is essential to identity*,

that...we need a part of us that will never be known, so that the more we reveal, the more we are enveloped in veils." Well, okay. Profound, even. But a perverse

foundation for an autobiography, and *The Black Veil* is a half-satisfying riff on remorse in which late-modern disaffection meets the ghost of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

In 1836, Hawthorne published "The Minister's Black Veil," a story about a preacher who, one Sunday, for ambiguous reasons, chooses to cover his face. A footnote explained that Hawthorne's inspiration was a "Mr. Joseph Moody," who accidentally killed a friend in childhood and later donned a veil in shame. Rick Moody, growing up bourgeois in Connecticut in the 1970s (sailboats and station wagons, divorce in Darien), hears a family tale that Joseph (a.k.a. Handkerchief) Moody was an ancestor. "I was going to *pursue* Handkerchief," the author writes, manic italics thrusting headlong as ever. "Much of my life had narrowed toward this particular theme."

His life? Postadolescent Moody was a melancholy person who dulled his dread with booze. And just as the passages on his loneliness articulate a heartache worthy of William Styron's *Darkness Visible*, the hangovers clang worse than anything in Kingsley Amis. On Christmas Day, 1986, after an eve of beer, wine, bourbon, and eggnog, a 25-year-old Moody wakes to a panicked sensation

Moody Blues

The novelist Rick Moody reveals his struggles with depression in *The Black Veil*, but much remains under wraps. by Troy Patterson

IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS new memoir, Rick Moody dishes about some folks he knew at a psychiatric hospital in Queens. He had been a drunk and a paranoid. He checked himself in. He describes the ward (a spot famil-

iar to readers of his 1992 novel *Garden State*), laying out the scene in high-style word-jazz (the prose familiar to readers of *The Ice Storm* and *Purple America*), and he mentions, in passing, that it took him a while to realize that a fellow

patient wore colored contacts: "One of my therapeutic goals, see, was to learn how to look people in the eye, which, evidently, I never had done at all."

That confession, which itself seems to flinch at the reader's gaze, is as direct as his self-rev-



NEW in Paperback

The Cold Six Thousand

James Ellroy (Vintage, \$15.95, first published in 2001) In his sequel to *American Tabloid*, Ellroy delves into the seedy side of 1960s America in the wake of JFK's assassination.

Milking the Moon

Eugene Walter, as told to Katherine Clark (Three Rivers, \$14, 2001) Meet "the best-known man you've never heard of" in this oral bio of an eccentric Southerner who hung with everyone from William Faulkner to Judy Garland.

Five-Finger Discount

Helene Stapinski (Random House, \$12.95, 2001) A New Jersey girl lovingly presents the checkered past of all the crooks and con artists who make up her close-knit family.

he previously achieved during a bad drug experience in high school: He is made out of plastic. Very bad, but nothing a few drinks can't fix. Three months later, he develops the conviction that he is "going to be raped," and this blooms into a prolonged and grotesque hallucination: "[T]he streets around me were full of riots of sexual assault...everywhere bawds and adulterers, pedophiles and bestialists...all institutions of civilized America were window dressing for the excursion of sexual power into the ghetto of the powerless...." And so on. He checked himself in.

Much of *The Black Veil* concerns the opaque life of sorrowful Handkerchief (no relation, it turns out) and the rich symbolism of the veil. Rick Moody is a writer who, after a halfhearted suicide attempt in college, found salvation in French literary theory, literally emerging from a quaaluded stupor into the semiotics department at Brown. Which is to say that his critical approach is playful, erudite, and halfway to hogwash. In one passage, he swerves from talk of 1990s school shootings back to his supposed ancestor and on to the beat writer William S. Burroughs. This discussion, though somewhat incoherent, throws up a few small, strong ideas about guilty hearts. Elsewhere, he is self-deflatingly comic. Feeling compelled to fashion an experimental veil for himself, he ventures to Wal-Mart: "I settled finally on something in the middle of the fabric spectrum, a racy silken synthetic that would have made an excellent miniskirt, had I been inclined in that direction, and that draped marvelously without clinging."

But self-analysis? The harrowing Christmas hangover remains an "unexplained panic event," and Moody's not telling how it feels to dry out or grow up. He does say that to make the cut for *The Black Veil*, stories from his life needed to be "interesting, relevant, and subjectible to style." (Italics, this time, mine.) As the saying goes, style is the man himself, and Rick Moody has taken it to heart. Here he is, ornate and oratorical language moving laterally, achieving resolutions only of rhythm, performing a dance of the veils that discloses very little. **B-**

Between the Lines

The inside scoop on the book world

>> LOVE CONNECTION Vendela Vida, the author of *Girls on the Verge*, a nonfiction account of female rites of passage, has submitted her first novel, *Raft of the Medusa*, to New York publishers, and it apparently doesn't hurt that she's Dave Eggers' girlfriend: "It's a legitimate novel," says one editor, who was also taken with the news that the literary couple has opened a writing lab for inner-city youth in San Francisco's Mission District. "She's a real writer—it's not a 'Look at who my boyfriend is' kind of thing," says Vida's agent, Mary Evans, who reports an "overwhelming, excited response" from editors in the few days the manuscript has been out. The novel is about a woman's "personal and emotional journey," says Evans, through different places and cultures.

>> WRITE TO BE FREE Freelance writer Vanessa Leggett spent 168 days in a Houston lockup for refusing to turn over her notes to a grand jury. Now she's sold a book about the murder case that got her into trouble and her experiences as a First Amendment poster girl. "The question was, Can she write?" says Steve Ross, editorial director of Crown Publishers, which acquired the tentatively titled *The Murder of the Bookie's Wife*. "That she can was definitively answered with the proposal."

>> THE OLD MAN AND THE NET While many major publishers are shelving their e-book programs, Simon & Schuster—which had the biggest digital publishing success of all time with Stephen King's *Riding the Bullet*—will be rolling out e-books (at \$9.99 a pop) of all 23 Ernest Hemingway titles in August through its imprint Scribner.

"From the minute we had the ability to publish e-books one of the main authors we wanted to do...was Hemingway," says Scribner publisher Susan Moldow, adding that a big factor in Papa's favor is that his work is assigned at so many colleges: "More students are getting materials delivered in customized electronic formats." —Matthew Flamm

A FAREWELL TO PAPER
Hemingway goes wireless



The Week

» Nonfiction

STARDUST MELODIES: A BIOGRAPHY OF TWELVE OF AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR SONGS ♦ Will

Friedwald (Pantheon, \$27.50) "The American Popular Song is like a car full of clowns at the circus: from the outside it looks small and unassuming, yet you can't believe how much is contained inside." This is how Friedwald explains the ingenious premise of his book. He takes a song that has been performed by everyone from Frank Sinatra to Chaka Khan and recounts its "life" story, from the number's initial inspiration to its later mutations (the "Bonus Tracks" sections include the best versions and a few you might not ever want to hear). Friedwald's writing, both erudite and funny, complements the standards he so clearly loves, like a melody set to the perfect lyric. **A** —Lisa Levy

LET US EAT CAKE ♦ Sharon
Boorstin (ReganBooks/Harper-

Collins, \$24.95) In the mold of Ruth Reichl's *Tender at the Bone* comes Boorstin's own autobio/cookbook hybrid, the dense, layered *Cake*. The author—a food writer and sometime critic—serves up the sweet and the sour on her Miracle Whip-happy mom, her seafood purveyor pop, and her equally food-obsessed friends. She takes us on culinary adventures (sheep brains in Spain!) and recounts memorable meals like a Thanksgiving turkey taste-athon and a seder at Spago (starring Wolfgang Puck's matzo). Plus, Boorstin shares recipes for everything from chicken to chopped liver to "The Husband-Catcher Cake." That one better live up to its name. **A-** —Melissa Rose Bernardo

» Fiction

INTERESTING WOMEN: STORIES

Andrea Lee (Random House, \$22.95) At first Lee's collection seems like it was meant for the rich and worldly. An expatriate buys her Italian husband a night with two



STARDUST DUO Sinatra and Chaka Khan have both sung "My Funny Valentine"

glamorous prostitutes for his birthday; a young ad exec in Milan surrounds herself with model friends and wealthy dinner companions. Regular folks, read on. While Lee, a regular in O. Henry anthologies, strings her stuff together with women who don't hurt for cash or looks, these stories are really about feeling foreign—in one's own skin, with one's own gender, in a native or borrowed country. In "Brothers and Sisters Around the World," one of the collection's sharpest reads, an

American black woman slaps the face of an island girl for sniffing around her man. But "the man—my European husband—was just an excuse, a playing field for our curiosity." **A-** —Karen Valby

MR. POTTER ♦ Jamaica Kincaid (FSG, \$20) Kincaid toys with simple blocks of language like she's Gertrude Stein, using the repetition of image-bits to build a lulling rhythm. The first sentence uses one phrase—"the sun was in its usual

For Robert Caro, Less Is More (Yes, We Know He Just Wrote an 1,100-Page Book). A Visit to His Austere Office.

'MASTER' OF HIS DOMAIN

THE PRIZEWINNING, BEST-selling biographer Robert A. Caro works in a monastic room 22 floors above midtown Manhattan, yet even its spartan trappings are a bit lavish for him. "I wish it was smaller," Caro says. "My office on Long Island, which I really like, is 8 by 12. It's a shed out behind my house." He showed us around the place just before *Master of the Senate* (Knopf, \$35), the 1,100-page third volume of his Lyndon Johnson bio, hit stores. —TP

THE FILE CABINETS bulge with transcripts of interviews conducted by the writer and his only researcher—his wife. He explains, "You simply start at one end of the file cabinets and go through them, numbering when you come to a quote you want to

use. You go to some files and they have no numbers in them, which means I basically wasted months of my life." **THE DESKS** bear the tools of composition—stacks of white legal paper and a Smith Corona typewriter. "My friends tell me most pub-



lishing contracts contain a clause saying that you have to hand it in on a disc. No one's ever mentioned that to me." **THE CORKBOARD** is still tacked over with an outline of the last chapter he revised—as well as a yellowed page of notes for his first chapter and a photo of the Senate chamber. **THE DESK LAMP**, because it features a small sculpture of a charging chariot, might count as the only thing here that's not purely functional, but even it has its uses. When Caro was reworking a chapter on Johnson's determination to pass the 1957 Civil Rights Act, he taped a note to it: "Is there desperation on this page?"... I wanted the rhythms of the sentences to reflect desperation." **DRESS CODE** He commutes in coat and tie. "I... try to remind myself that I'm working."



HITWOMAN OF THE WEEK

Jamie-Lynn Sigler

The 21-year-old *Sopranos* starlet dishes her life on- and offscreen in her upcoming memoir, *Wise Girl*.

place, up above and in the middle of the sky"—four times. This is the language of the title character's daughter, an Antiguan woman who imagines the impoverished childhood and inner life of the father she hardly knows. Sometimes her lilting language gains intensity and reaches lush poetry, and sometimes it is a numbingly circular bore: "See the small boy asleep in a slumber so deep, seamlessly still, his body seems stilled, but not in death, not in the life of death, his body is stilled yet moving with stillness...." **B**—TP

THE COMPANY: A NOVEL OF THE CIA ♦ Robert Littell

(*Overlook*, \$28.95) It's hard not to admire this spy novel, which sprawls across nearly 900 pages and follows a group of CIA agents from recruitment in 1950 to post-Cold War obsolescence in 1995. There are crosses, double crosses, and cameos from such historical figures as JFK and Ronald Reagan. But the epic scope ultimately works against Littell's lofty ambitions. An implausibly limited cast of spooks is saddled with cardboard characterizations tailor-made for Fox News agitprop (a KGB head doesn't just work for the Evil Empire, he also fancies prepubescent girls). And individual novella-length episodes can be both stirring and rushed, jumping from the 1956 Hungarian revolt to the Bay of Pigs to the supposed assassination of Pope John Paul I like a *Now That's What I Call a Conspiracy Theory* compilation. **B-**—Thom Geier

A THOUSAND COUNTRY ROADS

Robert James Waller (*John M. Hardy*, \$19.95) A pile of pompous goop. At least Waller's *Bridges of Madison County* had a real love story going for its unabashedly drippy self. Fans of Francesca Johnson and Robert Kincaid should well remember that *Bridges'* ending revealed that the lovers never reunited after their tryst. Since never the two shall meet, the bulk of the novel is devoted to his long-lost son, Carlisle, spawn of (that dog!) another affair from his past. "As for Carlisle McMillan, his own story concerning what is known as the Yerkes County War and a woman who changed him from a boy to a man is worth the telling." Is it though? **D**—KV

THE IDEA OF PERFECTION ♦ Kate Grenville

(*Viking*, \$24.95) Winner of 2001's Orange Prize for Fiction, Australian novelist Grenville sets her latest effort in the sleepy town of Karakarook (pop. 1,374). Geeky engineer Douglas Cheeseman is sent from Sydney to dismantle a defunct bridge. Along the dusty fly-ridden streets he encounters fellow city-slicker Harley Savage, a plain hulk of a woman who has come to establish a museum. The unlikely courtship between the two outcasts is about as socially painful as a junior high dance, but the author's gentle treatment of their relationship never sinks to the level of condescension. At times as languid as the settlement itself, ultimately *Perfection* is a sweet read. **B**—Allyssa Lee

THE SHELTERS OF STONE ♦ Jean M. Auel

(*Crown*, \$28.95) Auel has proved her storytelling prowess in her prior books about Ayla, queen of the prehistoric people, member of *The Clan of the Cave Bear*, and friend to all animals and people. Which may be enough to sustain a reader through the first half of her 749-page novel—even if it means slogging through genealogical introductions for every character and endless discourses on spear throwing and healing herbs. Not to give away the second half, but—nothing much happens. Ayla's still gorgeous, her animals are still groovy, and she still tries to get along with everyone—including Jondalar, her mate (and mate they do—there are excruciating references to his "manhood," which is almost always in a state of "rearing"). For a good adventure, go back to the original. **C**—Rebecca Ascher-Walsh

BEST-SELLERS

SEND IN THE 'CLONES'

THE FORCE IS WITH YOU.

And how. Based on George Lucas' story, *Star Wars: Episode II* (800,000 copies in print) rockets to No. 1 this week. Another episode 2 that fares well is Robert James Waller's epilogue to his best-selling weeper *The Bridges of Madison County*. *A Thousand Country Roads* debuts at No.



4. In the nonfiction galaxy, eminent historian Robert Caro presents the third episode of Lyndon Johnson's life; *Master of the Senate* bangs its gavel at No. 7.

FICTION

		WEEKS ON LIST
1	STAR WARS: EPISODE II—ATTACK OF THE CLONES R.A. Salvatore, Del Rey/LucasBooks, \$26	1
2	DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL Mary Higgins Clark, Simon & Schuster, \$26	2
3	THE NANNY DIARIES Emma McLaughlin and Nicola Kraus, St. Martin's, \$24.95	8
4	A THOUSAND COUNTRY ROADS Robert James Waller, John M. Hardy, \$19.95	1
5	CITY OF BONES Michael Connelly, Little, Brown, \$25.95	2
6	EVERYTHING'S EVENTUAL: 14 DARK TALES Stephen King, Scribner, \$28	6
7	ATONEMENT Ian McEwan, Doubleday, \$26	7
8	THE SUMMONS John Grisham, Doubleday, \$27.95	12
9	SEA GLASS Anita Shreve, Little, Brown, \$25.95	3
10	HOPE THROUGH HEARTSONGS Mattie J.T. Stepanek, Hyperion, \$14.95	2

NONFICTION

1	THE HEALTHY KITCHEN: RECIPES FOR A BETTER BODY, LIFE, AND SPIRIT Andrew Weil, M.D., and Rosie Daley, Knopf, \$24.95	4
2	THE WISDOM OF MENOPAUSE Christiane Northrup, M.D., Bantam, \$27.95	20
3	LUCKY MAN: A MEMOIR Michael J. Fox, Hyperion, \$22.95	4
4	FIND ME Rosie O'Donnell, Warner, \$23.95	2
5	SELF MATTERS: CREATING YOUR LIFE FROM THE INSIDE OUT Phillip C. McGraw, Simon & Schuster, \$25	22
6	STUPID WHITE MEN...AND OTHER SORRY EXCUSES FOR THE STATE OF THE NATION! Michael Moore, ReganBooks, \$24.95	10
7	MASTER OF THE SENATE: THE YEARS OF LYNDON JOHNSON Robert A. Caro, Knopf, \$35	1
8	WHO MOVED MY CHEESE? Spencer Johnson, Putnam, \$19.95	121
9	A MIND AT A TIME Mel Levine, M.D., Simon & Schuster, \$26	5
10	BODY FOR LIFE Bill Phillips and Michael D'Orso, HarperCollins, \$26	139

SOURCE: PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

BIG-SCREEN BOUND

BIG FISH: A NOVEL OF MYTHIC PROPORTIONS Daniel Wallace (*Penguin*, \$10.95) Tim Burton (*Edward Scissorhands*) has signed on to direct Wallace's story of a son who fills in the gaps of his dying father's elusive life.

LAST OF THE AMAZONS Steven Pressfield (*Doubleday*, \$24.95) Twentieth Century Fox and James Cameron's (*Titanic*) Lightstorm Entertainment optioned Pressfield's novel about powerful female warriors in ancient Greece.

THEY CAGE THE ANIMALS AT NIGHT Jennings Michael Burch (*New American Library*, \$5.99) Michael Jackson reportedly takes on the film version of the orphan tale.

**BIALYSTOCK
AND TRADE**
(1) Broderick and
Lane have made
way for (2) Oscar
and Weber



The Reproducers

Their names aren't Lane or Broderick, but an understudy and a *Wings* alum are doing a *heil* of an imitation. by Josh Wolk

AFTER THE PRODUCERS' ensemble finishes belting "Opening Night," the show's introductory number, a familiar stocky figure strides onto the stage, an open newspaper blocking his face. As the audience holds its breath with grand-entrance giddiness, the spotlighted thesp yanks down the paper to reveal—*Hey!* Who the hell is *that* guy?

It's a star's entrance, but an audience expecting Tony winner Nathan Lane now gets an Oscar—Brad Oscar, who, with ex-*Wings* star Steven Weber, has just replaced Lane and Matthew Broderick in Broadway's box-office-booming phenomenon of 2001. For all the brilliance, joy, and raucous humor the show delivers no matter who's barking crude Bialystock-

isms—like "Who do you have to f--- to get a break in this town?"—Lane so indelibly embodied the character that to see anyone else play it, even to the Max, feels like a bit...less.

Oscar (Tony-nominated in the role of the show's Nazi playwright Franz Liebkind) often subbed for Lane in the last year, and has certainly been influ-

enced by his predecessor. With the same portly build and elastic face, he not only appropriates the actor's near-operatic bellowing of punchlines but resembles him. Henry Goodman, the great British actor first cast to replace Lane, was sacked, his interpretation said to be too subtle for a role that demands stage-rattling chutzpah. Oscar makes no such mistake; he *gives* Lane's performance, which only underlines what you're missing.

And then there's Leo Bloom: Weber, with his shrewd comic rhythms, acquits himself well. But where Broderick gave the timid accountant an Übernerd (and sometimes tiresome) nasality, Weber is under-mannered. His Bloom is often just too bold, with only perpetually widened eyes simulating naïveté.

To be fair, with a show as gloriously entertaining as this—Mel Brooks and Thomas Meehan's bawdy script is still riotously funny; Susan Stroman's direction and choreography, with beboppin' biddies and high-kicking goose-steppers, still as hilarious as it is inventive—such quibbling is like sniffing at the Hope diamond because it's not the Kohinoor. Audiences who never saw Lane and Broderick work their magic will miss nothing, and will enjoy the supporting cast more than they would have a year ago. Gary Beach and Roger Bart—as Roger DeBris, the flamboyant star of "Springtime for Hitler," and his mincing manservant Carmen

Ghia—have grown even more staggeringly and devilishly outrageous. Bart stretches Carmen's sssibilance to outlandish lengths, and Beach camps up his *Hitler with an H!* posturing to beat the armband.

Compared with its previous superhuman incarnation, this *Producers* gets an **A-**. Graded on a human scale, it's still an **A**.

**The
Producers**
ST. JAMES
THEATRE



O'DONNELL IN 'THE MAN...'

» On Broadway

THE ELEPHANT MAN ♦ Strange that an actor as—let's face it—handsome as Billy Crudup is playing the grossly deformed title character. Yet there could not be better casting for this retelling of Bernard Pomerance's preachy 1977 play. Eschewing makeup and prosthetics (the author's orders), Crudup relies only on his physical skills to suggest

John Merrick's malformations, adopting a withered walk, slurred speech, and bodily contortions. His quiet performance speaks even when the work turns convoluted—beware muddled medical terms—or clichéd: "Sometimes I think my head is so big because it is so full of dreams," Merrick muses. As the actress who helps one dream come true, Kate Burton brings welcome energy (and estrogen) to an accomplished, if reserved, production. (TC) **B**—*Melissa Rose Bernardo*

INTO THE WOODS ♦ Ninety minutes along in this gorgeous revival of Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's riff on familiar fairy tales comes a transforming moment: intermission. Despite some lovely singing of Sondheim's beautiful songs, the first act limps through the deliberate underscoring of every plot point, the elaborate set-up of nearly every joke. But in the usually troublesome second act, when the fairy tales curdle into unhappy endings and the characters confront chilly reality, genuine emotion seizes the stage. Top-billed

Vanessa Williams is credible as the Witch, but the real stars are Laura Benanti (as Cinderella), Gregg Edelman (as her philandering prince), and sound designer Dan Moses Schreier, who makes you feel the presence—and the malevolence—of the invisible giant who brings death and sorrow into the woods. (TC) **B**—*Daniel Okrent*

THE MAN WHO HAD ALL THE LUCK

This new production of Arthur Miller's first play—unseen on Broadway since a shockingly short four-day run in 1944—is a near total triumph. Not only does it augur the passion and moral weight of Miller's classic *Death of a Salesman*, it's propelled by the high-gear urgency of youth. Set in the sun-drenched Midwest of the 1930s, the plot concerns a young mechanic (a heart-breakingly earnest Chris O'Donnell) who's blessed with seamless good fortune—booming business, beloved wife, beautiful house—while those around him flounder: Miller's inspiration is to have his hero grow increasingly, dangerously paranoid during the play's three

acts, as he waits for fate to drop the other shoe. While Act 3 sacrifices clarity to callow histrionics, the play never ceases to matter. It delves deeply into the notion of American promise—and no one understands the crushing weight of that promise like Miller. (212-719-1300) **A**—*Laurence Frascella*

MORNING'S AT SEVEN ♦ In a season packed with plays from Coward, Miller, and Albee, a revival from the rarely produced Paul Osborn could go unnoticed. But this sweet, *Our Town*-esque dramedy deserves any share of the spotlight it can snag—thanks mostly to its warm, wonderful ensemble

How to Get TICKETS

Unless otherwise noted, tickets can be ordered (with surcharges) from Tele-Charge (TC), 800-432-7250 (or 212-239-6200 in the New York area); or from Ticketmaster (TM), 800-755-4000 (or 212-307-4100).

Thought You Were Born Too Late to See Lee J. Cobb Play Willy Loman? Think Again.

STRAIGHT PLAYS TO VIDEO

BROADWAY IS EVANESCENT: The legendary performances and productions of the past loom larger for being written only in memory. Wouldn't it be amazing to see Jason Robards in his 1960 career-peak role of Hickey in O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh*? What theater lover wouldn't sell off a child or two to experience Lee J. Cobb as *Death of a Salesman*'s original Willy Loman?

Easy now. Those two vintage productions and more than 85 others are on video, with more on the way.

The Manhattan-based Broadway Theater Archive (www.broadwayarchive.com), founded in 1996 by former TV journalist Basil Hero with financial backing by ex-HBO capo Michael Fuchs, has dedicated itself to the collection, restoration, and rights clearance of more than 300 plays taped for television from the late



HORSE MAJEURE Charlotte Rae and Hoffman do Turgenev

1950s through the 1980s. Primary sources are PBS and the networks; it's hard to believe, but CBS televised the Cobb *Salesman* in 1966—and saw it play second banana to *Bonanza* in the ratings. Eventually, the nets left the field to public stations like New York's WNET and L.A.'s KCET.

Hero has arranged with video spe-

cialty label Kultur (www.kultur.com) to distribute 50 of the digitally restored plays on VHS and DVD (14 titles remain available through a previous deal with Image Entertainment; another 35 are available solely through the archive's site). In the first batch of disc releases, you can see Cobb in *Salesman*, a devilishly nerdy pre-*Graduate* Dustin Hoffman in the Turgenev adaptation *The Journey of the Fifth Horse*, Walter Matthau waxing serious in Clifford Odets' *Awake and Sing!* and Ingrid Bergman in the trippy Jean Cocteau monologue *The Human Voice*. "There's a lot of fascinating stuff," says Hero about goods still in the pipeline. "We have a version of *Diary of Anne Frank* with Max von Sydow." Sounds great—but, personally, we're jonesing for that 1958 production of *Little Women* starring Florence Henderson and Joel Grey. Call it *The March Bunch*. —Ty Burr



'RICKY JAY: ON THE STEM'

cast. Four senior-citizen sisters in an anonymous Midwestern town clucking about men, women, and children sounds about as exciting as Metamucil. But in the hands of Elizabeth Franz, Piper Laurie, Estelle Parsons, and Frances Sternhagen, it's an evening to remember. Then there's John Lee Beatty's set: two mirror-image Victorian houses—detailed down to the expert wood-working and perfect painting—nestled among ivy-covered trellises and towering trees. It almost eclipses the cast. (TC) **A-**—MRB

PRIVATE LIVES ♦ Cursedly self-aware and desperately clever, playwright Noël Coward's characters are a feat to pull off (just ask the cast of last season's limp revival of *Design for Living*). Alan Rickman and Lindsay Duncan make it look terribly easy as Elyot and Amanda, posh ex-spouses whose hearts are "jagged with sophistication." As fate would have it, they turn up in adjoining honeymoon suites, hitched to comfy, conformist new partners. Sparks fly again—those same flashes that made their first match so electrifyingly miserable. The wickedly funny bickering and bantering never bores, thanks to Coward's curlicue dialogue and the grand cast that gets to unfurl it. Agile as cats, Rickman and Duncan create characters both vicious and adoring. You know they can't stay together, but you'd like to be there for their last jangling row. (TM) **A**—Gillian Flynn

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE

At its best, this wildly uneven version of the 1967 Julie Andrews movie dud is surprisingly snappy, dopey fun. Basically, it's a sex-in-the-city story set during the Jazz Age: flappers looking for love. Director Michael Mayer concocts some clever staging (tapping typewriter desks, et al), although he has

a tendency to rush a scene. Worse, the writers retain the film's dreadful "white slavery" subplot while failing to update their take on the newly "liberated" '20s female. But this is zero-substance theater: And when all else fails, the production musters the sincere effervescence of an old MGM musical, thanks largely to its buoyant cast—especially Marc Kudisch (as Millie's corporate clod of a boss) and newcomer Sutton Foster. She plays the title character with an ear-to-ear, star-is-born smile that's entirely earned. (TM) **B**—LF

TOPDOG/UNDERDOG ♦ Although this compelling drama—about two brothers who share a tawdry room and a painful past—won a Pulitzer Prize for playwright Suzan-Lori Parks, it's the performances that make it an unforgettable night on Broadway. As the younger sibling (and wannabe three-card-monte hustler), rapper Mos Def is natural, funny, free-flowing. But unlike Don Cheadle, who played this role Off Broadway, he doesn't steal our focus from Jeffrey Wright—which is where it belongs. With staggering command, Wright (*Angels in America*, *Basquiat*) plays a man striving for dignity despite his humiliating—and surreal—arcade job portraying Abe Lincoln in whiteface. Using a dense deployment of stylized gestures, the actor creates an incredibly complex character—and manages to suggest a compressed history of black repression, from minstrel days to the present. While the play's bleak finale feels abrupt, Wright never falters. He's generating a wave of pure genius. (TC) **A-**—LF

» Off Broadway

RICKY JAY: ON THE STEM ♦ The erudite conjurer, a demi-genius with a deck of cards and just the sort of sleight-of-hand bebopper a

guy like word-shuffling David Mamet would want as a pal, says "the stem" refers to gloriously seedy, bunkum-pumped, old-time Broadway. Or maybe the title's a hustle too: As he did with *Ricky Jay and His 52 Assistants* four years ago, Mamet directs this snappy one-man sideshow, wherein the fast-pattering Jay (a frequent star in Mamet movies) offers a razzle-dazzle of tricks, feints, and effects, interlarded with affectionate tributes to scoundrels and con artists from a more agreeable carnival era in old New York. The card acts are superb, of course. But Jay revels in the tinfoil heart of his act when he spiels in the aisles, selling boxes of candy that just might also contain money and valuables. And real gulls fork over real money that Jay really pockets—an affable hustler true to his ancient, honorable profession. (800-766-6048) **B+**—Lisa Schwarzbaum

» Chicago

HOLLYWOOD ARMS ♦ Turns out *The Carol Burnett Show*'s quarreling, caricatured Southern women were rooted in the star's background. This autobiographical dramedy, penned by Burnett with her late daughter, Carrie Hamilton, tells of an eccentric, all-female Texas family transplanted to 1940s L.A. Grandma Nanny, her divorced, alcoholic daughter Louise, and Louise's ugly-duckling, aspiring-actress daughter Helen (Burnett's alter ego) bond and bicker in alternately humorous and painful vignettes. Individual scenes are strong thanks to director Harold Prince's fine cast, headed by Linda Lavin as Nanny, a tough-loving Christian Scientist living on prayers and Phenobarbital. But the sentimentalized, episodic script feels made for TV. Are you listening, CBS? (312-443-3800; through June 1) **B-**—Albert Williams

BOX OFFICE

NO MORE DRAMAS?

IT ISN'T FUNNY. SERIOUS plays are limping on Broadway. *The Elephant Man* (at 60 percent capacity), *The Crucible* (65 percent), and *The Goat* (48 percent) all pray Tony wins on June 2 will give them a boost.



CRUDUP IN 'ELEPHANT MAN'

TOP 20

		WEEK'S NET RECEIPTS	ATTENDANCE	AVG. TICKET PRICE	PERFS. TO DATE
1	THE PRODUCERS (TC)	\$1,149,600	99.6%	\$85	424
2	THE LION KING (TM)	\$1,068,925	101.2%	\$74	1,894
3	MAMMA MIA! (TC)	\$1,005,867	100.4%	\$84	219
4	OKLAHOMA! (TM)	\$909,336	96.5%	\$71	44
5	42ND STREET (TM)	\$798,418	83.9%	\$66	410
6	AIDA (TM)	\$672,228	79.2%	\$63	873
7	THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE (TM)	\$613,410	91.6%	\$53	12
8	BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (TM)	\$584,387	86.7%	\$56	3,269
9	THE GRADUATE (TC)	\$500,178	96.4%	\$60	29
10	THE CRUCIBLE (TC)	\$446,272	65%	\$69	58
11	CHICAGO (TC)	\$443,553	71.5%	\$53	2,274
12	THE FULL MONTY (TC)	\$416,168	80.5%	\$59	626
13	CABARET (TC)	\$404,984	91.4%	\$60	1,670
14	SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS (TC)	\$399,010	52.3%	\$67	53
15	LES MISERABLES (TC)	\$370,660	65.3%	\$50	6,244
16	PRIVATE LIVES (TM)	\$344,151	69%	\$47	1
17	RENT (TM)	\$327,950	71%	\$49	2,502
18	ELAINE STRITCH AT LIBERTY (TM)	\$297,485	72.2%	\$62	50
19	CONTACT (TC)	\$294,801	60%	\$58	866
20	NOISES OFF (TM)	\$271,471	65.1%	\$50	205

SOURCE: VARIETY; WEEK OF APRIL 22-28, 2002; ATTENDANCE PERCENTAGE INCLUDES STANDING-ROOM TICKET SALES

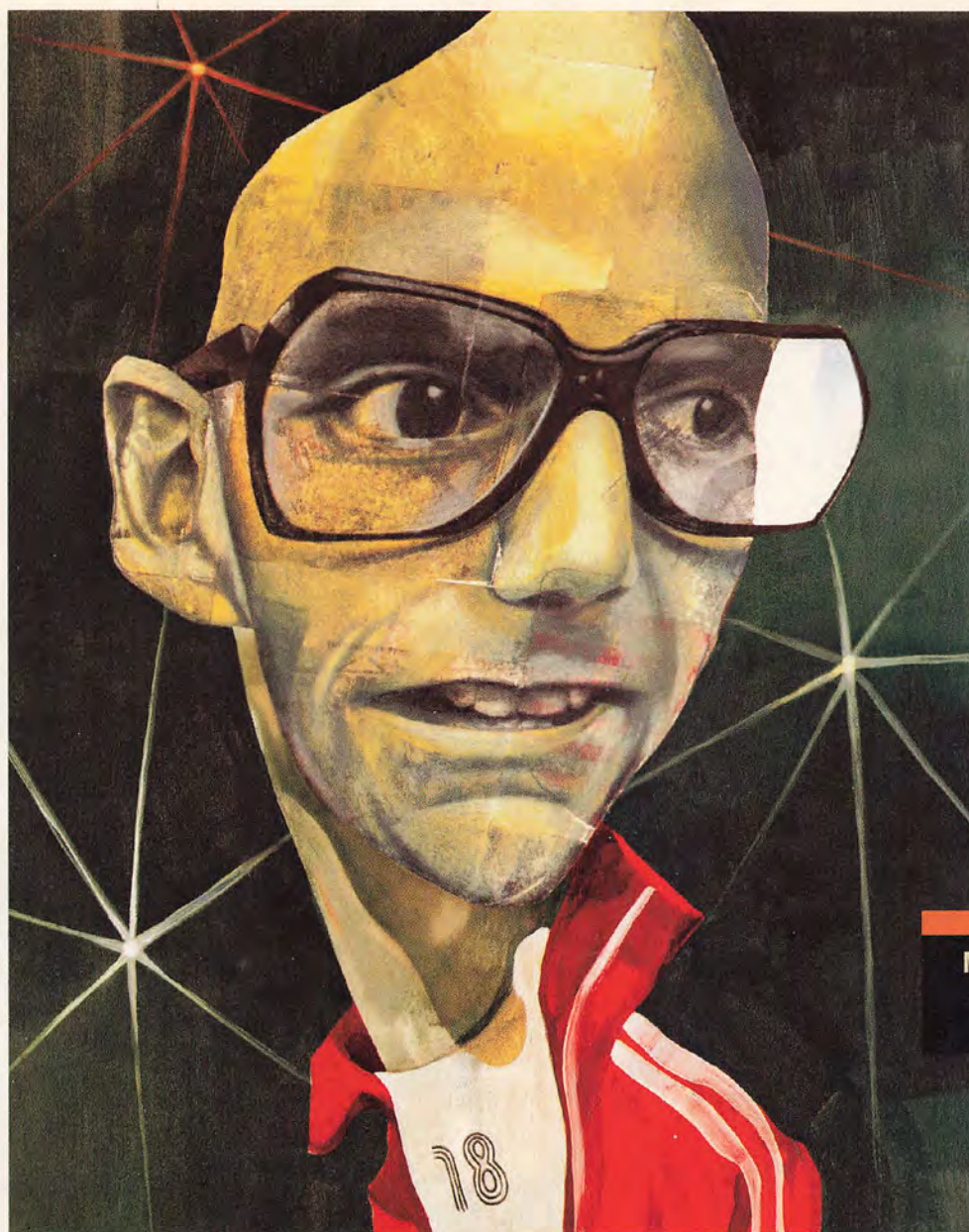
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Moby
18
V2

'18' With a Bullet

Techno wizard Moby offers some compelling samples of his craft—and invents a new genre: symphonica. by David Browne

MOBY CALLED AN EARLY album *Everything Is Wrong*, but with the release of *Play* three years ago, everything began to go shockingly right. Now, for the first time in his decade-plus-long career, he finds himself

faced with public expectations, and he's savvy enough not to fix something that isn't even remotely broken. On **18**, he returns to what made *Play* work. Once again, he takes voices both new and vintage and loops them over fertile electronic

arrangements that start sparsely and blossom, growing richer and brighter with each repetition. He even samples another track by the Shining Light Gospel Choir—heard on *Play*'s "Why Does My Heart Feel So Bad?"—for the celestial dance-

gospel rave of "In My Heart."

It's a formula, but damn if it isn't still effective. People can gripe all they want about the countless licensing deals he made with *Play*, but no one concocts the same streaming, dawn-is-breaking soundscapes. The moment when Jennifer Price diva-shouts "Lordy, don't leave me/All by myself" over a Moby track on **18**'s "In This World" is as intensely emotional as pop gets right now.

At the same time, Moby is astute enough to throw in new ingredients to liven matters up, like a DJ who revives a crowd's collective flagging spirits with a new jam at three in the morning. **18** turns to relatively contemporary samples—forgotten tracks from '70s R&B singers that make the album feel more organic and modern than its predecessor. "Sunday (The Day Before My Birthday)" takes a feathery snippet from

an old Sylvia single and wrings a new sense of melancholy from it. The funky, blaxploitation-movie swirl of "Another Woman," its vocal lifted from an old Lynn Collins record, is unlike anything on *Play*.

But this is a minor alteration compared with the larger one at work on **18** (named, in part, after the number of songs on it). At its core, *Play* had a jubilant soul, but **18** is one sad work. Whether sampled or newly sung (by himself and a cast of outside characters), the voices seem to be perpetually in mourning, and they're set to music that, while still animated, is slower, more contemplative. If the aptly named *Play* was like a gospel sermon reinvented for the technology age, the new album is like a midnight mass of regret.

It's everywhere you turn, from the New York R&B singer Freedom Bremner's sweet sorrow on "At Least We Tried" to

hushed ballads and disconsolate words sung by Sinéad O'Connor and the female duo Azure Ray. (It's telling that the older vocal samples are more passionate than the ones freshly recorded for this project.) The slide guitars of *Play* are gone; this time, blippy keyboards dominate. Moby himself steps up to the mic more than he ever has before, and his voice, always an opaque instrument, is like a numb, dispassionate pronouncement of things gone wrong. In one of the record's most subtly powerful moments, "Sleep Alone," two ghosts fly through a city while holding hands; "Extreme Ways" appears to be a salute to, and requiem for, youthful nightlife. With its recurring images of heartbreak, finales, and remorse, *18* may be the ultimate, if unintentional, post-Sept. 11 work.

18 demonstrates how Moby doesn't make albums so much as modern symphonies. The

songs stand apart, but they also bleed easily into one another. At a time when every DJ worth his velvet rope is making an album with multiple singers, Moby is one of the few who can make such a collection sound cohesive; no matter who's vocalizing, you always know you're listening to a Moby production.

With *18*, you also know you're listening to a sequel. There's no denying that some of the freshness of *Play* is gone, that the corny hip-hop of "Jam to the Ladies" is a little too much like "Bodyrock," that a few of the instrumental backings are reminiscent of those he placed behind the old African-American voices on *Play*. Personally, I don't mind. *18* is a soundtrack for lives and dreams that collapse and are gradually rebuilt, albeit with a heavy heart. It's called hope, and no matter the circumstances, there's never enough of it to go around. **A-**

THE RECORD THAT CHANGED MY LIFE

GOO DO YOU LOVE?

Their new album, *Gutterflower*, taught us what the **GOO GOO DOLLS** learned about ego, opinion, art, and commerce; the Clash's 1977 self-titled album taught the Goo Goo Dolls what they learned about music. Getting three rockers to agree on anything isn't easy, but bassist Robby Takac, drummer Mike Malinin, and front-



GOO GOO DOLLS

man Johnny Rzeznik—who recalls covering the primitive pioneers in a start-up punk band—unanimously cite *The Clash* as their greatest influence. —Adam Duerson

Rzeznik: "[The Clash] were the first punk rock band I could actually take seriously. They weren't like the Sex Pistols, which was mostly a bunch of contrived garbage. They had something important to sing about, and I think that they were a far more important band. I learned a lot about songwriting from those kind of people." **Takac:** "When I heard that record as a kid, I didn't really get what it was all about, but I knew there was something great there. Now when I listen, it kind of does something to your brain. To hear a record like that and the power that comes off of it is really amazing."

Hear&Now

This week on the music beat

» **EYE OF THE STORM** Since Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes' death, talk is circulating about the **TLC** singer's rocky relationship with Arista chief **Antonio "L.A." Reid**. Though Reid said he saw her as "a daughter" in a statement, a source close to Lopes says the singer was miffed with Reid over her 2001 solo CD *Supernova*, which was released only internationally. "The last payment for delivery of that record was never made to Lisa," says our source. "She had notified them they were in material breach of her solo recording contract.... L.A. Reid [did not return] a single phone

call to Lisa in the last six months." An Arista rep denied the charges. Meanwhile, **Rozonda "Chilli" Thomas** and **Tionne "T-Boz" Watkins** are still at work on the fourth **TLC** album. The label is mum on a release date; ditto for the greatest-hits set and *Supernova*. —Tom Sinclair (Additional reporting by Clarissa Cruz)



» **IT IS UNUSUAL** Wyclef Jean has recorded with some curious characters (**Kenny Rogers**, **Mick Jagger**, um, **Steven Seagal**). So, it's no shock that Jean asked **Tom Jones** to sing on a remake of "What's New Pussy-cat?" for the Fugee's June 18 album, *Masquerade*. More surprisingly, Jean will coproduce Jones' fall disc, which will include covers of **Bob Seger**'s "We've Got Tonight" and **Lead Belly**'s "Black Betty." "It's a combination of hip-hop, R&B, and his regular pop sound," says Jean. "I always looked at Tom Jones as being half soul singer." The odd couple met last year, though Jean has emulated Jones for a lot longer. "He's where I got my ladies'-man thing from. Ladies throw their bras at me because of Tom Jones." —Evan Serpick

SAINT JONES Wyclef and Tom traffic in female undies



TASTE THE WAY
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Kenny's Worth

Country veteran Kenny Chesney hits commercial pay dirt by mining the genre's haunted roots

AS MAINSTREAM COUNTRY continues to grow sleeker, it's easy to forget that the music has long been steeped in anguish, moroseness, remorse, and overwhelming quantities of sentimentality and alcohol. So Kenny Chesney deserves credit for at least dipping his toes into country's dark backwater: The lyrics alone on **No Shoes, No Shirt, No Problems** will leave you more despondent than the latest Puddle of Mudd and Korn albums combined.

Sounding more senior than his 34 years, Chesney has cho-

sen songs in which he reminisces wistfully about the end of his free-spirited youth ("Young," "Never Gonna Feel That Way Again"); ticks off a list of regrets, from missing an Elvis concert to not talking to his father enough ("A Lot of Things Different"); and tries unsuccessfully to blot a former love out of his mind ("I Remember," "I Can't Go There"). Then there's the sad Walgreens employee in "Live Those Songs" who still wishes Creedence songs were on the radio. All told, it's enough to make a teeto-

talor reach for a bottle of whatever's around.

Unfortunately, *No Shoes*, which had no problem entering the pop chart at No. 1, doesn't cut as deeply in the music department. Its polite swing, fussy ballads, and modest attempts to rock the house are all laid out in the handbook Garth Brooks devised a decade ago. Like Brooks, Chesney has a pleasant baritone; his version of "One Step Up," Bruce Springsteen's gloomy recounting of an unraveling relationship, won't make you forget the original, yet Chesney does sound invested in the material. But in general, Chesney tends to play it safer than he should. In the mellow ballad "The Good Stuff," for instance, he



Kenny Chesney
NO SHOES,
NO SHIRT,
NO PROBLEMS
BNA

heads to the local watering hole to submerge his sorrows, only to be told by the barkeep—whose wife died of cancer, incidentally—that the real meaning of the "good stuff" is life's positive memories. Then they share a drink—milk. **B-** —DB

MUSIC

Rapper, Producer, and Label Chief El-P Is Jux What Hip-Hop Needs

DEF MAN WALKING

YOU PROBABLY DON'T KNOW El-P. But in indie-rap circles, he's been a driving force for years. And with a fresh slate of groundbreaking projects, he might just tunnel up to the mainstream.

With its raw beats and mind-bending lyrics, Company Flow's 1997 debut, *Fun-crusher Plus*, was a revelation for the rap underground. For El-P, the group's producer, rapper, and mastermind, it was the start of a trailblazing career. When Flow disbanded in 2000, El-P created Definitive Jux, the most galvanizing new hip-hop label since Def Jam. In 2001, he helped produce stellar albums from Def Jux acts Cannibal Ox and Aesop Rock that became hipster favorites (Can Ox's *The Cold Vein* finished at No. 15 on *The Village Voice*'s critics poll).

This year, El-P promises to keep shaking up the status yo. His solo debut, *Fantastic Damage* (due May 14), infuses rap with wit and superior musicianship. "I'm try-



ing to take what you can do on a hip-hop album a little further," he says. "I'm tired of hearing s--- on the underground that doesn't bang—I want an album that will make children throw furniture."

While *Fantastic Damage* raises the bar

for indie rappers, a collaboration between El-P and Zack de la Rocha, formerly of Rage Against the Machine, takes aim at bland rap-rock acts. "Zack wanted some of the noise and rawness," El-P says of the forthcoming album, which also may feature DJ Premier, DJ Shadow, Cut Chemist, and Roni Size. "It'd be nice to have someone out there who's actually saying something, instead of these 'feel my pain' suburban calls to arms that rock seems to have become."

On the DJ front, El-P will team with Gorillaz creator Dan the Automator on *Sammy's Roumanians* (named after a Manhattan noshery "out of respect for the schmaltz"). "It's a beat record, Mantronix style," he says of the disc, due in 2003. With the coupla milliseconds left in his day, he'll remix Cornershop's "Slip the Drummer One" and produce a disc from rapper Mr. Lif. "I like to stay busy," understates El-P. "I'm not happy unless I'm up in the s---, building something from the bottom up." —ES

The Week



EM STRIKES BACK But his vitriolic disses are "Without" good reason

>> Singles

EMINEM ♦ **"Without Me"** (*Interscope*) "Shady's back," he tells us, and so is his solipsistic megalomania. Filled with swipes at unthreatening targets (Moby, 'N Sync's Chris Kirkpatrick) and gripes about how MTV "tried to shut me down" (since when?), he's still dissing like it's 1999. But his bratty humor and rhyming skills

remain unsurpassed, and the jumpy rhythm is as close to a club beat as he's come. But next time, how about finding a worthier target—like, say, Enron? **B** —*DB*

>> Pop/Rock/Rap

MARK EITZEL ♦ **Music for Courage & Confidence** (*New West*) Depresses beware: Eitzel specializes in songs of exquisitely lugubrious beauty. On this covers set, he

stamps tunes ranging from Culture Club's "Do You Really Want to Hurt Me" to Phil Ochs' "Rehearsals for Retirement" with his sad-sack aesthetic—to chilling effect. But not to worry: Just when you fear you're being lulled into a state of terminal despondence, he slips in a rousing upbeat (for Eitzel) version of Curtis Mayfield's "Move On Up." **B+** —*TS*

GIRLS AGAINST BOYS ♦ **You Can't Fight What You Can't See** (*Jade Tree*) Scavenging from media critic George W.S. Trow for a refrain ("In the context of no context") is one way to achieve a grating cleverness, but fortunately for this long-running quartet, the guitars do most of the grating—with a harsh beauty, not mere cleverness. Elsewhere they proclaim they "don't like Hollywood," and they need not worry: If "Hollywood" equals "sellout" in their lingo, the bruising ferocity of these songs ensures that GVSGB will retain their noisy-boy cult status for as long as that's the musical context they prefer. **B+** —*Ken Tucker*

BLACKALICIOUS ♦ **Blazing Arrow** (*MCA*) Hip-hop rarely sounds as joyful as when it pours from the mouths and decks of this Cali crew. On the follow-up to 2000's stellar debut, *Nia*, Gift of Gab and Chief Xcel invite Gil Scott-Heron, Zack De La Rocha, members of Jurassic 5 and Dilated Peoples, and others to their smart, groovy

party. It's full of highlights like "Brainwashers," a psychedelic-soul collaboration with Ben Harper, and "Chemical Calisthenics," a speed-hop dissection of the periodic table with Cut Chemist. **A-** —*ES*

DEADSY ♦ **Commencement** (*Dream-Works*) They dress like satanic preppies, use fake names like P. Exeter Blue 1, and feature vocals by the son of Cher and Gregg Allman (Elijah Blue). So Deadsy have no problem in the media-gawk department. If only they didn't sound like a dying Flock of Seagulls. The fivesome's cheesy '80s new-wave music may explain why it took seven years for a label to release their debut. But at this point, Deadsy sound D.O.A. **D** —*Jim Farber*

JEB LOY NICHOLS ♦ **Easy Now** (*Rykodisc*) Well, not this easy, please: Nichols gets so laid-back, his music occasionally tips into easy listening. His voice a narcotic buzz, Nichols knows how to lay down a roots-rock groove and then stay within its confines. The result can be soothingly pretty ("Better Than Beautiful") or prettily draggy ("Heaven Help Me," whose line "Life don't seem to move when you're alone" stands as an apt metaphor for the mood of Nichols' music). **C+** —*KT*

RUSH ♦ **Vapor Trails** (*Atlantic*) They're known for making metal arty. But the real lure of this Canadian band's 17th studio work isn't its complexity but its catchiness. Alex Lifeson's guitar riffs, in songs like "One Little Victory" or "Ghost Rider," have the cocky appeal of the Who's power chords, and the fleet virtuosity of Genesis' early epics. Prog-rock never sounded so listener friendly. **B+** —*JF*

CRITICAL MASS

Here's how a sampling of music critics from across the country grade 10 current releases.

	ROBERT HILBURN <i>Los Angeles Times</i>	GREG KOT <i>Chicago Tribune</i>	EDNA GUNDERSON <i>USA Today</i>	EVELYN McDONNELL <i>The Miami Herald</i>	SONIA MURRAY <i>The Atlanta Journal-Constitution</i>	ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY	CRITICS' AVERAGE
Ashanti, <i>Ashanti</i> MURDER INC./DEF JAM	C	C	C	D	B-	B-	C
B2K, <i>B2K</i> EPIC	C	C	C+	-	C+	C+	C+
Cee-Lo, <i>Cee-Lo Green and His Perfect Imperfections</i> ARISTA	B	A-	B	A-	B+	B+	B+
Elvis Costello, <i>When I Was Cruel</i> ISLAND	B+	A-	A	B-	B+	A	A-
R. Kelly & Jay-Z, <i>The Best of Both Worlds</i> ROC-A-FELLA/DEF JAM	D	C	C	C-	B-	C+	C
The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, <i>Plastic Fang</i> MATADOR	B	B+	C	B-	-	B+	B
N.E.R.D., <i>In Search Of...</i> VIRGIN	B+	B+	-	A	B+	A-	A-
Tweet, <i>Southern Hummingbird</i> THE GOLD MIND/ELEKTRA	C	B	A-	B-	B	C+	B-
Wilco, <i>Yankee Hotel Foxtrot</i> NONESUCH	A	A	A	A	B	A-	A-
Andrew W.K., <i>I Get Wet</i> ISLAND	B	C	B	B+	C+	B+	B-

ISAAC FREEMAN AND THE BLUE-BLOODS ♦ **Beautiful Stars** (*Lost Highway*) The 73-year-old bass singer of venerable a cappella gospel group Fairfield Four steps out for a belated but magnificent solo debut. His remarkably supple voice is a marvel of expressiveness, and he receives graceful support from Nashville combo the Bluebloods on devotional chestnuts plus the wry, Garrison Keillor-penned "You Must Come In at the Bottom." The resulting album, punctuated by poignant spoken passages, is a resonant gem. **A** —*Scott Schinder*



KNITPICKERS OF THE WEEK

Slipknot Followers

The thrashers' fans have been needling editors of *SlipKnot*, a journal of the British Knitting & Crochet Guild, with e-mails dissing their website. Nu-metal and sewing—never the twine shall meet.

» Soundtracks

JOHN WILLIAMS ♦ Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones (*Sony Classical*) Returning to a well-traveled galaxy, Williams weaves some of the familiar, bombastic tunes from earlier films together with a sorrowful new love theme that's heard too often for its own good, though sometimes in clever

variations. In the chases and other action scenes, however, his imagination runs wild, with kaleidoscopic instrumental colors and rhythmic buildups that offer enough thrills to make the film images superfluous. **B+** —*Scott D. Paulin*

» Country

TODD SNIDER ♦ New Connection (*Oh Boy*) On his fifth album, the alt-country charmer is the perfect pub companion—an affable, big-hearted poet, stoked on the absurdity of life. While he's built a reputation as a droll storyteller, equal parts Woody Guthrie and John Prine, his most affecting song here ("Waco Moon") is a eulogy to Eddy Shaver, a sad victim of heroin and haplessness. **B+** —*Alanna Nash*

» Jazz

TOM HARRELL ♦ Live at the Village Vanguard (*RCA Bluebird*) Trumpeter Harrell is mainstream without being derivative or nostalgic, and this artful duality is front and center on his varied, quietly brilliant live record. From the Euro-exotic "Where the Rain Begins" to the ethereal "Manhattan, 3 AM," Harrell and cohorts bring crackling vitality and lived-in wisdom to the table. **A-** —*Josef Woodard*

More reviews at www.ew.com
(AOL Keyword: EW)

FILE UNDER... TRENDS



AS IF THE RETURN OF ASYMMETRICAL TOPS, mini-mohawks, and skinny neckties weren't enough, an entire musical genre has mutated out of '80s retro madness. Dubbed "electroclash" by some, "electro" by others, it's electrified punk—with keyboards and turntables replacing the guitars, bass, and drums. Acts like Omaha's synth-pop punks the Faint, French-Swiss noir duo Miss Kittin & the Hacker, and glitzy DJ Felix da Housecat have already dropped definitive electroclash LPs. Coming up are releases by eccentric New York performance-art collective Fischerspooner (above, whose domestic debut, *#1*, is due out June 11 on FS Studios) and acts on club promoter-producer Larry Tee's Mogul Electro label. Tee's all-girl trio, W.I.T. (Whatever It Takes), cunningly cover the Cars, while his gay rap duo, Morplay, are a flava-fresh take on old-skool Beastie Boys. This stuff may be a throwback, but it's certainly not throwaway. —*Bryan Chin*

THE CHART

TYME BANDITS

SURPRISINGLY, NO HARDCORE hip-hop album had debuted at No. 1 in 2002, until now. The dry spell was broken by the reign of Big Tymers, living up to their name by hoodwinking 160,000 fans into buying *Hood Rich*. You knew they'd get a good



push from their label: Cash Money label cofounder Brian "Baby" Williams comprises half the duo. Two other debuting albums cracked the six-figure unit mark. It didn't matter that *Music From and Inspired by Spider-Man* is almost all "inspired by" with very little "from"—name value brought 112,000 Spidey fans into its web for a No. 4 entry. Swinging close behind was *TRL*'s token ivory tickler, singer-pianist Vanessa Carlton, a "baby act" who sold a grand 102,000.

POP ALBUMS

LAST WEEK		WEEKS ON CHART
1	BIG TYMERS <i>Hood Rich</i> , Cash Money/Universal	1
2	ASHANTI <i>Ashanti</i> , Murder Inc./Def Jam	5
3	KENNY CHESNEY <i>No Shoes, No Shirt, No Problems</i> , BNA	2
4	VARIOUS ARTISTS <i>Spider-Man</i> soundtrack, Sony Soundtrax	1
5	VANESSA CARLTON <i>Be Not Nobody</i> , A&M	1
6	CELINE DION <i>A New Day Has Come</i> , Epic	6
7	VARIOUS ARTISTS <i>NOW That's What I Call Music! 9</i> , Universal	7
8	SHERYL CROW <i>C'mon, C'mon</i> , A&M	3
9	JOSH GROBAN <i>Josh Groban</i> , Warner Bros.	21
10	VARIOUS ARTISTS <i>O Brother...</i> soundtrack, Mercury Nashville	71
11	PINK <i>Missundaztood</i> , Arista	24
12	SHAKIRA <i>Laundry Service</i> , Epic	25
13	VARIOUS ARTISTS <i>The Scorpion King</i> soundtrack, Universal	6
14	TWEET <i>Southern Hummingbird</i> , Elektra	5
15	JOHN WILLIAMS <i>Star Wars: Episode II</i> soundtrack, Sony Classical	2

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IN STORES MAY 21

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Dogtown and Z-Boys* soundtrack (Enjoy) Jimi Hendrix, Ted Nugent, Alice Cooper, and T. Rex provide the music behind the grind.

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Off the Hook* (Columbia) The *NOW* folks get jiggy with this collection, featuring B2K, Mystikal, Nas, and Angie Stone.

THE BREEDERS *Title TK* (4AD/Elektra) Nine years after their *Last Splash*, the Deal sisters make distortion-laden waves again. And yes, that is the real title.

BRYAN FERRY *Frantic* (Virgin) The Roxy Music man covers "Don't Think Twice" and "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue." Radiohead's Jonny Greenwood guests.

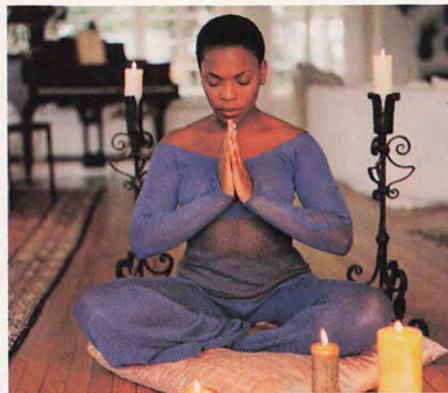
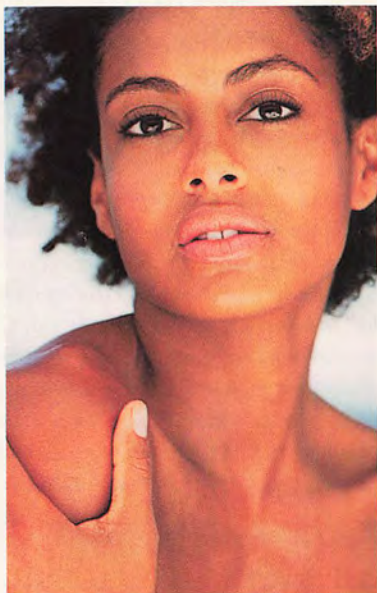
ON THE SPOT Cool Songs From Commercials

The Gap recently rolled out three new ads, each directed by a big name; all three come in two versions, which feature different tunes. The Coen brothers show Dennis Hopper playing poolside chess with Christina Ricci to the strains of the **BEACH BOYS'** "Hang On to Your Ego" (a bonus track from the remastered *Pet Sounds*) in one take, and the **MARMALADE's** "I See the Rain" (available on *Nuggets II: Original Artyfacts From the British Empire and Beyond*) in the other.

Cameron Crowe's clip shows Kate Beckinsale and Orlando Bloom walking, then running (presumably to buy new jeans). The **TROGGS'** "Love is All Around" (on *The Troggs' Greatest Hits*) figures in the first spot, while the **EASYBEATS'** "Sorry" (also from *Nuggets II*) graces the second.

In his commercial, Roman Coppola organizes a bicycle ballet and sets it to the sounds of (1) the **LA's** "Feel'N'" (from the band's self-titled 1990 album) and (2) the **SHIN'S** "Whoa, Trish!" which the band recorded especially for the Gap.

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AOL Keyword: ESSENCE Magazine



Solving for 'X'

How the Web can turn *The X-Files*' last show into a truly grand finale. by Noah Robischon

WHEN *THE X-FILES* IS abducted from prime time for good May 19, all the mysteries will be solved. The finale "takes you through the entire story of the past nine years in an incredibly straightforward way," says exec producer Frank Spotnitz. "We really do say 'This is what happened and this is what it means.'" That's certainly one way to get lapsed X-Philes to tune in. But even the most religious followers will have some difficulty making sense of the numerous converging plotlines. So in the spirit of the always-resourceful Lone Gunmen, here are a few ways you (with the help of a computer and VCR) can see through the black oil.

REOPEN AN OLD CASE Log on to the official site's episode guide (thexfiles.com) and poke around the shows titled "Two Fathers" and "One Son." This two-parter from season 6, says Spotnitz, marked "the destruction of the old conspiracy." The new con-

spiracy begins in the middle of the seventh season with the episodes "Sein Und Zeit" and "Closure," which represent a turning point in Fox Mulder's search for his sister, Samantha.

RENT THE 1998 MOVIE Pay attention: Looking back, it seems the film answers more questions than most fans realize. For an overview, including descriptions of scripted scenes never filmed, consult the X-Files Underground website (come.to/x-filesmovie).

MEET THE ALIENS Can you tell the difference between gray

aliens, bounty hunters, and so-called supersoldiers? Not even the experts can. "And nobody's sure how they all fit together," admits Spotnitz. But there's a tool in the X-Files section of the official website called The Brain that will help sort them out (sorry, for PC users only).

CHECK IN WITH OLD FRIENDS

Plenty of characters from the past—Alex Krycek, the Lone Gunmen, even the ghost of Cigarette-Smoking Man—appear in the finale. To track someone's role through the series, load the official site's MYTHARC. This charts a particular character's progress episode by episode along the show's time line.

DO OUTSIDE RESEARCH But go beyond the Roswell and Majestic conspiracy theories, and read up on recent ideas about the extraterrestrial origins of life. "That's central to *The X-Files*' mythology," says Spotnitz.

Don't let these suggestions put you off. The finale will make sense even to those who haven't followed the show for a while (which, if the ratings are any indication, includes most of you). One last recommendation: Pay close attention to the story line surrounding Mulder and Dana Scully's child, William. Because another *X-Files* feature film is still in the works—and given the twists and turns of the soon-to-be-concluded show—who knows what he might become? ■

« THE ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY/AOL POLL »»



Q IF THE ROBERT BLAKE TRIAL IS TELEVISED, WILL YOU WATCH IT?

There may be similarities between the murder trials of O.J. Simpson and Blake, but it seems clear the latter won't be must-see TV: Of the 36,642 of you who voted, only 38 percent definitely plan to watch the proceedings should cameras be allowed. The trial of this century this isn't.

38%	YES
31%	NO
29%	MAYBE A LITTLE BIT

Like controversy? Vote on this week's new question only on AOL at Keyword **EW Poll** and read the Hot Topic at ew.com/hottopic

The Upcoming Thriller 'Insomnia' Boasts a Stylish and Creepy Website

GROGGY TO THE MAX

A PHONE RINGS. A VOICE taunts, "Can't sleep, Will?" A disembodied hand appears from nowhere. You think you see a skull flicker above it. Soon, cragged tree branches—or are they cracks in the ice?—morph into angular telephone poles. And at times you can just make out a woman softly weeping. A bad dream? Close. It's part of the creepy-cool official website for *Insomnia* (insomniamovie.com), director Christopher Nolan's high-profile follow-up to his art-house hit *Memento*. Utilizing audio clips from leads Al Pacino (bottom photo, with Hilary Swank) and Robin Williams as well as



Insomnia's hypnotic score, the site's 10-minute Flash movie (a virtual epic by Web standards) only hints at the film's story line. Instead, it is meant to "convey the ambience of the film...[and] the condition of insomnia," explains site creative consultant Jonah Nolan (Christopher's younger brother and the mind largely responsible for *Memento*'s own memorable website). Is there any other way to de-

scribe the site? "[It's] like when your mom blindfolded all the kids and put your hand in spaghetti," offers the younger Nolan. Uh, we'll stick with your first explanation... —Adam B. Vary

scribe the site? "[It's] like when your mom blindfolded all the kids and put your hand in spaghetti," offers the younger Nolan. Uh, we'll stick with your first explanation... —Adam B. Vary

CYBERTALK

"[I was at] this restaurant, the Anchorage...[and] the French fries were brilliant...crispy, delicious, thick. I asked, 'Who made these?' Well, this guy in the back. I said, 'Can I meet him? Bring him out.' They didn't. So I went back. And there he was. Joe Perry. Short hair—well, kind of long for the time, but not like I liked it—black horn-rimmed glasses with tape."

—Aerosmith's STEVEN TYLER (right) describing his inauspicious first encounter with bandmate Joe Perry, on MTV.com



WHATtoSURF



BUFFY'S SARAH MICHELLE GELLAR

SLAYAGE ♦ (slayage.tv) Buffy Summers may kick demon ass on UPN's *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, but can she and her fans withstand the

brainy bloodsuckers who try to draw deep meanings out of the show at this academically oriented site? That's a question visitors may ponder when sinking their own teeth into this On-Line International Journal of Buffy Studies. Stronger on sober scholarship than scintillating *Slayer* style, it's the kind of Net endeavor that a Wesley might produce. With the season just about over, *Slayer* students ought to consider this oddball site a kind of summer school. **B** —David Marc Fischer

THE SALTON SEA ♦ (saltonseamovie.warnerbros.com) Rather than just serve up the usual point-less movie-promo-site ingredients (pics, bios, production notes), *The Salton Sea*'s official website gives visitors an actual taste of the movie itself. To wit: The site offers both the trippy trailer and four

extended clips from the film (watch for Vincent D'Onofrio as a hotheaded, noseless dealer), but you'll have the most fun fooling around with the collection of entertaining Flash vignettes that capture the film's mischievously dark humor. If only other movie sites were at *Sea* level. **B+** —ABV

MUSICRADIO 77 WABC ♦ (Musicradio77.com) Beatlemaniacs will love the Fab Four finds from AM radio's rollicking past at this amazing archive of stories, images, and recordings collected by superfan Allan Sniffen. Two decades after New York's legendary Top 40 station WABC switched to an all-talk format (May 10, 1982, *sniff*), its storied sounds echo loud and proud at this slice of rock & roll radio heaven, a blast from the transistorized past. **A-** —DMF

WE GOT GAME



DUNGEON SIEGE (PC, Microsoft, Teen, \$49.95) Grizzled hack-and-slash vets will be thrilled with the game's sophisticated production, but *Siege* is also a terrific intro to role playing for folks who've never wielded an ax or cast a spell. As a simple farmer called to heroic deeds, you must recruit cohorts to your party (up to eight at a time); ratchet up your skills, armor and weapons; explore new realms; and, along the way, beat up hordes of bad-dies. Rather than heap on layers of complexity, the designers streamlined the gameplay and polished every element till it gleamed. *Siege* features crisp graphics, atmospheric sound, and easy-to-master controls, so you can concentrate on fun instead of mind-numbing micromanagement.



THE ASSIST Well-rounded characters die quickly; instead, develop specialists and let each bring his or her expertise to the fray. **THE LAST SHOT** This isn't groundbreaking, but it covers all bases with style and top-notch execution, delivering hours of entertainment. **THE GRADE** **A-** —Steve Morgenstern

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HITTING THE THIGH NOTES Keshishian's daring doc put the Material Girl's blond ambition on naked display

Leave It to Diva

Eleven years ago, pop queen Madonna set tongues a-waggin' with her racy documentary *Truth or Dare*. by Joshua Rich

MADONNA GETS NAUGHTY with a bottle of mineral water! Madonna hops in the sack with a multitude of sexes! Madonna mocks Kevin Costner for calling her show "neat"! On May 10, 1991, the documentary *Truth or Dare* opened, promising the seemingly impossible: Madonna, raunchier than ever.

It also arrived just as she was nearing the height of her notoriety. In the previous seven months the star had caused a commotion for sporting a lingerie-and-American-flag getup in an MTV "Rock the Vote" ad, for her erotic "Justify My Love" video, and for taking Michael Jackson to the Oscars. A warts-and-all movie confessional—rare from a diva of her stature—

made total, perverse sense.

Doubling as executive producer, Madonna tapped 25-year-old Harvard grad-cum-Bobby Brown video director Alek Keshishian to shoot a traditional concert film tracking her 1990 Blonde Ambition tour from Japan to America to Europe. But Keshishian insisted on

having full access. "Madonna is a control freak, but she gives up control to other control freaks," Keshishian says. "I felt I was either going to get fired, or else I was going to earn her respect. But it seemed like there was no point in any middle ground."

The result—including rousing performances of songs like "Hol-

iday" and "Express Yourself"—finds an often unlikable Madonna in a variety of priceless predicaments. She struggles through awkward reunions with friends and family. She plays den mother to a catty entourage. She bosses around then-boyfriend Warren Beatty. She comically fails to seduce a Spanish actor so unknown to Americans at the time that the credits misspell his name: *Antonio Bandares*.

Although many assumed that this candid footage was sometimes staged and included only at Madonna's discretion, Keshishian, who had final cut, begs to differ: "The old adage that truth is stranger than fiction really is true in this movie." And the truth pays off.

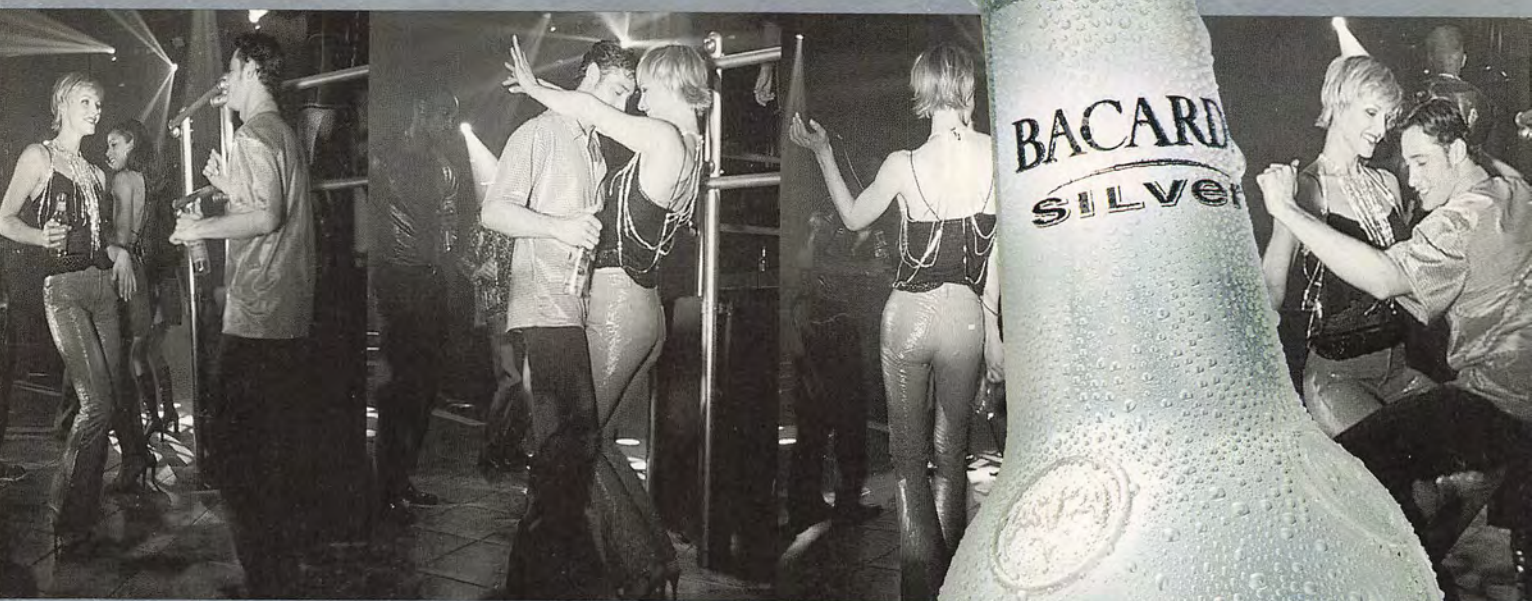
Made for \$4 million, *Truth or Dare*—or *In Bed With Madonna*, its title abroad—earned \$15 million; excepting IMAX films, it's the second-highest-grossing documentary ever, after 1970's *Woodstock*. And while its star went through one career transformation after another in the decade that followed, *Truth or Dare* may soon enjoy a new incarnation on the small screen. A TV game show based on its slumber-party namesake (and produced by Madonna's Maverick Entertainment) is in development for NBC, to air as early as this summer. Let's just hope no one calls it "neat." ■



TIME CAPSULE MAY 10, 1991

AT THE MOVIES, Aussie Bryan Brown is an unlikely box office king as FX2 opens on top despite a paltry \$5.46 million gross. **ON TV**, *St. Elsewhere* alum David Morse stars as a kidnapper in *Cry in the Wild: The Taking of Peggy Ann*, the week's most-watched program. **IN MUSIC**, consumers have a vision of love, and it's Mariah Carey's self-titled album that, in its 45th week, remains No. 1 on the *Billboard* chart. **AND IN THE NEWS**, damage control begins a day after Camelot cousin William Kennedy Smith is charged with rape. He was acquitted in the media-saturated trial that followed.

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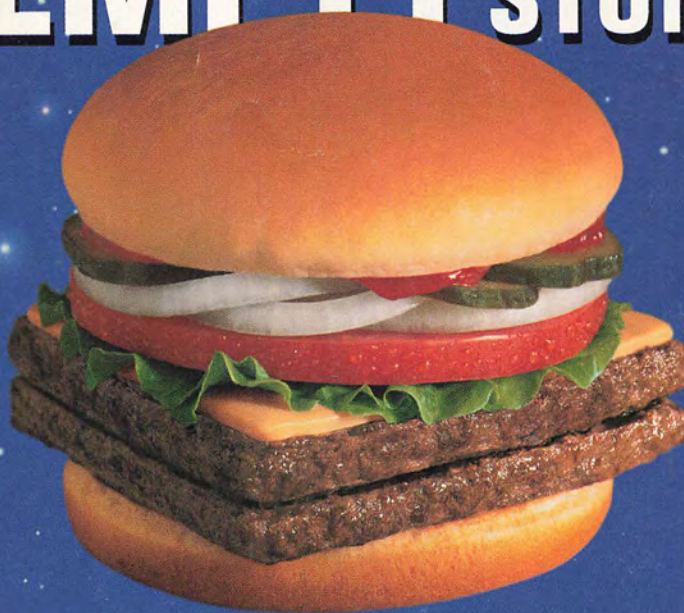
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